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Of all the

DIALOGUES

Written by

Mr. *THOMAS BROWN:*

One of them Entituled,

Democratici Vapulantes,

BEING

A Dialogue between *Julian*, and others, was never before Printed.

To which are added,

His Translations and Imitations of several *Odes* of *Horace*, of *Martial's Epigrams*, &c.

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THE PREFACE.

I *Have read ſomewhere in* Monſieur Rapin's *Reflections* Sur la Poetique, *That a certain* Venetian *Nobleman,* Andrea Naugeri *by Name, was wont every Year to Sacrifice a* Martial *to the Manes of* Catullus: *In Imitation of this Frolic, a Celebrated Poet, in the Preface before the* Spaniſh Fryar, *is pleaſed to acquaint the World, That he has indignation enough to burn a* Buffy Damboys *annually to the Memory of* Ben Johnſon: *Since the Modern Ceremony of offering up one Author at the Altar of another, is likely to advance into a Faſhion, as having already the Authority of two ſuch Great Men to recommend it, the Courteous Reader may be pleaſed to take notice, that the Author of this following Dialogue is reſolved (God willing) on the Feſtival of the Seven Sleepers, as long as he lives, to Sacrifice the* Hind and Panther *to the Memory of Mr.* Quarles, *and* John Bunyan: *Or, if a Writer that has notoriouſly contradicted himſelf, and eſpouſed the Quarrel of Two different Parties, may be conſider'd under Two Diſtinct Characters, he deſigns to deliver up the Author of the* Hind and Panther, *to be laſh'd ſeverely by, and to beg Pardon of the Worthy Gentleman that writ the* Spaniſh Fryar, *and the* Religio Laici.

It is not to be deny'd, but that a Poet is as unfit to manage the Serious Part of Controverſie, as an Iriſhman *is to write the Miracle Part of Church Hiſtory: For beſides, that his Integrity is as much to be ſuſpected as his Judg-*

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ment, the leaſt Thought, or extravagant Fancy, is apt to lead him a hundred Pages out of his way, and then 'tis Ten to One he'll lie you a Fortnight in the Advertiſements of a Gazette *before he recovers the Road. But then, on the other hand, I think Mr.* Bays *ought to be Acquitted for Treating his Subject in Rhyme, (which he very judiciouſly ſomewhere calls the Vehicle of Nonſenſe) and I am clearly of Opinion, that the chief Points in agitation between the Church of* Rome *and Us, are ſo eaſie to be decided (if the Parties concerned could but once diſingage themſelves from Prejudice, Pride and Intereſt) that they ought not to employ the Serious Part of Mankind, or put* Chriſtendom *to the Expence of convening a Council, while a Synod of Poets may better diſcuſs and determine them at their own Coſt and Charges. Why cannot* Purgatory *be as well raced out of that Famous Verſe in* Virgil,

Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni,

as out of the Dreams of ſome few Hypochondriac Authors, and a poor ſingle miſapplyed place of Scripture, that for fear of making a Blot, like a ſolitary Man at Backgammon, wants the aſſiſtance of another Text to help him? Or the Pope's *Supremacy be made good from that Paſſage,*

Imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit,

as well as out of Paſce oves meas, *and the Decretal Epiſtles?* Virgil *too may be conſidered as a Perſon that lay under no Temptation at all of complementing the Chriſtians, being himſelf of another Perſuaſion; and ſo whatever comes from him in favour of the Catholick Tenets, is to be look'd upon with extraordinary regard and veneration. And perhaps Mr.* Bays, *after he has for ſome time conſulted the Fragments of the* Sibyls, *and begun a little Acquaintance with* Rabbi Galatinus, *or any of his Relations, may be able to prove that* Virgil *had his Notion of* Purgatory, *and the* Pope's *Supremacy, from the very ſame* Sybil *that help'd him to the Prophecy of our* Saviour's

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viour's *Incarnation in the fourth* Eclogue. *Certainly that good* Eastern Bishop, *who at the second Council of* Nice *urged that Text in the First of* Genesis, And God made Man after his own Image, *in defence of Image-worship, was a very great Poet, though from so long a Devolution of time we have lost that part of his Character; and might as well, when his hand was in, appear'd to have Man-Midwifery declar'd to be of Divine Right, because* Vulcan *play'd the Midwife when his Old Father was Delivered of* Minerva. *I am heartily sorry that this judicious Prelate had not the good Fortune to live in our Age, where he might have made a more considerable Figure, and convers'd with Two able Disputants, exactly of his own Temper and Constitution,* the Oxford Editor, *and the* Worthy Convert at Putney. *I observe, that as there are two sorts of Prologues in the* Rehearsal, *the one composed* in Terrorem, *to frighten the Audience into Civility and good Manners, by Huffing and Railing at them; the other embellish'd with kind Language, and some pretty surprizing Thought or other, in order to steal and insinuate into their Favour: So likewise the Modern* Polemics *have pitch'd upon Two different Ways to reduce Us, for either we are accosted with such kind of Complements as these;* Have a care what you do Gentlemen, you are got within the Territories of Heresie and Sacrilege, and you had as good ride your Horses full Gallop in a Coney-Warren, as continue in a Country where nothing but utter Ruine and Desolation can attend you: *Or else the Scene is alter'd, and some humble Accommodator hangs out the White Flag, and proposes milder Conditions;* Well Countrymen, there have been ill Offices done on both sides; we have been misrepresented to you, and you have laboured under as bad a Character amongst our Party; a little Christian compliance will set all matters streight again. Your Authors and ours agreed well enough in the main, and therefore let us sa-

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crifice half a dozen troubleſome ill-natur'd Diſtinctions to the Peace of Mankind: But firſt we deſire you of all Loves, to lock up that troubleſome Companion call'd Reaſon, for one Quarter of a Year, and if you could but prevail with your ſelves to diſcard your five Senſes, the buſineſs would be preſently at an end. *Of theſe two late Converts above-mentioned, that have liſted themſelves in the Service of the* Weſtern Patriarch, *one has publiſhed a ſpecious Treatiſe, to prove that the* Papiſts *and* Proteſtants *are agreed in their Notions of a Real Preſence; the other pretends, That the* Catholick Doctors, *and the* Jewiſh Rabbies, *are likewiſe agreed in the buſineſs of Tranſubſtantiation: Indeed, after this rate of arguing, they may very eaſily prove their Church to be Univerſal, and if the Gentlemen of that Communion will but get me a Troop of Horſe, or any ſmall place at Court to the Tune of a Thouſand Pound a Year, I'll engage to prove that the* Pagans *and They are agreed in moſt of the controverted Points, beſides which thing, if rightly conſidered, I am confident will bring above three parts of the Globe into the* Pope's *Chamber of Dependencies. I know there are ſome Malicious Perſons in the World, who are apt to conclude, That this calling in the Gentlemen of the Circumciſion to the Aſſiſtance of the Catholick Cauſe, is a very plain Argument, that they dare not hazard the Fortune of a Set-Battel upon their own Forces: That Prince is in no good Circumſtances at home, who is obliged to employ an inveterate Foreigner to ſupport his Dignity; and we have read (ſay they) how the* Chriſtians *have taken the Condition of the* Holy Land *into their conſideration, have unanimouſly fought, and recovered it out of the hands of* Infidels, *but we never heard, to this day, that the* Jews *retaliated the Kindneſs, or gave 'em any Thanks for their Pains. The truth on't is, Men that are diſpoſed to talk, will, in ſpight of all the World, ſay what they pleaſe, tho' they are ſure to be as troubleſome as a* Welchman *when the Spirit of Genealogy poſſeſſes him: But, I pray,*

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why may not a Man that has kept Rabbi Solomon Iarchi, Ben Sira, Ben Manasses, *and the rest of the Tribe, in Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging, at his own proper Expence some Twenty Years, be as well allow'd, upon an emergent occasion, to draw them out in Battel-array, to confound us* Protestants, *as a Neighbour of ours, on the other side the Water, to call in the* Grand Seignior *to humble the* Emperour.

But I find this Speculation has occasion'd me to digress farther than I intended: Therefore to return to Mr. Bays, *I must make bold to acquaint him, That of all Men in the World he ought not to have interested himself in the Quarrel, whatever his private Sentiments were, since he had so publickly, and so virulently exposed that Party before. If he pretends he took his Copy from* Arnobius, *who was obliged to write his Learned Treatise* Contra Gentes, *to satisfie the Christians, who somewhat doubted the Sincerity of his Conversion, that he had in good earnest quitted* Paganism, *much good may it do him. But I am afraid this instance won't do his business; for, I suppose, had* Arnobius *stood charged with half those scandalous ill things, which Mr.* Bays *is like to answer for, his admission into the Church had not been purchased at the easie terms of Libelling his old Friends, and sacrificing that, which is lighter than the Honesty of a Bawd, the Chastity of a Midwife, the Valour of an Atheist, the Honour of a Pimp, the the Integrity of an Usurer,* even a Poet's Reputation. *But I find a Man may hold all the seven deadly Sins in* Commendum *with a Saintship; and that there is a certain Society of Men in the World, who, to fill up their Numbers against the next Muster, make no scruple at all of entertaining such kind of Proselytes as* Romulus *picked up when he opened his* Asylum.

Mr. Bays *in his Life of* Plutarch, *occasionally discoursing concerning the Report that* Seneca *Cuckolded his Patron* Claudius, *is very sorry that* Petronius Arbiter *was not the Man, because he could better have born it from*

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a Man of his Character (for you must know, Petronius Arbiter *was a Poet, and consequently the fitter Person for such a business) and he can conceive nothing in the World, next to an Elephant upon Stilts, so awkard in the pursuit of an Amour as a Philosopher in a Gown. The truth on't is, Divines and Philosophers never had a good word from Mr.* Bays *since his Mother bound up his Head for him. Here was the finest opportunity imaginable for a Philosopher to have made his Market. The old Gentleman gone abroad to smoke a Pipe among his Tenants, the Lady consenting, the happy hour of Assignation come, the Chambermaid upon Duty at the Door, the Sheets perfumed, the Curtains drawn, the trusty Brandy-bottle at the Beds-head: Nothing in the World, one would have thought, could have defeated and spoiled so promising, so hopeful an Intrigue. But O the Fates! just in the Critical Minute appears Mr.* Bays, *forbids the Banes, turns the Philosopher, with his Breeches dangling about his Heels, down Stairs; and in that surly Humour nothing would serve his turn, but a Poet only must Cuckold the Emperour. Now to apply this Story to Mr.* Bays; *as he seems concerned for his Friend* Petronius, *that he had not the good fortune to be engaged in the Affair we were now discoursing of, so I am sorry with all my Heart, that since Mr.* Bays's *Stars so order'd the matter, as to condemn him to the drudgery of Writing everlastingly, that instead of barren Controversie (which is not a Province so capable of being cultivated by a Poet as other Provinces are) he had either set himself upon reforming the Anthems of his own Church, which exceedingly want such a charitable Hand as his to Revise 'em; or employ'd his Talent in Spiritual Madrigals to good Saint* Wilgefortis, *or* Apollonia, *(who might perhaps have remembred him for it in a fit of the Tooth-ach) or lastly,*

Since he is read in Cares,
And bends beneath the weight of Fifty Years:

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that in this Old Age he had chosen out for himself some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land: *I make bold here to use his own Expression in* Mac Flecno, *if it is his, I say; for Mr.* Shadwell *in the Preface before his Translation of the Tenth Satyr in* Juvenal, *has been lately pleas'd to acquaint the World, that he publickly disown'd the Writing of it, with as solemn Imprecations as his Friend the* Spanish Fryar *did the Cavalier* Lorenzo.

For to deal honestly with Mr. Bays, *however, in his other Compositures, he has obliged the World with the Delicacy of Language, and the Agreeablenss of his Fancy; yet in his last Essay we only find such noble kind of Discourse between the* Hind and Panther, *as passes between the two judicious Grave-makers in* Hamlet. *In short, we meet nothing but a dull heap of insipid Stuff, so lamentably Ridiculous, that one could not in Conscience desire to have an Adversary write worse: So that whatever Advantages his Soul has made by the exchange of his Religion, (though I wonder in my Heart how that queasie Stomach of his, which about * Four Years ago could hardly digest the* Apostles Creed, *should now be able to digest not only that, and* Athanasius's Creed, *but a more unpalatable one of* Pope Pius's *making) his* Muse *I am sure is sensibly the worse. Were I his Confessor, who am only his Adviser, I should prescribe him no other Penance for every Transgression, than to make me a Copy of such miserable Doggerel* toties quoties, *which I believe would be Mortification enough for him; and the reading of them, I'm sure would be sufficient Penance to my self. But after all, perhaps Mr.* Bays *writ for the* Irish *Nation, and then he's to be excused, for he that writes to please the relish of that Noble Kingdom, must do the same by his Wit and Language, as* Valerius Poplicola *did with his House, even level it to the ground.*

* See the Preface before the *Religio Laici.*

I met the other day a certain Passage in Monsieur Montaign's Essays, *which I little imagin'd to have found*

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in an Author of his Gravity; he is pleased to be angry with Carvers and Statuaries, for making the Nudities of their Images so large: For (says he) the Ladies who form an Idea of the Abilities of Mankind by such exterior Representations, must certainly find themselves extreamly disappointed, when they come to consult the Originals. This so strange a Passage, as I said before, one would scarce expect to meet in Montaign; *and indeed, with respect to the Memory of so great a Man, it is extravagant enough in all Conscience. But Mr.* Bays *in his Preface, before the Second Part of the late* * Miscellanies, *has as much out-done this, and any thing that was ever said in the World, as a Heroe of his own begetting,* Almanzor *by Name, has exceeded all the Bullies before him. On one side of the Page, he appears with extraordinary Zeal for the Immortality of the Soul.* What considering Person *(says he)* who observes how Fools and Knaves batten in the World, while Men of Merit and Integrity *(meaning himself I suppose)* starve and are despised, can suppose that there are not Allowances to be made in another? *That is, because Mr.* Bays *missed of his* Eaton-*Preferment, he was humbly content to expect his Reward elsewhere; and truly, I am so much of his Opinion, as to think he is to expect it in another World: On the other side of the Leaf, as if his* Petronius Arbiter *had got the better of his* Thomas à Kempis, *he makes you a very formal Apology for Translating a certain luscious Part of* Lucretius *(he could not find in his Heart, he tells you, to give it a worse Name) though some People are apt to believe it ought only to keep company with* Culpepper's *Midwife, or the* English *Translation of* Aloysia Sigea. *If Mr.* Bays *would have been rul'd by me, that very moment when he fell from the highest Step of* Jacob's *Ladder, and, from a grave Contemplation of Eternity, could on the sudden condescend and truckle to the Patronage of downright Obscenity; he should not have made so small*

* Printed by *Tonson*, 1685.

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ſmall a leap on't, as to have vaulted over the little Rubi-con *that parts the Reformed Churches, and the Church of* Rome, *(for that had been too inconſiderable a Performance for a Man of his Agility) but have gone over in good earneſt to* Mahomet's *Church, who makes that buſineſs he ſo pathetically there deſcribes, one of the chiefeſt Rewards for his Diſciples in the next World: And, who knows but this may come to paſs, things were not brought to an Extremity when I left the Story. The worthy Gentlemen that have ſet him upon the Heroick Deſign of writing the* Hind and Panther *(for I muſt beg Mr.* Bays's *Pardon if I am ſo unmannerly as not to believe every thing he ſays in his Preface) have ſo far ſecured him to their Party, that he cannot in honour return to the Proteſtant Territories; they have cut off all hopes of a retreat from him; the Back-doors are ſhut, but the Paſſage before is open enough, and the way to* Meccha *and* Conſtantinople *as eaſie to be found as ever; and I dare lay a Wager, that Mr.* Bays *is too much a Poet, not to paſs the ſame Judgment of his neweſt choice in Religion, as of his New Plays, that the laſt is always the beſt.*

To draw now to an end, Mr. Bays, *I hear, has lately complained at* Will's Coffee-Houſe, *of the ill Uſage he has met with in the World: that whereas he had the generoſity and aſſurance to ſet his own Name to his late Piece of* Polemick *Poetry, yet others who have pretended to anſwer him, wanted the Breeding and Civility to do the like. Now becauſe I would not willingly diſoblige a Perſon of Mr.* Bays's *Character, I do here fairly, and before all the World, aſſure him, that my Name is* Dudly Tomkinſon, *and that I live within Two Miles of St.* Michael's *Mount in* Cornwall, *and have in my time been both* Conſtable, Church-Warden *and* Overſeer *of the Pariſh, by the ſame token that the little Gallery next the Belfry, the new Motto about the Pulpit, the King's Arms, the Ten Commandments, and the great Sundial in the Church-Yard, will tranſmit my Name to all Poſterity.*

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Furthermore (if it will do him any good at all) I can make a pretty ſhift to read without Spectacles, wear my own Hair, which is ſomewhat inclining to Red, have a large Mole on my left Cheek, am mightily troubled with Corns, and what is peculiar to my Conſtitution, after half a dozen Bottles of Claret, *which I generally carry home every Night from the Tavern; I never fail of a Stool or two next Morning: Beſides, I uſe to ſmoak a Pipe every Day after Dinner, and afterwards ſteal a Nap for an hour or two in the old Wicker-Chair near the Oven, take gentle Purgatives Spring and Fall; and it has been my cuſtom any time theſe Sixteen Years (as all the Pariſh can teſtifie) to ride in* Gamba-does. *Nay, to win the Heart of him for ever, I invite him here, before the Courteous Reader, to a Country Regale (provided he will before-hand promiſe not to Debauch my Wife) where he ſhall have Sugar to his Roaſt-beef, and Vinegar to his Butter; and laſtly, to make him amends for the tediouſneſs of the Journey, a parcel of Relicks to carry home with him, which I believe can ſcarce be matched in the whole* Chriſtian *World; but becauſe I have no great fancy that way, I don't care if I part with them to ſo worthy a Perſon. They are as followeth:*

St. Gregory's *Ritual, bound up in the ſame Calve-Skin that the Old Gentleman in St.* Luke *roaſted at the return of his Prodigal Son.*

The Quadrant that a Philiſtian *Taylor took the height of* Goliah *by, when he made him his laſt Suit of Cloaths; for the Giant being a Man of extraordinary Dimenſions, it was impoſſible to do this Affair any other way than your Deſigners uſe, when they take the height of a Country-Steeple.*

The Joint-Stool that St. Chriſtopher's *Barber ſtood upon when he ſhaved him. Now to ſatisfie Mr.* Bays *of the neceſſity the Barber had to make uſe of a Joint-Stool in this Affair, and that it was no fooliſh, malepert or arrogant Humour in the Barber ſo to do, he is to underſtand that*

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that St. Chriſtopher, *if he were alive, could have drunk the Monument full of Mum for his Mornings Draught, with as much eaſe as the* Presbyterian *Divines ſwallow'd the Covenant; and if he won't believe me on my word, let him e'en ride his Horſe to* Paris, *and if St.* Kit's *Statue in the* Noſtre Dame *do not convince him of his Error, I will give him free leave to ſwear before any of the Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſioners, that I am the Seditious Author of the* Letter to the Diſſenter.

A Knife of great Antiquity, the Handle of it is made with the ſame Ivory that Jupiter *ſupplied* Pelops's *Shoulder with; the Blade originally St.* Peter's *Sword, fought by Pope* Hildebrand, *and* Julius *the Second, into a Dagger, and ſince converted into the uſe aforemention'd. If Mr.* Bays *ſhould quarrel with the Handle, by reaſon of its* Pagan *Extraction, he is to be informed that a certain Author, who has lately obliged the World with a Learned Diſcourſe concerning the Catacombs at* Rome, *has demonſtrated that worſe Reliques, in all probability, are adored and worſhipped every Day in his* Mother Church.

And now I find I have tranſgreſſed ſomewhat too much upon the Reader's Patience in ſo tedious a Preamble, but I have this comfort to carry along with me, that I deal with an Adverſary, who cannot in Juſtice reproach me for making a long Preface.

DIALOGUE

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DIALOGUE I.

St. *JAMES*'s PARK.

Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. *Bayes.*

Crites. MR. *Bays*, Mr. *Bays*, prithee why in ſuch haſte, Man. Have you forgot your Old Acquaintance, that you paſs by 'em thus without taking the leaſt notice of them.

Bays. Your pardon, Gentlemen, I proteſt I did not ſee you: It is at leaſt ſome twenty Years ago (as I remember) ſince we had our laſt long Diſcourſe concerning Dramatick Poetry upon the *Thames*, ——— But Gentlemen, I am at preſent engaged elſewhere. You ſee my *Roſary* and *Beads*, and may gueſs for what Place I am bound.

Eugen. Prithee, dear *Bays*, adjourn this Fit of Devotion to ſome more convenient time, and let us take one Edifying-Glaſs at the *Rhenish-Houſe*, yonder by *Charing-Croſs*.

Bays. As for the Tavern, I deſire to be excuſed, I ſeldom appear at ſuch unſanctify'd Places; you might as ſoon cajole the Plain-dealer into *Weſtminſter-Hall*, a Fanatick into a Play-Houſe, or an Uſurer into a Suretiſhip, as perſuade me into a Tavern. Alas! I am not the Man you take me for;

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for; upon my Sincerity Mr. *Eugenius*, I have not tasted a drop of *Claret* these two Years, but what I have met among innocent *Strawberries*, or in a Sawce or so.

Crites. This renouncing of Wine, Friend *Bays*, is a greater wonder to me, than the renouncing of your Religion; and I can scarce fancy thee to be the same Person thou wast formerly.

Bays. Why truly Gentlemen, I dare not say of my self, that I am the same individual Man I was some Years ago; for let me tell you, Matter is in a perpetual Flux, and the whole Mass both of Accidents and Substance are thrust away by the continual Succession of new ones. Now, as I have not one Drop of the same Blood, nor one Particle of the same Clay about me which I had then, so I thank my Stars, I have not the least Tincture of that Religion left behind, which engaged my former State of Ignorance; that State I mean, which I may more properly call the * Parenthesis of my Life, than that wherein I was not acquainted with the Noble Lord to whom I dedicated my *Limberham.*

* *Dedic. Epist. before* Limberham.

Crites. Faith, little Bays, I am so much of thy Opinion, as to believe that after so many Changes, thou hast as well shifted the Christian, as the Man; and I am perswaded, we shall have more Religions contend for thee, after thou art dead and rotten, than Cities strove for the Birth of a certain Person of your own Profession; from whose *Achilles*, you'd needs perswade the World that you copy'd the fierce *Almanzor.* I am told, your Friends of *Dukes-Place*, expect the next Change you make should be to their Part, which I suppose may be the more easily effected, unless you are bribed beforehand by a *Chiaux* with the Government of a *Turkish* Hospital, because

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becauſe two of their beſt Kings, and moſt of their Prophets were Poetically given; and I ſee no reaſon, Mr. *Bays*, after you have traded ſomewhat longer in Parable and Allegory, but that you may ſtep in among their Minor Prophets.

Bays. O Sir your Servant; but I'll allow Men of your Perſuaſion to be Scurrilous, 'tis the diſtinguiſhing Character of your Church, and I expect e'er long, your *Bear-Garden* and *Bartholomew-Fair* Men, will arrive to ſuch a Pitch of Brutality and Irreligion, as to diſmiſs their Aſſemblies with an *Ite, Miſſa eſt.*

Eugen. But why all this ado about Religion, Mr. *Bays*? Why cannot we quit this Subject, to make way for more diverting Converſation? Come Sir, I'll ſhow you ſome Words which were made by a Friend of mine, upon that diſmal Noiſe and Hurry we have lately had among the Traders in Controverſie, if you'll vouchſafe them the hearing.

Bays. With all my heart Sir, provided there are no Touches upon the Government, no ſubtle Inſinuations, no —

Eugen. Not ſo much as one ſingle Reflection, Mr. *Bays.*

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage,
Let them urge the Diſpute with Clamour and Rage;
Let their Authors keep on their vain Method of Writing,
And ſet (if they can) both Parties a fighting:
We ne'er make Replies, but are fully contented,
Tho' Good Fellows and Drink have been miſrepreſented.
Let their muſty grave Volumes to Thames-ſtreet *adjourn,*
Or rot in Duck-lane, *or in* Coffee-houſe *burn:*
Let the Monarch of France *keep his Subjects at home,*
And forbid the Mad Zealots abroad for to roam;
So he lets his boon Claret *but croſs the kind Main,*
We ſhall never be angry, we ſhall never complain.

What do you ſay to theſe Lines now, Mr. *Bays*?

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Bays. The last Turn there upon the *French* Protestants, is well enough rally'd, but the rest is exceeding profane; And pray, good Mr. *Eugenius*, will you advise your Friend from me, to employ his Talent to a better Use, and squander no more of it in Sonnet. You cannot imagine what a Mortification it is for a Noble Author, who has, at the great Expence of his Fancy, writ something which is vigorous and fine, to have his Song tagg'd with half a dozen gouty Stanza's, by a *Grub-Street-Hand*, then advanc'd into a Ballad; and last of all, plaister'd up in a Country Ale-house, to confront the five Senses, and the four Seasons of the Year.

Eugen. Indeed Mr. *Bays*, this is very hard Usage, as I take it.

Bays. You may believe me Sir, 'tis one of the greatest Afflictions in the World, for I have had most of my best Words so serv'd: And therefore if your Friend finds himself inclined to Write, there are several places in *Casimire*, *Urban*, and *Scribonius*, that deserve his Consideration. Oh! there's an Epigram in *Scribonius* which I could repeat forty times a day, and never be weary on't; the Subject so Divine, the Language so Excellent, the Thought so Noble.

Lac Matris *miscere volo cum* Sanguine *Nati*,
Non possum Antidoto nobiliori frui.

I'll give you a Copy of it Mr. *Eugenius*, if you'll promise me to use your Interest, among any of your Acquaintance, to get it Translated.

Eugen. I'll see, Mr. *Bays*, what may be done, tho' I fear I shall not succeed. But prithee, once more, Dear Rogue, let me ask thee, What News about the Town? What Plays? What Lampoons? What Opera's? What Sonnets?

Bays. Troth Sir, I ca'nt tell, for of late I have not herded with those Graceless Rake-Hells, the Poets of the Town; and as for the Gazette, I con-

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consult it as seldom as a *Quaker* does the *Concordance*, or a Physician the Bible. — But because I see by my *Watch* I have half an Hour good, if you please, Gentlemen, to take a turn or two in these Walks, I will, for our Old Acquaintance sake, impart a Secret to you; which, give me leave to tell you, is the most astonishing, the most surprizing, the most uncommon; and, if you make a right use of it, the most useful Secret in the Universe.

Crites. Dear *Bays*, thou art always so obliging.

Bays. Hold, — Are the Walks clear? So, — Why then, Gentlemen, to my certain Knowledge, the Conflagration is at hand; and 'tis as impossible for the World to continue above Ten Years, as 'tis for a Town-Debauchee to live as long as one of the Patriarchs before the Flood.

Crites. Faith Mr. *Bayes*, this, as you say, is the most surprizing Secret imaginable. And now to return you one Secret for another, I believe if this Secret were communicated to the World, it would ruine the Ensuring Office, to all intents and purposes: For who the Devil would give Money to have his Houses Ensured, and the Universal Bonfire so nigh? But prithee, little *Bays*, tell me how you came by this Secret?

Bays. After the most strange, unconceivable manner in the whole World. The Story is somewhat of the longest, and therefore, Gentlemen, if you have any Occasions to call you aside at present, I'll defer it till some agreeable Opportunity.

Crites. Oh by no means, Sir; we have no Busi- at this time to divert us, or if we had, Mr. *Bays*, we would freely sacrifice it, tho' it were a Female Assignation, to have the Honour of your Company.

Bays. Sir, you perfectly overwhelm your humble Servant with Kindnesses. But to proceed to the Relation, — You are to understand, that in the Year

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1685, ſome three Weeks before my Converſion,—

Crites. Hold, Mr. *Bays*, were you no Chriſtian at all before that time? What had become of your Immaterial Part, if you had dropt off before this late Converſion?

Bays. Loſt aſſuredly, and in as wretched a condition, as that poor Gentleman that wou'd have begg'd a little Small-Beer of *Abraham.*

Crites. Why then, I find, Mr. *Bays*, you have more Charity for the Heathens, than moſt of your Fellow Chriſtians: For in a certain Piece of yours, which ſhall be nameleſs, but may eaſily be known by a remarkable Paſſage in the Preface, that ſays, you believe a *Popiſh Plot:* In this Piece of yours, I ſay, you make no Queſtion at all of a Heathen's Salvation, provided he live but up to the Principles of Nature.

Bays. So I ſay ſtill: But where did you ever find a *Proteſtant*, or a *Mahometan*, live up to the ſober Principles of Nature?

The Jolly Luther, *reading him, began*
To Interpret Scripture *by the* Alcoran.

But all this while we are beſide our Story, — and therefore, to begin it again, you muſt know that at the time above-mention'd, it was my Fortune to go down the River as far as *Greenwich*, with ſome honeſt *Iriſh* Gentlemen of my Acquaintance.

Crites. Under favour Mr. *Bays*, How durſt you hazard your ſelf among any of that Nation, ſince you had put ſo groſs an Affront upon them, in a certain *Oxford*-Prologue?

First Part of the Miſcell.

Pogues, that like Cain, *are brandèd with Diſgrace,*
And wear the Country ſtamp'd upon their Face.

Truly Sir, if I had ſaid half ſo much of the *Dear Joys* as this amounts to, I ſhould have been as loath to have truſted my ſelf in *Iriſh* Company, as I ſhould

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ſhould be now to truſt my only Bottle of *Uſquebagh* with an *Iriſh* Servant.

Bays. Truſt my ſelf, quoth a! I perceive, Mr. *Eugenius*, your Friend *Crites* is very ignorant in theſe Affairs. Why, Lord Sir, no Man that is acquainted with me, thinks the better of himſelf for my commending him; nor ought, I'm ſure, to think himſelf a Farthing the worſe for my Lampooning him. Did you think I could have flatter'd ſo many quibbling, overgrown Lords, as I have done in my time; or have Libell'd ſo many honourable Perſons of both Sexes, from whom I never received the leaſt Diſobligement; and mean all really? No, no — When I commend any body, it is either a little fooliſh Intereſt, or the Gaiety of my Humour, that inclines me to it: And when I touch upon the Coaſt of *Satyr*, 'tis not, I vow to Gad, out of any Malice, (for a true Poet, like a true Jilt, is neither acted by real Love, nor real Anger) but only, as they ſay, Dr. *Buſby* ſometimes whips his Boys at *Weſtminſter*, for my Health, Mr. *Crites*, and the purging of Choler.

Crites. I find then, Mr. *Bays*, the paſſing of an ill-natured Jeſt upon a Man, is much like paſſing away a bad Half-Crown at a Tavern; you don't do it out of any particular Spleen to the Houſe, but only to ſhut your hands of a cumberſome Piece. But, Pray did you mean really, when you made that noble Panegyrick to *Oliver Cromwel*?

Bays. Not I, I proteſt to you Sir, 'twas my own Advantage I conſider'd, and not any Kindneſs to the Perſon which inflamed me; for you muſt note, 'tis much the ſame with us *Poets*, as 'tis with the *Jews*; no ſooner can a Heroe ſtart up in any part of the World, (let his Quarrel be right or wrong) but both of us are apt to think him the Meſſias, and preſently pitch upon him as the fitteſt Perſon

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to deliver the Twelve Tribes, and the Nine Muſes out of Captivity.

Crites. Then let me tell you, the Uſurper was the leſs beholding to you; but methinks whatever your Sentiment were of the Man, you had a great Kindneſs for your Subject: You ſpoke as many Lofty Things concerning it, as any Occaſion you ever handled in your Life.

Bays. That may be. But always obſerve this as an infallible Rule, from your Friend *Bays!* If you write Panegyrick, tho' you have done your utmoſt, and ſaid ten times more than the Perſon deſerves, be ſure to tell him that you have not paſſed through half the Inventory of his Virtues, and wanted a Genius to manage ſo extraordinary an Affair to any advantage. But if you Lampoon any Party, forget not to make them ſenſible of the Civil Uſage they have received from your hands; as your City-Tradeſmen, when they have exacted double the Price of any Commodity, ſtick not to tell you they have uſed you kindly: And tho' your Stock is all exhauſted, and you could not ſay one malicious Word to ſave your Life, yet pretend that you could go ten Miles farther, if you pleas'd to continue in that ſurly Humour.

Eugen. I perceive Mr. *Bays*, you have often made uſe of this Expedient.

Bays. Very often Sir; but to avoid prolixity, I'll only produce you two Inſtances of it at preſent.

Religio Laici, *the Pref.* *They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this Paper, but I who know beſt how far I could have gone on this Subject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared.*

Pref. to Abſol. *They who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine that I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own Coſt, that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently.*

And

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And I find this Conduct is extremely ſerviceable to a Man when all his Quiver is ſpent; for the Party concerned muſt needs find themſelves indebted to the Perſon, who ſo generouſly ſpares them, when they lie all at his Mercy: And as for the unconcerned part of Mankind, at the ſame time they applaud your Generoſity, for giving off when you might have utterly confounded your Enemies with the other Blow; ſo they muſt certainly admire the inexhauſtible ſtore of your Wit, that can advance forward, and ſtill urge ſomething that is new.

Eugen. But pray, Mr. *Bays*, ſuppoſe the World ſhould not believe a Man that tells ſuch and ſuch things of himſelf, where lies the Jeſt then?

Bays. Why then, I tell you Sir, that the World would be very uncivil I gad, and all that: If the World ſhould offer to queſtion the Sincerity of an Author who makes ſo open and ſo free a Diſcovery of his own Abilities. For between our ſelves, Gentlemen, I think an Author's bare word in his Preface, as ſacred as a Peer's Atteſtation upon his Honour, and ought no more to be diſputed than the Traditions of the Church, or the Privileges of the Parliament.

Eugen. And to my certain knowledge Mr. *Bays*, both thoſe things are more ſubject to be diſputed and examined, than any two things in the Univerſe.

Bays. Ay, and ſo have Prefaces too been examined by your peeviſh, ill-humour'd, Tobacco-taking Criticks, whoſe Cenſures I mind no more I'gad, than a Bully of the Town minds the Swearing-forfeits in a Fanatick Ordinary: But this ſignifies nothing, as long as the greater part of Mankind make no Enquiry into the Matter, but ſwallow it by Whole-ſale: And ſurely Sir, you may rely upon my Opinion in this Affair: I that have blaſphem'd the Gods, huff'd Kings, libell'd Princes, laughed at

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all Religions, ſcandalized City and Court: and in my Anger ſpared no Sex, no Country, no Age, nor Order, nor Degree; but I'gad thrown my Bombs promiſcuouſly at all.

Crites. How eſcaped you of hanging, Mr. *Bays*, you that have been ſo univerſal an Aggreſſor? Methinks the leaſt that could be done to you, had been to have ſent you a grazing to *Malmsbury* Common, among ſome of Mr. *Hobbs*'s well-bred Citizens.

Bays. A little private Diſcipline I have met with I muſt confeſs; an Almanack, or ſo, beaten into my Bones; but that's nothing at all to a Man of a true Paſſive Conſtitution. But, as I told you before, no Man of tolerable ſenſe thinks either the worſe of me or of himſelf, for having his Name expoſed in any of my Satyrs; and that's the reaſon why ſo few People give themſelves the unneceſſary trouble to batter my Tabernacle. I bleſs my Genius for it, Mr. *Crites*, I have not that reſpect for any Perſon breathing, as to loſe a good Thought for his ſake; and I have almoſt as ſtrong inclination to ſuffer Martyrdom for my Wit as for my Religion: 'Tis the Love to the Jeſt, not any private Picque to the Man, that ſets me upon ſuch hazardous Undertakings; as Prentices on *Shrove-Tueſday*, uſe to demoliſh Bawdy-houſes, tho' they have not the leaſt diſreſpect to thoſe Noble Places of Pleaſure and Convenience. I have inſiſted upon this Point the more largely, becauſe I would once for all, undeceive the World as to this Particular; and let them know, that a Man may poſſibly laſh three parts of the Creation with his Pen, who at the ſame time has not the leaſt grudge or quarrel to any individual Perſon thereof. — And now, worthy Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to afford me the hearing, I will recount my Triumphs to you, which are as large as the Univerſe, and as extenſive as Mankind. I ſurvey my Victories with

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a ſavage Joy, and in the greatneſs of my Imagination, deſpiſe all the *Cæſars* and *Alexanders*.

Eugen. What Enthuſiaſtical Hint has ſeized thee now, little *Bays*? I profeſs I underſtand thee no more than a Fifth-Monarchy Comment upon the *Revelations*.

Bays. Underſtand me! No: How the Devil ſhould you underſtand me! Now I ſpeak in my Son *Almanzor*'s bluſtering Vein. But Genlemen, to deliver my ſelf in a Stile which is a little more familiar to your Apprehenſions, I deſign to run through the Circle of my Conqueſts, and name you the Nations I have triumph'd over, and all the Degrees of Mankind I have aſſaulted.

Crites. With what I prithee Mr. *Bays*?

Bays. With my Wit Man: It could never enter into the Sphere of your Imagination ſure, to ſuppoſe a Poet could conquer whole Kingdoms with his Sword.

Crites. No, I can aſſure you Mr. *Bays*; for I ever thought a Poet as unfit and unlikely a Man to ſubdue Kingdoms with his Sword, as convert Kingdoms with his Arguments. But let me requeſt you then to begin with your Nations, for I long as much to be made acquainted with your Victories, as a ſumbling Alderman does to hear the happy News that he has got an Heir apparent to his Lace-band and Satten-doublet.

Eugen. Tho' you cannot ſay, Mr. *Bays*, with the Heroe in *Shakeſpear*, that the World's your Oiſter, and you have opened it with your Sword, yet you may ſafely ſay, the World's your Sheet of Paper, and you have blotted it with your Ink.

Bays. You are much in the right on't Sir. Now the firſt Country I pitch upon ſhall be *Holland*, and I think in one Diſtich I have done the States more injury than the *French* King did them in 71 with all

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all his Bombs and Granadoes; but pray mind them Gentlemen.

They Cheat, but still from Cheating Sires they come,
They drink, but they were Christened first in Mum.

Prol. to the *Spanish* Friar.

Here I'm sure the whole Common-wealth is concerned one way or another; their Merchants, Burgomasters, and, in effect, all the Trading-part of the Republick arraign'd for cheating: Their Seamen, Professors of all Sciences, and their Divines are likewise reflected upon for Drinking. Don't you think now, Friend *Crites*, but that half the *Myn-heers* will be ready to hang themselves when they read this Passage?

Crites. No indeed, Mr. *Bays*, if it be true what you have remark'd before, that no Man of tolerable sense would show himself concern'd at any of your Libels.

Bays. That's true; no Man of Sense I grant, would hang himself for the matter; but surely you'll allow me, that a Man of little or no sense may do such a thing; and if so, what Person fitter than a *Dutchman*. I'll tell you Gentlemen, a *Dutchman*'s Soul circulates no more than the Butter-milk he has in his Veins, but stagnates like nasty Water in a Kennel. He's made of Mud, and not of Clay; and consequently, in my poor Opinion, has no Title to any of those Promises that were made to the Sons of *Adam*.

Crites. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, why so severe upon this industrious Nation? Methinks at this time of day they deserve some little Favour at your Hands, if it were only for their Indulgence to all Persuasions, and leaving every Man to the free Disposal and Sovereignty over his own Conscience.

Bays.

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Bays. That Circumſtance, as you obſerve, Mr. *Crites*, does ſomewhat atone for their other Sins; but for all that, I can heartily forgive them, for, like a Phlegmatick, Sun-begotten Tribe as they are, they have not had the grace to produce one Poet, either ſince their firſt Rebellion, when they excluded the Sea from his Hereditary Provinces; or ſince their later Defection, when they paſs'd the ſame Bill of Excluſion upon the *Spaniards*. So much for the Butter-boxes — and now have at the Meſſieurs, and of them I have ſaid ſo many tart bitter things, that I'gad, I cannot tell which to chuſe at preſent.

Eugen. And to the beſt of my remembrance Mr. *Bays*, you have ſpoke abundance of fine complaiſant things in praiſe of thoſe Airy Gentlemen. You have commended their Language, the Freedom of their Converſation, the Gallantry of their Amours, their Civility, their Wit ——

Bays. Oh Sir, there was a great deal of reaſon for it; for much about that time, Mr. *Eugenius*, a certain *Staffordſhire* Gentleman was pleaſed to Dedicate to me a very Ingenious * Book, I vow to Gad, in which Dedication, after ſeveral other Complements, he tells me, that Monſieur *Rapin*, one of the greateſt Criticks of this Age, had ſtudied *Engliſh* on purpoſe to learn my Poems. Now this I thought was ſuch a particular Condeſcenſion, ſuch an extraordinary ſign of Reſpect ſhown to me and my Works, that I found my ſelf obliged in Conſcience to ſpeak all the tender pretty things I cou'd in behalf of the *French* Nation. But when, after a long run, I was given to underſtand that it was only a Complement of my Friend, and that Monſieur *Rapin* was not furniſhed with *Engliſh* enough to qualifie him for a City Intelligencer's Secretary, or an Accomptant to a Mackarel-

* Mr. *Blount's Religio Laici.*

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Mackarel-boat, I presently reassum'd my Old Temper, and gave the Messieurs no quarter at all, as may appear by a thousand Passages since, too numerous to be cited at present: Nay, to pursue my Malice to the utmost Extremity, I prevailed with my Acquaintance, at this end of the Town, to wear Shoulder-knots no longer, to discard the janty Cravat-string, and the ceremonious Muff, and, what was the hardest case of all, I absolutely refus'd to naturalize one word that was of *French* Extraction for the space of Two Years. The next that comes upon the Stage, is the melancholy *Spaniard* with a stride and a stand, like a Peacock in a Back-side; and the truth on't is, tho' I ought to have shown him some civility for that Divine, that immortal Invention of making Snuff, yet, when my hand is in, I neither spare Friend nor Foe; and I have not only maul'd the poor *Don* with the Quarter-Staff of Prose, but also with the Back-Sword of Verse.

Prol. to the *Spanish Friar.*

Their Patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *First taught* Philip *how to sleep.*

Pray Gentlemen, mind that dead-doing Epithet Patrimonial, by which I inform the World that the *Castilians* have their Lazineſs bequeath'd to 'em by their Parents, as well as the Majestick Cloak, the starch'd Golilia, the diminutive Breeches, and the trusty Dagger; and so with one circumbendibus (to use my own Friar *Dominick*'s Expression) I lash the precedent Ages, at the same time that I chastise the present Generation. Nor have the *Ultra Montani*, the *Italians* met with better Entertainment, but are attack'd and ridicul'd in their own dear-beloved Diversions of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch.*

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The Italian *Merry-Andrews took their Place,*
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace; First Part of the Miscel.
Instead of Wit and Language, your delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight.

But because I hate the dull, insipid, phlegmatick way of conquering Kingdoms singly, I here storm all the Universe at one instant.

Where, Banish'd Virtue! wilt thou show thy Face, Ind. Emp.
If Treachery infects the Indian *Race?*

In the first Verse, here I suppose Virtue gone from the Old World, which I protest is exceeding Tart and Satyrical; and in the next, I cunningly insinuate that her Ladyship is not to be found in *Mexico*, *Peru*, or any of the Tobacco-Plantations; and consequently, that she is not to be met with any where upon the Face of the Earth. And now, because it would be a very unkind, not to say an uncivil part, in Madam *Conscience*, to loiter and squander away her Time here amongst Mortals, when her Cousin-German *Virtue* was gone to better Quarters in another World, I get a *Habeas Corpus* for her also, but at the same time was so civil to the Modest Virgin, as to allow her the liberty of leaving a Reverend Old Gentlewoman, *Interest* by Name, to do her Drudgery, and supply her Place in her absence, which I'gad I think she does every whit as well, if not better. And this Passage I have excellently well touch'd in a late Poem of mine, which we may take occasion to discourse of more largely by and by.

Immortal Powers the term of Conscience know,
But Int'rest is her Name with Men below. Hind and Panther, p. 119.

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As for the *Swedes*, and *Danes*, and *Swisses*, the *Laplanders*, *&c.* I let them alone, becauſe they are a poor ſcandalous ſort of People; do you obſerve, Mr. *Crites*, and not able to defray the Expences of a Conqueror: But then as for *Scotland* ——

Crites. Why, I thought, Mr. *Bays*, that *Scotland* was no more able to defray the Expences of a Conqueror than *Lapland.*

Bays. No more it is not; but in that time my Paſſion prevail'd over my Intereſt, and pray Sir take notice how I have laſhed that Nation.

Clean Linen there would be a dang'rous thing,
The Scot *that wore it would be choſen King.*

Firſt Part of the Miſcel.

And now, becauſe I am never to be reconciled to the *Scots*, for more than one or two Reaſons, you ſhall have me e'er long ſet out an Hiſtory of their Reformation, where I deſign to acquaint the World, that the true Reaſon of their demoliſhing Religious Houſes, and decrying the Surplice ever ſince, was not for any Superſtition, as they pretend, but only becauſe they could not furniſh half their Clergy with clean Linen.

Crites. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, is it not high time now to think of ſteering our courſe homewards? Methinks we have made a pretty handſome Ramble on't this Morning.

Bays. Sir, I thank you for your ſeaſonable Advice, and deſign to follow it; though it was once in my thoughts (being ſo nigh the place) to have ſtept out of *Scotland*, and have made a little Toure in the Duke of *Saxony*'s Country, to ſee the Ravage which the Baptiſt Boar has made in the *German* Foreſts; afterwards to have unearth'd a *Socinian* Fox, with ſome of the Duke of *Newburgh*'s Catholick Terriers in the Plains of *Poland*; and laſtly, to have fetch'd a compaſs

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pass round the Country as far as *Geneva*, to beg a *Presbyterian* Whelp of *Calvin*'s last Litter, in order to train him up at *Long-Acre*, to fetch and carry Addresses, and to bark at Ceremonies, and the Episcopal Church — But upon second considerations, I think it better to make all the sail we can for little *England*; and so Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome, as I may say, to your Native Country again.

Crites. Troth Sir, I must needs own my self a little weary, after so tedious a Walk; but if you please Mr. *Bays*, pray let us know what you have to say to old *Albion*.

Bays. With all my Heart Mr. *Crites*. Now there being but three remarkable Places in the whole Island, that is, the two Universities, and the great Metropolitan City; I shall consequently confine my Discourse only to them: But first of all, I must tell you, that I am altogether of my Lord *Plausibles* Opinion in the *Plain-Dealer*; if I chance to commend any Place or Order of Men out of pure Friendship, I chuse to do it before their Faces; and if I have occasion to speak ill of any Person or Place, out of a Principle of Respect and Good Manners, I do it behind their Backs. You cannot imagine, Mr. *Crites*, when I visit either of the two Universities in my own Person, or by Commissioners of the Play-house, how much I am taken with a College-life. Oh! there's nothing like a Cheese cut out into Farthings, and my Lord Mayor amidst all his Brutal City-Luxury, does not Dine half so well as a Student upon a single Chop of rotten-roasted Mutton; nay, I can scarce prevail with my self for a Month or two after, to eat my Meat upon a Plate, so great a respect have I for a University-Trencher; and then their Conversation is so Learned, and withal so Innocent, that I could sit a whole Day together at a Coffee-House to hear them dispute

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disputе about *Actus perspicui*, and *Forma misti*. From this beginning, I naturally fall a railing at *London*, with as much Zeal, as a *Buckinghamshire* Grazier who had his Pocket pick'd at a *Smithfield* Entertainment; or a Country Lady, whose obsequious Knight has spent his Estate among Misses, Vintners, and Linen-Drapers; and then I tell my Audience, that a Man may walk farther in the City to meet a true Judge of Poetry, than ride his Horse on *Salisbury-Plain* to find a House.

First Part of the *Misc.* p. 274. London *likes grossly, but this nicer Pit*
Examines, Fathoms all the depths of Wit.

You see here, Mr. *Crites*, that Scholars won't take Alderman *Duncomb*'s Leaden-Half-Pence, for *Irish* Half-Crowns; while a dull *Londoner* swallows every thing, and takes it with as little Consideration, as a true *Romanist* takes a Spiritual Dose of Beliefs that are seal'd up with the Council of *Trent*'s Coat of Arms.

Eugen. How was that Mr. *Bays*, about the Council of *Trent*? Pray let us hear it again.

Bays. Gad forgive me for't,—— it dropt from me e'er I was aware; but I shall in time wear off this hitching in my gait, and walk in Catholick Trammels as well as the best of them; Nature I confess, is not overcome on the sudden,— But let me see Gentlemen, whether I have any more Lines to our last Purpose; Oh, here they are!

P. 264.
Poetry, which is in Oxford *made*
An Art, in London *only is a Trade.*
Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a Plaudit there.

You are sensible, without question, how little beholding the City is to me, when I am upon my Progress elsewhere. But 'tis a Comfort, that this Peremptory Humour does not continue long upon me. For as I have the Grace to disown my Mother-

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Mother-Univerſity, with a Jug in one hand, and a Link in the other, when I am at *Oxford*.

Thebes, *did his green unknowing Years engage,*
He chuſes Athens *in his riper Age.*

First Part of the *Miſcell.*

So when I am got amongſt my honeſt Acquaintance here in *Covent-Garden*, I diſown both the Siſters, and make my ſelf as merry as a *Greek* with their greaſy Trenchers, ruſty Salt-ſellers, and no Napkins; with their everlaſting Drinking, and no Intervals of Fornication to relieve it. In fine, I make a great Scruple of it, whether it be poſſible for a Man to write ſound Heroicks, and make an accompliſh'd thorough-pac'd Wit, unleſs he comes to refine and cultivate himſelf at *London*; unleſs he knows how many Stories high the Houſes are in *Cheapſide* and *Fleetſtreet*; is acquainted with all the Gaming Ordinaries about Town, and the Rates of Porters and Hackney-Coachmen; has ſhot the Bridge, ſeen the Tombs at *Weſtminſter*, heard the Wooden-Head ſpeak, can tell you where the Enſuring Office is kept, and which of the Twelve Companies has the Honour of Precedence.

Thus I have been as good as my Promiſe, in naming the Cities and Countries to you, which I have had occaſion in my time to viſit. Now for the ſeveral Orders and Ranks of Men, that have felt the Indignation of my Satyr.

The firſt that I begin with ſhall be that *Etoardy Bete*, that humble Admirer of Jeſt and Quibble, the Melancholy Clergy-Man: Come out therefore Mr. *Levite*, by what Names or Titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed. Prithee obſerve, Mr. *Crites*, how dejected the Poor Paſſive Rogue looks! How *Mal a droitly* he makes his Entrance, like Mrs. *Day*'s Heir Apparent in the *Committee*: And by my Faith he has a great deal of Reaſon for't. —— For firſt

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and foremoſt, in my Poſtſcript to the *Siege of Granada*, I have imputed the Corruption of our Language and Eloquence, to their dull way of Haranguing in the Pulpit. A heavy Charge this ſame, I proteſt to you, and how they'll anſwer it this Term at the *King's-Bench* I can't tell; but I am ſure of this, if it had not been for ſome of the *Beaux Eſprits* of this End of the Town, and for my ſelf in particular, who chearfully aſſiſted in ſo Charitable a Work, and leſt no Stone unturn'd, to enrich and refine our Native Tongue, we had e'er this, been reduc'd to as miſerable a State of Barbarity, as our Foreſathers were, in the time of the *Saxons* Heptarchy. —— In the next place, I have chaſtiz'd the Clergy with a vengeance, for * engroſſing Lay-Sins, as they have done Lay-Preferments, to themſelves; and ſcarce leaving the poor Laity that uncomfortable Subſiſtence of a Tenth Part: For putting the Panniers of their Church-Diſcipline upon us when we were young, and afterwards (which is my greateſt Quarrel to the whole Tribe) for loading us with a Wife, which they cannot eaſe us of, tho' both Parties are fully agreed for a Divorce. Laſtly, to make ſhort work on't, and not to give my ſelf the trouble of diſtinguiſhing between Church and Church; and the Profeſſors of this, and t'other Perſuaſion, I arraign the whole Fraternity, from *London* to *Japan*, for a Pack of Jugglers and Impoſtors.

* *Spaniſh Fryar* p. 63.

Abſol. and *Achit.*

This ſet the Heathen *Prieſthood in a flame,*
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame.

That laſt Line, Mr. *Crites*, unleſs I am miſtaken, touches the Copy-hold of all theſe Spiritual Gentlemen, from a *Chriſtian* Patriarch, down to an *Indian* Bramy. Now I fancy you are apt to imagine, when you ſee a *Pagan* Prieſt ſeverely uſed in any

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of my Plays, that I had no farther Design in my Head, than to Ridicule that Party; but I muſt take the freedom to aſſure you of the contrary: For as it was the Policy of the *Fanaticks* in their late famous Proceſſion on Queen *Beſs*'s Night, to wound the Eſtabliſhed Church through the ſides of the Romaniſts; ſo it has ever been my Method, to do 'em the ſame Injury through the ſides of Pagans. But to give you a clear Satisfaction in the matter, carry this Inſtance along with you: — In my *Oedipus*, I bring in a certain Cit ſpeaking to the People, to make way for old *Tireſias* to paſs, Don't tread on the blind Prophet's Corns, (ſays he) we ought to ſhow him Reſpect, becauſe he ſays he comes from the Gods. Ay, ay, replies a Neighbour, whom I had tutor'd before at *Long-Acre*; he's not the ſooner to be believed for ſaying ſo, all of the Profeſſion can pretend as much as that for themſelves. —— And ſo Gentlemen, for the future, if you find me expoſe, kick, and toſs ſome poor Heathen Prieſt in a Blanket, you may be ſure I mean ſome ſleepy Prebend of a Cathedral, or elſe ſome Imprimatur-Man, who lives at the Scandal-Office, a Biſhop's Chaplain. Now if you pleaſe, Mr. *Levite*, to go about your lawful occaſions, you may, *Preſto, vade*, be gone; and make room for the Fraternity of Poets to enter.

Crites. Methinks Mr. *Bays*, if you had obſerved the true Order, your Lawyers and Phyſicians ought to have ſucceeded the Divines.

Bays. So they ſhould, Mr. *Crites*, if I had any reaſon now to introduce them upon the Stage: But I was ever Maſter of ſo much Chriſtian Prudence, I bleſs my Stars for it; as not to meddle with the Velvet-Coat and Urinal, or the Green Bag and Long Robe: For as I have had from my Cradle a greater Regard to the Welfare of my Body, than

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my Soul; so I was always so circumspect, as to consider that a Physician might revenge his Quarrel upon my Tenement of Clay; and the Lawyer either hang me, or ruine my Cause, when I was to appear before him, and he made a Judge. But as for your Divines, you may as safely assault them as a Herd of naked *Indians*; (otherwise you may swear a Poet durst never venture to invade them so often) they have only a pointless poor Weapon, *Curtana* by name, to defend themselves; and as my Son *Gomez* well observes, if there were no more in Excommunication than in the Church's Censure, a Wise Man wou'd lick his Conscience whole with a wet finger.

As for the Poets, Mr. *Crites*, of which Company I am the present Master, they are without doubt, the poorest Company about Town; (tho' at the same time the largest, if you take in the City-Writers, and the out-lying Deer in the Suburbs) and to the best of my knowledge, cannot say they have produc'd one Lord Mayor, one Alderman, one Sheriff; nay, scarce one Common-Council-Man or Constable, since the Conquest. They are, besides, a very ill-natur'd, querulous, complaining sort of Men; much of the same Constitution with the Old *Hebrews*, always railing at Fortune, and damning their own Function.

Eugen. And in my Opinion, Mr. *Bays*, 'tis as preposterous a Way in these Gentlemen, to endeavour to recommend their Profession to the World by railing at it; as to palm a bad Play upon an Audience, by calling them Fools and Sots, and Hobby-Horses, in the Prologue.

Bays. 'Tis very true Sir, and therefore the rest of Mankind have generally the Discretion to speak well of their own present Condition: Your Married Men, to wheedle more Company into the Magick

Magick Circle, can ſay a hundred pleaſant things of the Conveniencies of Matrimony; nay a *Scots-Man* ſhall inlarge as much in Commendation of his own ragged Country, as a *Milaneſe* for *Lombardy*. But Poets, as I told you before, are the only Men in the Univerſe that rail at their own Calling; and upon this very ſcore, think they may be ſomewhat excuſed for making bold with other Men, and other Profeſſions. For my part, I have taken better and wiſer Methods; 'tis but telling the World, that my Maker is an Almighty Poet; and the Ball we live on, a true, ſublime, well-contrived Heroick Poem; and the Honour of our Vocation is ſufficiently ſecur'd from any Scandal that may afterwards be faſtned upon it. I muſt confeſs I never had a good Word from my Brethren the Poets, nor they from me, ſince I preſided in the Chair: But a Man may very well allow the Loſers the leave of Talking; and I am apt to flatter my ſelf, that my aſſuming the Glorious Title of Poet Univerſal, and degrading the reſt of my Brethren ſo far, as to make them take all their Commiſſions from my own Hand, was as great and as politick an Undertaking, as it was in Pope *Boniface* to do you know what. —

Crites. But pray Mr. *Bays*, oblige your Old Acquaintance ſo far, as to let them know how you managed your ſelf in this important Affair.

Bays. With all my Heart; for you cannot aſſign me a more grateful Province, than to recount my paſt Labours, and aquaint you from what inconſiderable Beginnings I aſpired to my preſent Grandeur and Dignity, —— In the firſt place, after ſome Years ſpent in the Univerſity, I quitted all my Preferment there to come and reſide in the Imperial City, becauſe it was likely to prove a Scene of more Advantage and Buſineſs, by reaſon of the great reſort of Strangers to it; and likewiſe becauſe

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it was the fitteſt Place in the whole Iſland for a Monarch to ſettle his Court in, iſſue out Orders for his Subjects at home, and entertain a Commerce with his Allies abroad. At firſt I ſtruggled with a great deal of Perſecution, took up with a Lodging which had a Window no bigger than a Pocket-Looking-Glaſs, Dined at a Three-Peny Ordinary, enough to ſtarve a Vacation-Taylor, kept little Company, went clad in my homely Drugget, and drank Wine as ſeldom as a *Rechabite*, or the *Grand Seignior*'s Confeſſor. Much about this time, Mr. *Crites*, as you very well remember, I made my firſt Addreſſes in Panegyric to *Oliver Cromwel*; and that puiſſant Uſurping *Phocas* had certainly conferred the Title of Oecumenical Univerſal Poet upon me, if a Tempeſt had not hurried him out of the World before his time, ——

Eugen. Under Favour, Mr. *Bays*, would not you have refuſed the Title, coming from a Perſon of his Character?

Bays. Refus'd it? No, not I, I'gad: I beg your Pardon Sir, a better Perſon by far than my ſelf was glad to accept the ſame Title from a worſe Hand, no Diſpraiſe to the Protector's; by the ſame token that his Succeſſors have had the Grace to keep it to this preſent Minute. Being unfortunately diſappointed of my Hopes in this Place, I tack'd about with the Times, and applied my ſelf to the Mighty Grandees at Court, flatter'd Lords whom no body elſe would flatter; but eſpecially made it my Buſineſs to win the Affections of the Ladies, who I knew had the diſpoſal of their Husbands; and conſequently would prove ſure Cards in time of Need. Finding ſome little Encouragement here, and reſolving to weather all Storms that might happen, I began to Reform the Theater, and reſtore it, (as I gave out) to its Primitive Splendour and Purity, receiv'd

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receiv'd the Appeals of my younger Brethren of the Stage, Coined Heroes as fast as *Birmingham*-Groats, depos'd Kings, divorced Queens, damn'd and ejected all those that oppos'd my Novel Constitutions, and pretended to square themselves by uncorrupted Antiquity: Lastly, instead of Sence, Reason, and true Passion; I introduced nothing upon the Stage but meer Show and Pageantry, Dancing, Flying, Singing, Fighting, Visions, Dreams, Exorcisms and Revelations, Charms, Witchcrafts, Fire and Gun-powder, Thunder and Lightning; till at last Spirits and Apparitions turned out the Men, and poor Tragedy itself was swallowed up in an *Opera*.

Crites. But pray *Bays*, what did you say to *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, and the rest of them? Methinks your new-settled Monarchy should stand in a great deal of Danger, as long as those Authors continued in any Respect and Authority among the People.

Bays. To prevent, Sir, all Storms that might have issued from that Quarter, I presently set up an *Index Expurgatorius*, by the Virtue of which I so castrated these grave Old-fashioned Gentlemen, so disguised their true Features, by putting them in Modern Apparel, that upon the Stage, few, very few I-gad, could distinguish their Works, from my own proper Legitimate Productions. Then I fulminated *Johnson*'s Affected Style, his dull way of making Love, his Thefts, and mean Characters: *Shakespear*'s Ignorance, long Periods, and Barbarous Language: *Fletcher*'s want of a Gentleman's Education; so often, do you observe me, Mr. *Crites*, that scarce one in a hundred had the Assurance to offer one Good Word in their Behalf. Having made these Advances, I proceeded to Censure the living Poets with great Vigour and Severity, acquainted the World with the Nullity of their

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Ordination, and at the same time publish'd a *Manifesto*, wherein I declar'd that the Right of Investiture, with a Play-house Jilt and a Bottle, solely and wholly belonged to my self; that it should be lawful for a Poet to keep his Whore, but whosoever offer'd to Marry, should, *ipso facto*, forfeit his Allowance from the Theatre. That all the World besides lay under a Mistake, but only Mr. *Bays* was in the right. That the Stage had two great Luminaries, Mr. *Bays* and Mr. *Batterton*, to inlighten it; but that Mr. *Bays* was just as much bigger than Mr. *Batterton*, as the Sun is bigger than the Moon. Finally, I owned my self to be *Apollo*'s Vicar here upon Earth, and *Homer*'s Successor in the ancient and unerring See of *Parnassus*. That the Decrees of Mr. *Bays* ought to be observed with the same deference as the Decrees of *Apollo*. That all other Writers were to be judged by Mr. *Bays*, but Mr. *Bays* was only accountable for his Mistakes to *Apollo* himself. And then I threatned to suspend all those Poets from Stew'd Prunes, Wine, Fire and Tobacco: Nay, to confine them *durante vita*, to Temperance, Sobriety and no Fornication, who should presume to convene any Assemblies in *Grubstreet* without my Order, or appeal from my Sentence to *Aristotle*, *Longinus*, or any other Person whatsoever.

Crites. Dear *Bays*, how I could hug thee for this! Oh thou true and invincible *Hildebrand* of Poets! But prithee, for more Security, get an Act of Parliament to confirm the Title to thee and thy Heirs for ever, and the Business is settled past dispute.

Bays. There you hit me, Mr. *Crites*; and indeed I have designed such a thing a long while ago, as I shall inform you presently at a better convenience. But Gentlemen, when I had thus, in the plenitude of my Power, issued out the above-mentioned Decretal Epistles, you cannot imagine what abun-

dance

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dance of Adversaries I created my self; some were for appealing to a free unbias'd Synod of impartial Authors, others were for suing out a *Quo Warranto* to examine the validity of my Charter. Not to mention those of higher Quality, I was immediately set upon by the fierce *Elkanah*, the Empress of *Morocco*'s Agent, who at that time commanded a Party of *Moorish* Horse, in order to raise the Siege of *Granada*; and a fat old gouty Gentleman, commonly called the King of *Basan*, who had almost devoured the Stage with Free quarter for his Men of Wit and Humourists: But I countermin'd all their Designs against my Crown and Person in a moment, for I presently got the one to be dress'd up in a *Sambenito*, under the unsanctified name of *Doeg*; the other I coupled my self with his Namesake *Thomas Sternhold*: Being thus degraded from their Poetick Function, and made uncapable of crowning Princes, raising Gholts, and offering any more Incense of Flattery to the Living and the Dead. I delivered them over to the secular Arm to be chastised by the furious Dapper-wits of the Inns of Court, and the young Criticks of the University. Furthermore, to prevent all Infection of their Errors, I directed my Monitory Letters to the Sieur *Batterton*, advising him to keep no correspondence, either directly or indirectly, with those aforesaid Apostates, from Sense and Reason; adding, that in case of neglect, I would certainly put the Theatre under an interdict, send a Troop of Dragoons from *Drury-lane* to demolish his Garison in *Salisbury-Court*: and absolve all his Subjects, even the Sub-Deacons and Acolyths of the Stage; his trusty Door-keepers and Candle-lighters from their Oaths of Fealty and Allegiance. There remains yet behind a little stammering Sonnettier, whom I suspended *à beneficio* some Two Years ago, for a Play of his called the *Banditti*; but becaus̃e

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becauſe he underſtands no more *Latin* than *Jacta eſt alea Anguillam cauda tenes*, for which he quotes at ſecond-hand *Eraſmus*'s Adagies, and conſequently is not capable of forming any great Deſigns againſt my Government, I have forbore to treat him with any further Severity, and allow'd him the humble Privilege of charming Country Ladies and City Prentices.

Now clear the Stage of Poets —— And enter, thou many-headed Beaſt, the Mobile of *England*. It had been an endleſs piece of Trouble, Mr. *Crites*, to have run over all thoſe Parts which make up this heterogeneous Monſter; or to have treated the Inkle-weavers, the Porters, the Tankard-bearers, the dealers in Ribbons, News-Books, Wall-Divinity, and Peny Cuſtards, and the reſt of that Mechanical Herd, in a Chapter by themſelves: *Adam*'s naming all the Beaſts in Paradiſe had been nothing to it. So in the twinkling of an Eye, I have ranked the Almighty Rabble in one continued Line, from *White-Chapel* to *Charing-Croſs*. But what do you think now will follow upon this ſame Buſineſs?

Crites. Nay the Lord knows, Mr. *Bays*, for I can't imagine what ſhould.

Bays. Why Sir no more than this? If they reach'd two miles further, I have a Verſe for all that which ſhall go beyond 'em: 'Tis a moſt exceeding ſharp Reflexion upon the whole Body, but I'gad ſo cunningly diſguiſed with a hard word or two, that it is not in the capacity of every mean Perſon to underſtand it: And I dare engage to ſpeak it as ſafely before 'em all, as a Juſtice of Peace may quote a falſe Statute at a Seſſions, or a Prieſt may ſpeak falſe *Latin* in giving the Abſolution.

Eugen. And I dare alſo engage for my part, Mr. *Bays*, before I hear what it is, that this ſame Almighty Rabble of yours ſhall be apt to miſtake it for

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for a Complement, as ſome of their Predeceſſors before them took *Si populus vult deciṗi*, for a Patriarchal Benediction.

Bays. Pray Sir mind your own Buſineſs, and don't trouble your ſelf with any concern of mine—— But, Mr. *Crites*, you ſhall hear now with what Freedom I have cenſur'd this fickle Multitude, this *Neutrum modo, mas modo vulgus:*

Not Truth nor Reaſon make thee at a ſtay, The Medal.
Thou leap'ſt o'er all ——

I find I muſt take Breath again before I can compaſs it, 'tis ſo very long ——

Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal Truths in thy Pindaric way.

Crites. This is a cutter by my Faith Mr. *Bays*; it laſhes ſomewhere with a vengeance; and I am now perſuaded, if the Rabble did but underſtand how ſeverely you have affronted them, that you'd have a greater Mutiny about your Ears than the late Cow-keeper, or Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* in the *Virtuoſo*.

Bays. I am much of your Opinion Mr. *Crites*; but prithee, is it not a Noble, Majeſtick Verſe that laſt?

Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal ——

To tell you the truth, I meaſur'd it not by my Fingers, but by a pair of Compaſſes; and I dare ſafely ſay, 'tis the longeſt Line except one in Chriſtendom: Now becauſe you are my extraordinary good Friends, I will tell you whence I borrowed the Hint: It was my Fortune once in my Travels to drop into a Country Ale-houſe, where ſome few Stories of the Old Teſtament were preſented in very ancient Hangings: Amongſt the reſt, that famous Paſſage between *Pharaoh* and *Moſes* was touch'd upon, with ſome old-faſhion'd Poetry beneath it to explain the Figure; and theſe individual Lines that follow, as I very well remember, walk'd clearly round the Room.

Why

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Why was not he a Raſcal
Who refuſed to ſuffer the Children of Iſrael *to go into the Wilderneſs* —

Crites. What have you not done with it, Mr. *Bays?*

Bays. No, No, — *with their Wives and Families to eat the Paſchal.* There's a Line for you, Mr. *Crites;* if all the Pindarick in the World were loſt, this would certainly retrieve it from Oblivion. I had the curioſity to meaſure it, and 'tis juſt thirty four Foot of Metre, no more, nor no leſs. I warrant you, any other Man might have ſeen it twenty and twenty times, and never edify'd the value of a Braſs Farthing at the ſight; but I am an inquiſitive Perſon you know, and like a good Chymiſt, can extract rich Spirits of Poetry out of the moſt inſipid Matter. — So much at preſent for the ſeveral Orders and Degrees of Mankind: But I wiſh with all my Heart my Quarrels had ſtop'd here, or been only confin'd to my Fellow-creatures: But I Faith, I have been ſo unfortunate in my time as to make a ſtep higher, ſo that if it is with Angels, as with any particular Society of Men here upon Earth, where, if you diſoblige one, you diſoblige all the reſt; I muſt confeſs, to my Shame and Sorrow, that I have affronted the whole Celeſtial Hierarchy: For, Mr. *Crites,* I have put the groſſeſt Abuſe imaginable upon one of their Tribe, who, as I am informed, makes no inconſiderable Figure amongſt 'em, even the Archangel *Gabriel.*

Crites. How, Mr. *Bays,* the Archangel *Gabriel!* What occaſion had you to quarrel with him?

Bays. Troth, Mr. *Crites,* none at all: How ſhould I? I never ſaw him, or ſpoke with him, to the beſt of my knowledge, in all my Life: But now and then 'tis my misfortune to be poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of Contradiction; and at that time, ſhould you

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you attempt me with all the kind Language, and the moſt convincing Arguments in the World, I am not to be perſuaded: Thus in my Life of *Plutarch*, when it lay in my power either to have wav'd the Buſineſs, or at one words ſpeaking, to have made as good a Chriſtian of that Reverend Philoſopher as ever lived; and I might eaſily have prevailed with good St. *Jerome* to ſet his Hand to the Affidavit (for you muſt know, that honeſt Father inſerted a worſe Man, the Cuckold-maker *Seneca* by Name, into his Catalogue); I' gad, I make him, in ſpight of his Teeth, to continue in his old *Pagan* Perſuaſion, and and preſent him with half a dozen Objections againſt the Chriſtian Religion, which, I'm ſure, will never reliſh as long as the World ſtands, with a Philoſpher's critical Palate. Thus alſo in the Conqueſt of *Mexico*, a fooliſh Freak took me in the Head, and I muſt make not only the *Indian* Prieſt, and *Montezuma* himſelf, (who was in truth a very illiterate Prince) but even ſome of his Courtiers (who are a ſort of Men, you know, that ſeldom trouble themſelves either with the Speculative or Practick Part of Religion) ſo confound the *Spaniſh* Chaplain and the reſt of his Countrymen, that they were forced in the Fifth Act, when other Methods fail'd, to betake themſelves to the Infallible Arguments of the Rack, in order to make the Emperour and his Prieſts ſet their Hands to the Apoſtle's Creed, and the Pope's Supremacy.

Eugen. That was very unkindly done, indeed Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. So it was Sir, and I have reckon'd it ever ſince among one of my Crying Sins, and deſign to do hearty Penance for it as long as I live. But to purſue the buſineſs in hand, the very ſame Spirit of Contradiction I was mentioning before, ſeiz'd me when I undertook to clear *Milton*'s Paradiſe of Weeds,

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Weeds, and garniſh that Noble Poem with the Additional Beauty and Softneſs of Rhyme. He, like a Blind Buzzard as he was, makes *Adam* perform his Addreſſes ſo ungracefully, introduces him, diſcourſing ſo unlike a Gentleman, with that negligence of Language and ſtupidity of Spirit, that I' gad, you'd pity his Condition. And then for *Eve*, as he has drawn her Character, ſhe talks ſo like an inſipid Country Houſe-keeper, whoſe knowledge goes no farther than the Still or the Dairy, who is as little acquainted with the Tenderneſs of Paſſion, as the Management of an Intrigue, that one cannot chuſe but wonder at it. Now, when I came to fall upon this Work, I was reſolved to beſtow a little good Breeding upon our Firſt Parents, to ſhew them the Gallantry of a Court, and the Diſcipline of an Academy, to give them a turn or two in the *Mall*, and the Galleries at *Whitehall*, to entertain them with a Play in the King's Box at the *Theatre*, and afterwards with a faſhionable Oglio at *Locket*'s, or the Blue Poſts, that ſo they might be prevail'd with to leave the contemptible Frugality of feeding upon Sallads, and ſhake off all that clowniſh Ruſt which they had contracted in a former Education. For this Reaſon, Mr. *Crites*, I have made that great Grand-mother of ours, diſcourſe after another rate than ſhe did before; ſhe talks of Love as feelingly as a Thrice married Widow; yet rails at Marriage with the ſame Concern, as if ſhe had ſeen the Misfortunes of half her Daughters; tells her Gallant, that it was the Practice of all his Sex to decoy poor innocent Maids with Sham-Stories of their Paſſion; and that he'd be as apt to forget her after the Enjoyment was over, as a Sharper of the Town forgets the laſt Friend he borrowed Money of: In fine, ſhe diſcourſes of Flames, Darts and Tranſports, of the Performances of Lovers, and the Fatality of Matri-

mony,

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mony, (though God knows, the poor Gentlewoman had no occasion to understand them before) with as much familiarity as the Emperour *Montezuma* discourses of the Sea, who had scarce seen or heard of a Puddle greater than a Horse-pond in all his Life-time. And then as for *Adam*, I have put my self to the charges of giving him a Year or two's running at the University, made him as well acquainted with all the Arguments of the *Supralapsarians*, as a Justice's Clerk is with all the She-traders in his Master's Dominions: So that when the Arch-Angel *Gabriel* came to pay him a Visit at his Summer-house, he presently engages him, before the second Course was remov'd, in the Mysterious Controversie about Free-will, proposes *Mediums*, solves Objections, tells his Guest that his Major was open enough to let a whole Shoal of *Arminians* in at the Breaches; that his Minor would not hold Water; and sometimes, I' gad, in plain downright *English*, assures him, that his Inferences had no more relation to the Premises, than the Alcoran to the Four Evangelists.

Crites. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, how long ago is it since Angels have made use of Syllogism? I thought that those intuitive Gentlemen had never put themselves to the trouble of tracing Causes by their Effects, or drawing Conclusions from their Premises.

Bays. Why, there's the mischief on't; I knew well enough, that the Angels stand in no more need of a *Grammatica Rationis*, than a ready Wit does of a Common-Place Book; but such is my unhappiness now and then, that I must run contrary to the Sentiments of all Mankind, though my whole Family suffers for it: Nay, to aggravate the Matter, I made this great Progenitor of ours, so baffle the Arch-Angel in the intricate Point of Free-will, that I should have been most mortally afraid, that

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that the discontented *Gabriel* had carried some Dregs of *Calvinism* along with him into Heaven, and infected the rest of his fellow Angels, but that I have heard nothing of it since: However, I am in a fair way now, I hope, to be reconciled to him, for I employ my *Tutelar Genius* every Morning to solicit his Pardon, and to let him know from me, that if ever this unfortunate *Opera* of mine Lives to a Second Edition, I design to write a *Poeta loquitur* on that part of the Page where the Angel Discourses.

Eugen. That will do very well, Mr. *Bays*, to recover his lost Reputation with the Reader, and no question on't, but it will go a great way to incline him to better Thoughts of your Repentance: But prithee, little *Bays*, may I make so bold as to enquire the Reason why you are so great an Enemy to Free-will? Is it not because you are willing to plead fatal Necessity at the Day of Judgment, and lay all your Miscarriages at your Maker's Door?

Bays. I must give you the same Answer to this Question, as a Country-Physician gave a Friend of mine, who came to enquire of him how he cured himself of his last Ague; for you must note, that this same Blunderbuss by some accident or other, had dropt upon a right Medicine: No Sir (said he) I beg your pardon, for I am under an obligation never to disclose the Secret to any Person breathing; but if you are so lucky as to name the true Remedy, for our old Acquaintance-sake, I'll not conceal it from you. Is it (says the Gentleman) *Octabis Hilarii? No, I protest.* Why then, I'll lay all that I'm worth in the World, continues he, that it is *Quindena Paschæ. Neither is it that upon my Life; but for your comfort, it is something as like* Quindena Paschæ *as may be; nay, to satisfie you farther in the case,* Quindena Paschæ *is one of the chief Ingredients.* In like

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like manner, Mr. *Eugenius*, I muſt tell you, that you have not pitch'd upon the true Reaſon why I am ſo bitter an Enemy to Free-Will, (for that relates to a particular Affront which I receiv'd from an *Arminian* Divine;) but I can aſſure you upon my Integrity, that it comes as nigh to the true Reaſon, as any thing in the World can come nigh another. I am ſure it is not only my own Intereſt, but the Intereſt of half Mankind, that we carried no ſuch troubleſome thing as Free-Will about us, for then I know who muſt bear the Blame of our Extravagancies another Day; it would remove all thoſe peeviſh, melancholy Diſtinctions of Good and Evil, and ſcore the frequent Sallies and Exceſſes of our Life upon the unavoidable Influences and Failures of Humane Nature. But Gentlemen, I have ſomewhere, in the compaſs of four Lines, urged this Opinion, unleſs I am mightily deceiv'd, with all the Accuracy and Strength of Reaſon, which ſo nice a Subject can well allow of. Oh now I remember them!

The Prieſthood groſsly cheat us with Free-Will,
Will to do what, but what Heaven firſt decreed;
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from Eternal Cauſes they proceed.

Spaniſh Fryar, p. 40.

Crites. I fancy, Mr. *Bays*, that theſe Verſes, with ſome little alteration, would not be amiſs in a young Poet's Prologue, who is to excuſe the Errors of his Eſſay to an Audience.

The Criticks baſely charge us with Free-Will,
Will to write what, but what our Stars decreed;
Our Poems then are neither good nor ill,
Since from All-ruling Planets they proceed.

Ha! Mr. *Bays*, What think you now? Wou'd not this mollifie the cruel Hearts of the moſt prejudiced Spectators?

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Bays. Mollifie 'em! No question on't, Mr. *Crites*, unless the Old Gentleman in Black possess'd them all. I could inlarge very copiously upon this Hint of yours, but that I am desirous to finish the Relation of my Conquests, before I proceed to any other Business: And therefore to draw my Victories into a narrower Compass, I have affronted the Men of Wit in my Gallants, expos'd the Men of Valour in my Heroes, ridicul'd the Men of Love and Ecstacy in my Jealous Coxcombs, the Ladies in my Complying Females, Country Parsons in all my *Pagan* Priests, and Princes in my Lawless *Maximines* of the *Theatre*; I have lashed the State of Matrimony in my *Marriage A-la-Mode*, the State of Celibacy and a Monastic Life in my *Spanish Fryar*, and *Love in a Nunnery*, the State of Cuckoldom in my *Limberham*, the State of Innocence in my *Opera* of *Adam*. In a word, (if you'll be pleas'd to allow me the Benefit of the Clergy, that is, the Christian Privilege of one single Quibble at parting) I have lashed the States of *Holland* in my Tragedy of *Amboyna*.

Eugen. But Mr. *Bays*, this long Digression of yours, has clearly put you beside the Story you promised us.

Bays. 'Dsookers, so it has! Oh this treacherous forgetful Head of mine! It serves me more unhandsome Tricks i-gad, than a young Lawyer's Memory, who has not attained to his *Westminster-Hall* Compass of *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*. But how to fall exactly into the same Place where I left off, the Lord knows, unless you can assist me, Gentlemen.

Eugen. Very easily Sir, for all that we have hitherto heard concerning your Story, only comes to this, That some Three Weeks before your Conversion in 1685, it was your Fortune to go down the

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the River as far as *Greenwich*, with some *Irish* Gentlemen of your Acquaintance.

Bays. Right Sir, with some *Irish* Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, where, out of an Excess of Friendship, and a mistaken Principle of Honour, I drank a prodigious quantity of Wine for two Days together; tho' to deal honestly with you, the Wine was only fit to be drank in a Protestant-Communion, or to Bury Prince *Beelzebub*'s Subjects.

Crites. Have a care Mr. *Bays*, you are always abusing some Princes Subjects or other; but pray Sir, to what part of the Globe do these Strangers belong, or what do you mean by Prince *Beelzebub*'s Subjects.

Bays. Why the Flies, Man! O Lord, that you should be so ignorant. I hope, Sir, a Man may pass a Jest upon the Flies, without offending you or any body else.

Crites. No question on't, Mr. *Bays*. But prithee Man, why so severe upon the Protestant Communicants?

Bays. Because it is so unseemly a Sight, to see a Fat Two-handed Lay-Man, with a Face, which you may divide as Dr. *Heylin* has done the Kingdom of *Poland*, into the Champion and the Woody; over grown with Beard, and looking like the Moon half recovered out of an Eclipse, (pray mind the Comparison) spill half the Chalice upon his Whiskers, and afterwards wipe 'em with his greasie Elbow.

Crites. Rather than break Squares between both Churches, as to that Particular, I'll engage, Mr. *Bays*, that the Lay-Men shall all of 'em be shaved before they come to Church.

Bays. It can never be done, Sir, say you what you will, or propose what Expedient you will; for a Lay-Man's Face (and the Experiment was made

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before no worse Company than the Council of *Constance*) can never be made so sleek, and all that, as a Sacerdotal Countenance: I have, Mr. *Crites*, since I was reduced, laboured in this Affair to accommodate it, as much as any Person whatever; for I wou'd not willingly pay for Wine, and not have my Share; but it won't do. Another Project I have thought upon, which is a great deal more feisible, may be of infinite Advantage to the Kingdom, and I hope may meet with better Success.

Eugen. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, what's that?

Bays. Why you know, Sir, what a dull Time Poets have had of it lately, since the Considerers and Answerers on both Sides have invaded the Press, no more to do, i-gad, than a Player in the Vacation; and Wit as perfect and meer a Drug, as Wool before the Burying-Act. Now what do you think I intend to do in this Case, Mr. *Crites*?

Crites. Faith Sir, I can't tell; for I have no extraordinary Hand at Supposition and Conjecture.

Bays. No, you may think, and pump your Imagination these Forty Years, and ne'er be the wiser. Why, I intend —— But you'll half kill your selves with laughing at the Conceit —— I intend to get a Burying-Act for the Muses.

Crites. A Burying-Act! As how, I pray?

Bays. I will make my Application to the Worshipful Members of the next Parliament, and represent to them the Miserable Condition of the Nine Muses, which is more to be pitied i-gad, than all the Sufferings of the *French* Protestants. In order to make my Petition meet with better Entertainment, and move their Compassion, I'll tell them a Lamentable Story of *Apollo*, the Father of these Girls; how I saw him the other day eating Spoon-Meat amongst Porters in the *Stocks-Market*, in a little greasie old-fashion'd Black Cloak, which hung about

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about his Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without Sleeves, and ſcarce reach'd ſo low as one of your Sub-Deacon's Surplices at *Somerſet-Houſe*; likewiſe with a little Extinguiſher-like-Hat on; and that when I enquired of him, how it came to be ſo unmercifully pared and circumciſed, he ſhould anſwer, that he parted with a Groats-worth of the Brim, to equip a Basket-Hilt in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*: Nay, to ſecure my ſelf from all poſſible Dangers of a Diſappointment in the Caſe, I deſign to acquaint them with what the Old Gentleman had informed me concerning his Daughters: That unleſs their Relief came preſently, they muſt be forced, like the City-Orphans, to Marry below themſelves, and take up with Lawyers-Clerks, Peny-Chroniclers, and *Smithfield*-Sonettiers, for want of better; that they durſt not make their Appearance at any Places of Publick Reſort, becauſe they wanted the neceſſary Accommodation of Night-Rails and Top-Knots; and that the truſty Keepers of *Weſtminſter* had diſcarded them, ever ſince they retrenched their Families, and turned out their Servants to Board-Wages. And then as for himſelf, he proteſts that he has not taſted a Drop of Wine, ſince the Conduits piſs'd Claret at the Coronation; that he could not be truſted a Week ago in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, for half a dozen Strings to his *Welſh*-Harp, though he was amongſt ſo many of his own Tenants, the Bookſellers; and laſtly, to uſe his own Expreſſion, (by which you may perceive his Neceſſities have made him Prophane, as well as Deſperate) that he has ſubſiſted of late Years like the poor melancholy Accidents in Tranſubſtantiation, without a Subject to quarter upon.

Crites. Nothing certainly will prevail upon them, Mr. *Bays*, if this Story won't.

Bays. Nay, you may let me alone, to move the Hearts of any Aſſembly in *Chriſtendom*. After I

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have prepoſſeſs'd them with this Doleful Tale, I will humbly offer to their Charitable Conſiderations, theſe following Propoſals.

That for encouraging the Manufacture of *Poetry*, (pray obſerve me, I call it a Manufacture, becauſe to my ſelf it is more the Trouble of the Fingers, than the Labour of the Brain) which has of late Years, to the Ruine of ſeveral Families, the Decay of Trade, and the Loſs of the Kingdom in general, been diſcontinued, both Houſes of Parliament think fit to Ordain for the future:

Firſt, That no Perſon above the Degree of a Lord, ſhall preſume to be Buried under a Dozen Stanza's of good lawful Pindaric Poetry; for which his Heirs, Executors, and Adminiſtrators, ſhall pay a Crown a Stanza.

Crites. But why not, Mr. *Bays*, as well be Buried in good Heroic?

Bays. For a certain Reaſon, Sir, which I am ſure will make you bepiſs your ſelf, 'tis ſo extremely diverting. You know, Sir, that Princes, Dukes, and Earls, (I can't help reflecting, for the Heart of me) are a ſort of Lawleſs, Ungovernable People: Now what kind of Poetry is ſo ſuitable, do you think, for theſe Perſons, as that which defies all Rules, leaps over all Conſtitutions, and in fine, does what it pleaſes.

Secondly, That all People, from the Condition of a Lord down to a Baronet, ſhall be Embalmed in twenty Pair of Heroic Verſe, for which they ſhall pay a Noble. Now the Reaſon why I am for Burying theſe Worthy Gentlemen in Heroic Verſe, is this, that as the *Nile* ſeldom Mounts above the Eighteenth Figure, and ſeldom Ebbs below the Fourteenth; ſo True Valour rarely riſes above a Lord, and rarely falls below the Quality of a Baronet.

Eugen.

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Eugen. Why could you not, Mr. *Bays*, have borrowed your Inſtance from the Quickſilver in a Weather-Glaſs, as well as travelled for one as far as *Egypt*. I find you are for hedging a Stake in your Old Age, amongſt the Men of Valour.

Bays. *Thirdly*, That Country-Squires, Heads of Houſes, Doctors of Divinity, and the Civil Law, Prebends of Cathedrals; all Mayors, Bailiffs, and Aldermen, *&c.* ſhall be Buried in their dearly-beloved Acroſtics, (you ſee I am tart upon half the Nation) for which they are to pay Seven Groats; (cheap enough i-gad) and that the Poet ſhall be bound to Bait the laſt Diſtich either with Pun or Quibble; otherwiſe to receive nothing for his Labour: Any thing in this Act or Statute to the contrary notwithſtanding.

Crites. Methinks, Mr. *Bays*, you ought in Conſcience to have excepted the Mayors of *Wootton-Baſſ t* and *Quinborough*; I dare engage the Magiſtrates there had rather be Interred without the Solemnity of an Epitaph, than go to the Charges of paying for it.

Bays. No, no; they muſt pay, if it were only for Repreſenting His Majeſty.

Fourthly, That all others of meaner Rank and Families, ſhall be contented to lye wrapt in a wholſome ſhort Ditty, to the Melancholy Tune of St. *Sepulchre's* Chimes, for which they muſt pay one ſingle Teſter.

Fifthly, That whereas Mr. *Bays* has done the Nation ſuch Important Service, and gratified all Parties; that is, libelled the Prieſts to pleaſe the Laity, and railed at the Laity to get himſelf reconciled to the Prieſts; lampoon'd the Court to oblige his Truſting Friends in the City, and ridicul'd the the City to ſecure a Promiſing Lord at Court; expoſed the kind Keepers of *Covent-Garden* to pleaſe

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the Cuckolds of *Cheapside*, and drolled upon the City *Dolittles* to tickle the *Covent-Garden* Limberhams; drawn his Pen againſt the *Romaniſts*, to win the Hearts of *Fanaticks* and *Socinians*; and afterwards attack'd the whole Herd of *Diſſenters*, to retaliate the Injury done to the *Romaniſts*; railed at Matrimony, to ingratiate with the Superannuated Maids of Honour; and damn'd a Single Life, to get a Dinner amongſt the Fond Husbands: That in Conſideration of theſe, and ſeveral other Important Services, the Members of both Houſes think fit to ſettle the Privilege of Licencing all Poets whatſoever; from the humble Dealers in Tabacco-Box-Inſcriptions, to the wholeſale Traders in Dramatick, on Him and his Heirs for ever: Which Poets are to renew their Licences every Half-Year; to obey all his Orders and Inſtructions, are never to exceed Five Hundred, and to be marked on the back as Hackney-Coaches are. —— So much for his Projects, (which is not much amiſs, conſidering every body at Court, not the meaneſt *Iriſh-Man* excepted, are now in the Begging-Humour) but I forget the main Buſineſs, my Story —— We continued at *Greenwich* full Two Days, all which time we did nothing at all i-gad, but drink and tipple: A certain Paſſage happen'd the ſecond day, which is not unworthy the relating; but becauſe we have already been ſo much upon the Digreſſion, I'll e'en forbear it ——

Eugen. Nay, Mr. *Bays*, if you'll promiſe to be Laconick, let us have it.

Bays. A certain Gentleman came accidentally into the Room where we were Drinking, and deſired to be admitted into the Company; we told him, any Civil Perſon was welcome, and ſo he was receiv'd. Some ſhort time after, there happen'd a little occaſional Diſcourſe concerning Purgatory, and this Spark

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Spark was ſo unfortunate to ſay, he disbelieved it; now, to the everlaſting Shame of all thoſe Perſons who have the Aſſurance to deny Purgatory, I mawl'd him ſo by Dint of Argument and Wit, ſheer Wit i-gad, that he had not one Syllable to ſay for himſelf.

Crites. I thought, Mr. *Bays*, that your dear Self at that time had been of the Genleman's Opinion.

Bays. Troth Sir I muſt needs own, that I had no over-great Opinion of the Place, till this lucky Paſſage confirmed me. Indeed I had little Dawnings of the Goſpel upon me for a Fortnight before; but it was a doubtful glimmering ſort of a Light, and as I may ſay, juſt like that by which *Corinna* obliged her Gallant;

Pars adoperta fuit, pars altera clauſa feneſtræ.

Crites. Is not that Compariſon of yours, Mr. *Bays*, ſomewhat of the lewdeſt? Methinks you might have reſembled the Dawning of the Goſpel to ſomething elſe.

Bays. Tho' it is a little luſcious, it is exceeding witty, and that is all I deſire in a Simile. Sir, ſaid I to the Gentleman, you don't believe Purgatory, it ſeems; becauſe it was not diſcovered before the Eleventh Century, by the Abbot of *Clugny*. Right, ſays he. Why don't you as well, Mr. *Wiſeacre*, (rejoin'd I) believe there's no ſuch Place as *America*, becauſe it has not been diſcovered above Two Hundred Years ago; upon which, we all fell a Laughing; and the poor Gentleman looked with as mortified a Countenance as *Pharaoh*'s Baker, of Famous Memory, when his Dream was interpreted to him.

Crites. Faith Mr. *Bays*, and that was ill enough in all Conſcience.

Bays:

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Bays. Lord, Mr. *Crites*, I have a hundred times more to say in behalf of Purgatory than this comes to, and all I' gad, my own, *Juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum orbita* — I can't endure to follow any Man's Footsteps, and that's the Reason I so mortally hate your *Ficulnea Argumenta*, your Artillery drawn out of the Bible. What do you think I design at this very present, but to write a Play call'd the Discovery of Purgatory, and to bring in the Abbot of *Clugny* in the first Scene; with these Lines in his Mouth:

Abbot. *On what new flaming Country are we thrown,*
So long kept secret, and so lately known,
As if the Seats of Erebus *withdrew,*
And here in private had conceiv'd a new.

Rare I' gad; and now the Monk answers him:

Monk. *Fire, Charcoal, Popes, Tobacco, here are found,*
With which our Countries plenteously abound:
But Cyder and Cool-Tankards here are scant,
Right Lime-Juice we, and Punch moreover want.

Mind that more, Moreover, I pray; methinks it is so natural for a Monk, or a Country Parson. ——

As if this Infant ——

Crites. What do you *as if* again, Mr. *Bays*?

Bays. Ay, Sir, and perhaps will *As if* it this hour longer if I please: Sould not the Monk, I pray, answer his Abbot?

As if this Infant World yet unarray'd,
Like House with Bill on Door were starv'd for want of Trade.

The Quintessence of Wit, by my Faith, Gentlemen; but now it comes to the Abbot's turn to speak, who, because he is something of a Scholar, I have made him demolish all the Peripatetic Philosophy in a moment.

Abbot.

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Abbot. *Here the true Elementar Fire reſides,*
And o'er the ſpacious Fields in Triumph rides;
Down then the Stagyrite *with all his Crew,*
Let Infamy and Scorn his Name purſue;
He held that Fire dwelt in Concava Lunæ,
But here 'tis lodg'd, ſay I, the Learned Clerk of Clugny.

'Tis new, and out of the rode, this ſame Reflection, Mr. *Crites*; and the Abbot, you muſt know, was the more willing to take this opportunity of quarreling with *Ariſtotle*, for his Peſtilent Heretical Doctrine about Accidents; for my part, I owe him a grudge alſo, but deſign, as ſoon as I can, to get out of his debt; 'tis but ſaying openly in a Coffee-houſe, that *Jeſuits* Powder is the Bark of his Predicamental Tree, and you deſtroy his Reputation for ever among the Mobile. But to the Monk again.

Monk. *Heaven from all Ages wiſely did provide,*
And for the braveſt Church theſe Manſions hide,
That we, whoſe Head Supreme, and unconfin'd,
Is neither God nor Man, but of a middle Kind;
Should neither climb to Heaven, nor ſink to Hell,
But in ſome place between for endleſs Ages dwell.

There's a thought for you, Mr. *Crites*, match it me if you can in the whole Univerſe; 'tis all Flame and Spirit, and nothing but a Soul that has run through a courſe of Chymiſtry in Purgatory, could have uttered it. After this, follows one of the fineſt Scenes you ever read; but becauſe it is ſomewhat of the longeſt, I will only give you the Heads of it: As ſoon as the Monk had done ſpeaking theſe laſt words, a Meſſenger comes in from the Podeſta of *Penſylvania*, to acquaint the Abbot of *Clugny*, that his Maſter and the Superintendant of *New-England*, did intend that Morning to try a Brace of Congregational Bull-Dogs, at an Epiſcopal *Panther* in the *Bear-Garden* in the *Ecliptic*, and afterwards fully reſolved

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ſolved to give him a Meeting at his Toleration-Apartment in Purgatory; and that, if they liked the Situation of the Country, the temper of the Climate, the convenience of Trading, and found the Place capable of being improved and cultivated, they would preſently ſend him a Colony of huge Mortals, with large Hats, and no Cravats, to inhabit it. Whereupon ——

Eugen. Under Correction, Mr. *Bays*, this ſame Abbot of *Clugny* is a very uncivil Perſon to put you out of you Road thus. Come Sir, your half hour is already paſt, and we won't be ſo unmannerly as to hinder your Devotion, and make you more Matter for the next Confeſſion.

Bays. Udſookers, Mr. *Eugenius*, are you a going already? Why, I am but juſt enter'd upon my Story, and the beſt part of it is ſtill behind: I'll treſpaſs this once on Father what d'ye call him —— if you'll ſit down on the next Bench, and hear it out.

Engen. Withal my heart, provided it will be no injury at all to you, Mr. *Bays*; for I ſhould be as loath to hinder a Poet's Devotion, as an Alderman's Alms, or a Soldier's Sobriety, the Reformation of a Player, or the Loyalty of a Diſſenter.

Bays. 'Twill be no Injury at all, I' gad; —— Now once in my Life, Mr. *Crites*, I'll borrow my Method from a Country Parſon. You know 'tis the way of thoſe dull, formal, inſipid Animals, after they have have made a long tedious Harangue in the Morning, to ſerve it up in the Afternoon as the People do their cold Meat, the better to imprint in the Memory of their Flock, as they pretend; but I' gad, I ſay, only to withdraw the Afternoon's Diſcourſe, and ſave themſelves the Expence of a little Candle-light and Thinking. Even ſo, Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to remember, I told you that in the

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the Year 1685, I chanced to go down to *Greenwich*, with ſome *Iriſh* Gentlemen, where for the ſpace of two Days (pray obſerve the Expreſſion, becauſe it came from the other ſide *Wapping*) drinking, had got the Weather-gage of Sobriety. But now I am come to tell you, that the next Morning after, I look'd as ill as a poor Gentleman of the Town, who has paſt through a Syſtem of Natural Philoſophy, ſome half a dozen times at the *Bagnio*; I was all over in a Flame, and ſo very ſick (that though I am far from complementing the Place) yet I ſhould be very well content to have no other Puniſhment inflicted on the Council of 25 at *Geneva*, than to ſhare that illneſs between them, which I endured in my own Perſon.

Crites. I thought, Mr. *Bays*, that the Man who could endure ſuch a brunt for two days, was a confirm'd Seaſon'd Debauchee, and that nothing could hurt him.

Bays. Alas, Sir, I ſeldom us'd to engage upon ſuch hot Service, unleſs an extraordinary Occaſion happen'd, and then I'm ſure to do ſufficient Penance the next Morning. But to proceed Sir, my Wife would of all Loves, perſuade me to repair the Breaches of Nature with a little Diet-Drink. No, reply'd I, not for all the World; I ſcorn to be indebted to ſcandalous Diet-Drink for my Health, as much as I do to ſteal Verſes from a Grave-ſtone, to purchaſe the Reputation of a Poet; nay, (continued I) I ſcorn it more than a *Fanatick* does to bind up his Bible in the ſame Calves-skin with the Common-Prayer Book and *Aprocrypha*.

Crites. What Relation, pray Mr. *Bays*, has the Common-Prayer Book and *Apocrypha* to your Wife's Diet-drink?

Bays. Not at all; how ſhould it? It is only a Compariſon, Mr. *Crites*, and a Comparſon always ought

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ought to be surprizing: Well, after I had consulted my Constitution a little, I was resolved to relieve my self with Brandy, which accordingly I did, in a Corner-Shop of the Street, and there fell into the most profound Contemplation, that ever any uninspired Person was possess'd with. But, pray Gentlemen, what do you think it was that employed my Meditation?

Crites. Why Hell-fire, Mr. *Bays*, for any thing I know to the contrary; if, as you say, your Contemplation was so very profound.

Bays. Well, I protest to you, Mr. *Crites*, you are enough to make any body split with Laughing: Hell-fire! I can assure you, such a Thought never came into my Head since my Nurse bound it up for me. Gad forgive me, that you cou'd ever imagine a Poet should mortifie himself with such a Consideration; I am sure I have made more Advances this way than any of my Tribe, yet cou'd never, for the Heart of me, travel further than Purgatory. But to deal honestly with you, I thought of a certain business that was full as terrible I gad, and that was this: I considered with my self, that the general Conflagration of the World could not be above ten Years off at the farthest; which made me resolve to part with all my darling Sins on the sudden, and betake my self to the Protection of that Church, which cou'd give me the most convincing Assurances of Salvation.

Eugen. But pray, Mr. *Bays*, upon what ground was it that you believed the Day of Judgment was so nigh?

Bays. If you have a mind to edifie, Gentlemen, by what I am going to relate, I must entreat you to be very attentive; for, as the Affair we treat of is exceeding nice and delicate, so if you lose but one Chain of the Demonstration, you had as good have

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have heard not one Syllable — I consider'd with my self, that from the first peopling of this Island till the Reformation, a little Ale, encouraged with Sugar and Rosemary, passed for an universal Cordial all the Nation over — This is my *Principium* — *Wicleviticul Aqua Vitæ* now and then interposed; and I can exactly tell you how long the Eclipse endured; that is, how long the Ale laboured under a disrespect, and likewise how many Digits were obscured; that is, how many Counties were guilty of using modern *Aqua Vitæ* instead of primitive ancient Ale: but this being a Nicety, which perhaps needs not be so curiously examined, 'twill be better to ware it, and therefore I shall only desire you to remember, that Ale, prepared after the above-mentioned manner, continued in very good Repute and Credit till the Reformation.

Critas. Yes, yes, Mr. *Bays*, and as I take it, this Oecumenical Cordial of yours, was confirmed in half a dozen Provincial Synods, held in *Cutler's* Theatre in *Warwick-Lane.*

Bays. As for that, I cannot pass my word, Friend *Critas*, nor am I willing to say any thing but what I have from unquestionable Tradition — Now when the Heat of Controversie and Enthusiasm had set the Body Natural of the Body Politick in a Ferment, it was observ'd, that Ale and Beer were too cold for the Constitutions of the People, and that they could no longer pass for Cordials.

Eugen. Alas! poor discarded Ale, how do I pity thee! That thy old Companion Rosemary, the Reliever of thy Infirmities, and the support of thy Old Age, should be forc'd to abandon thee! But pray, Mr. *Bays*, is Religion so great an Inflamer? I never understood that Piece of Philosophy before.

Bays. Your Protestant Religion inflames as much, or rather more than a Hectic Feaver; which I can

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can make good by an undeniable Demonſtration to you, if you'll both of you promiſe not to forget the Foundation I have hitherto been laying down.

Crites. No, no, Mr. *Bays*, we won't forget it.

Bays. Why, then I have this Queſtion to ask you, Mr. *Crites*, Were you ever at a *Quaker's* Meeting?

Crites. Very frequently Sir.

Bays. Then tell me *bona fide*, whether you ever ſaw a handſome Woman of that ſullen Perſuaſion? Come, confeſs the Truth.

Crites. That I have, I can aſſure thee, little *Bays*.

Bays. You may take it from me, ſhe was a Novice then, or elſe the Heat of her Zeal had certainly diſcoloured and ſour'd her Countenance, and made her look like the reſt of her Sex in thoſe *Pagan* Aſſemblies. It is an Article of my Faith, that it is as impoſſible for a Woman to be a *Quaker* any time, and handſome, as 'tis impoſſible for one to be a Man of Buſineſs, and not dull: If you take a Barrel of Ale, and place it to the Sun-ſhine of your Back-ſide, perhaps in the firſt Week you'll find no Alteration, but in two or three Months it certainly turns to Vinegar.

Crites. Very right, Mr. *Bays*; but prithee ſhut your Hands of this Simile as ſoon as you can.

Bays. So likewiſe a She-*Quaker*, for the firſt Half Year, may make a ſhift to preſerve her Beauty; but afterwards, in ſpight of all *Spaniſh* Wooll and Pomatums, the Heat of her Religion will contract the Muſcles in her Face: Which is the Reaſon that all your through-paced Women of that Opinion, have an awkward grinning ſort of a Look; for grinning, whether you know it no, is nothing elſe but a Contraction of the Muſcles, and are as eaſily known by it all the World over, as the Men are by their Set-Looks, formal Hats, and ſhort Cravats.

Eugen.

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Eugen. If you have done with this Point, Mr. *Bays*, pray let me entreat you to reassume the Business of the Cordial.

Bays. Well then, Ale and Beer being, for these Reasons I mentioned, thus disbanded, we were forced to travel to the *Canaries* for a Cordial, and accordingly brought over Potent *Catholick Sack*; *Sack* had not long danced about in Thimbles and Spoonfuls, but it desir'd to leave the *Apothecary*'s Shop, was very ambitious to inhabit a Tavern-Vault, and long'd extreamly to converse with Men of Wit and Gaity, instead of Gossips, Nurses, Midwives, and decrepit Aldermen: But as Familiarity makes every thing in the World contemptible, so in a short time *Sack* grew out of fashion, ceas'd to perform its ancient Office of a Cordial; and towards the latter end of the late Usurpation, when we took *Jamaica* from the *Spaniards*, was forced to resign it self to potent *Brandy*. *Brandy* having had a large, uncontroll'd, but a short Reign, stands now upon its Tiptoes, and is making way for the Spirits of Wine.

Crites. From what Signs is it, Mr. *Bays*, that you conclude the downfal and overthrow of *Brandy*? To my poor Judgment now, it seems as puissant and well-beloved a Monarch as ever.

Bays. Because it has of late Years removed out of the City into the Country, where, I am sure it must, like the Goddess of Justice, take its last Farewel of Mortals. Now, after we have accustomed our selves to Spirits of Wine one half a score Years, and consequently, heated our Tenements of Clay, our Bodies, to the highest degree imaginable, if, as I told you before, the Conflagration does not then happen, according to this sure Infallible Calculation; mind me, Mr. *Crites*, I give you free leave, before your Friend here, to post me up in a *Gazette*, for as scandalous an Author as the *Modern Dealer* in

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Natural Hiſtory; or, if that won't ſerve your Turn, as the whole litter of Narrative-mongers, bound up in a Volume.

Eugen. Truly, Mr. *Bays*, this is a very aſtoniſhing, ſtrange Notion of yours, as I ever heard in my Life.

Bays. I muſt needs value my ſelf ſomewhat upon it, becauſe it is properly the Product of my own Imagination, and no Perſon in the World ever thought of it before. But, Gentlemen, you'll entertain more favourable Thoughts of this Diſcovery, I'm confident, if you'll do me the honour to judge impartially of theſe two following collateral Arguments, which, unleſs I am extremely deceiv'd in paſſing my Opinion of Things, very ſtrongly back, and confirm the aforeſaid Hypotheſis. The firſt is the immoderate and exceſſive taking of Tobacco, which peſtilent, noiſome Weed, was brought into *Europe* much about the time when *Calvin* tapp'd his Anti-Hierarchical Hogſhead of *Presbytery* at *Geneva*. You are ſenſible that Children ſmoak more now-adays, than even Soldiers and Carmen did heretofore; and that more of this naſty Stuff is ſpent at a beaſtly City-Feaſt, than would have ſerved the whole Kingdom formerly. Now Tobacco dries the Brain, inflames the Blood, increaſes Choler, and takes away all that radical Moiſture, which even the *Brandy* had the generoſity to ſpare. So much for the firſt ——

Crites. Before you proceed any further, Mr. *Bays*, pray, what do you think of the mighty Requeſt that Snuff and Coffee are in? You know, both of them are exceeding Driers; will not this Hint now ſerve to illuſtrate your Cauſe?

Bays. You may ſay what you pleaſe of Coffee, but not a word of Snuff, Mr. *Crites*, as you value your Reputation, 'tis too ſacred a thing to be jeſted with; you have free liberty from your Friend *Bays*,

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to make bold with every thing in the World, excepting Snuff and the Diſpenſing Power. The other thing which confirmed me in this Opinion, is likewiſe very ſhrewd and convincing, I could not but obſerve, Gentlemen, the great uſe of Deal within theſe few Years every where.

Eugen. And what of that, Mr. *Bays?* you have no quarrel ſure to the *Norway*-Company, for importing ſo much of the King of *Denmark*'s Timber.

Bays. Not the leaſt, Sir; but Deal, you know, by reaſon of its unctuous reſinous Subſtance, is the ſooneſt fired, and the hardeſt to be extinguiſhed of any Timber in *Dodona*'s Grove, and therefore it ſeem'd to me a flat Deſign of Providence to engage Mankind in this fickle, ſhort-lived ſort of Building, to fit their Houſes, as well as their Bodies, for the Univerſal Conflagration: You know *quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*; and, I am ſure, thoſe that *Jupiter* intends to deſtroy by Fire, thoſe will *Jupiter* by ſeveral Methods and Qualifications prepare and fitten for that Buſineſs; for it is not the way of Providence to do things on the ſudden, but to proceed by degrees, to diſpoſe every particular Circumſtance for the enſuing Affair, and ſtay till there's a joint Concurrence in all the Parts to advance the mighty Cataſtrophe. Thus, Gentlemen, you have my Opinion of the whole, and if you think it deſerves the Name of an Eſſay, perhaps I may have it publiſhed amongſt the Curioſities of the next *Bibliotheque Univerſal*, or printed by way of Appendix, or Supplement to *Burnet*'s *Theoria Telluris*.

Crites. I muſt confeſs, Mr. *Bays*, it deſerves a Publick Appearance, if you pleaſe to oblige the World ſo far, which, however, you ſeem'd very loath to do; but under Favour, Sir, how came this Speculative Point to bring you over to the Catholick Party?

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Bays. I'll tell you Sir, hoping that the Reasons I am going to enumerate, which were of that Efficacy as to reduce me, may be able to prevail upon both of you to quit your erroneous Persuasion: I must confess, my unskilfulness in a business of this Nature; and that I have not taken upon me the weighty Province of gaining Converts long enough, to say I shall make no mistakes in the Management; and therefore I must secure my self of your Pardon before I advance into so intricate an Undertaking —— After I had thus faln upon this Metaphysical Contemplation, I found my self concern'd to make the best Provision for my Soul that I could, and that it was high time to consider the Circumstances of my wretched Condition. I reflected upon the unhappy Miscarriages and Overboilings of my Youth, the solemn Transgressions of my Manhood; the Passion, Pride, and complicated Sins of my Old Age; I call'd to mind the Injuries I had done both Church and State, and all those unlawful, brutal Attempts, which, in my former Days of Ignorance, I had made upon all the the Degrees of Mankind, and which I have so copiously related to you. At last, after an impartial unprejudiced Scrutiny into all the visible Churches of the Universe, I found that the Catholicks only proceeded upon sure grounds; that theirs was the well constituted Church which maintain'd Infallibility at its own cost and charges, while all other Assemblies declined the Expence; that it had the discretion to keep an Ensuring-Office in the *Camera Apostolica*, and for a small consideration wou'd secure a Man's Tenement, with setting a *Papal Phœnix* upon it, from all Damages of Fire hereafter. —— Wherefore, at that very moment I shifted my Party, and betook my self to that Primitive Indulgent Mother, which heretofore converted our Ancestors from

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from Paganiſm, and has ever ſince been attended and adorned with a continued Series of Miracles.

Crites. I hope however, Mr. *Bays*, you'll preſerve a charitable Thought of the eſtabliſhed Religion; for all it came from King *Henry*'s Incontinence, ſince your own Reformation proceeded from a Debauch, and had its Birth, Growth, and full Maturity in a *Brandy-Shop*.

Bays. I might be inclined Sir, to do ſuch a thing, if it could be allowed with any tolerable Convenience; but if you once forbid a *Romaniſt* to meddle with that Topic, he has as little to ſay as a Bully when you tie him up from ſwearing; or a Poet, when you debar him the liberty of repeating: 'Tis not to be granted, Mr. *Crites*; But now, becauſe I will proceed regularly in my Diſcourſe, you ſhall firſt of all hear thoſe Exceptions which I made to the Proteſtant Aſſemblies; and ſecondly, the Reaſons which confirmed and ſettled me in the Boſom of the *Roman* Catholick Church.

Eugen. With all my Heart; but I think we had beſt retire to ſome more convenient place in the Walks, for I ſee ſome Company coming forward.

Bays. Gad ſo! 'Tis the Learned Author of the *Nubes Teſtium*, and the worthy Perſon who has done the Chriſtian World ſuch Service, in proving, that the Belief of a Trinity is not ſettled upon a better Bottom than Tranſubſtantiation: I have promis'd, now I remember, to dine with them at a Noble Gentleman's in the *Hay-Market*, and therefore I muſt requeſt you to excuſe me at preſent. —— But if you pleaſe to give me the Meeting at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, about Three in the Afternoon, we'll remove into a private Room, where, over a Diſh of Tea, we may debate this important Affair with all the Solitude imaginable.

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Crites. Agreed, Mr. *Bays*, We'll not fail at the place and hour appointed to wait upon you; *Antiquam exquirite matrem* is the word, and so farewel.

The

The Late Converts Expoſed, or the Reaſon of Mr. Bays's Changing his Religion, &c.

PREFACE.

To Mr. Bays.

I Make bold to dedicate the following Dialogue to your ſelf; for who can pretend a better Right to the Entertainment, than he that has furniſh'd out the better part of it at his own Expence? They are your own Arguments, only for the preſent Occaſion untagg'd, and diveſted of their dearly beloved Rhyme, and you are too much a Gentleman, Mr. Bays, *to quarrel with me for ſo doing: You that have ſo often diſguiſed the Thoughts of other Authors, by altering the Property, and putting them into Metre, cannot in Honour or Juſtice quarrel with your humble Servant, for taking the Liberty to turn ſome of your own Poetry into Proſe. The truth on't is, ſuch pretty Reaſonings, for their own Safety, ought no more to viſit the World out of the Livery of Verſe, than a Bully of Alſatia to walk the Streets on any other Day but a*

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Sunday; *'tis a Garb that becomes them so extreamly well, that methinks 'tis as much Pity they should ever be forced to part with it, as for an Actress that becomes her Play-House-Habit, and Charms half the Town by Candle-light, to be surprized in her Ordinary Dress,* dans une Brillante Assemblée. *And so far, Mr.* Bays, *all the World is obliged to justifie you; I don't mean for Changing your Religion, but for Defending it with the most plausible Arms, that can be employed in its Service. You know the Criticks of all Ages have fallen very severely upon* Lucan, *for treating a true History in Verse; and if that Reason hold, I think your Divines ought, every Mother's Son of them, to be condemned, for treating a Poetical Subject (as I look upon the whole Body of your* Italian *Theology to be) in Prose. And now, Worthy Sir, to perform my Promise to the World, which every honest Man is bound to do, I here Sacrifice your* Hind *and* Panther *once more, to the Memory of Mr.* Quarles, *and* John Bunyan; *which Oblation, I hope, will become the more pleasing and acceptable, through the Merits and Intercession of Mr.* Sh-dw-ll, *Mr.* S-ttle, *Mr.* N-rris, *Mr.* Cr-ch, *Mr.* D-rfy, *Dr.* Beest-n; *and all the rest of your Fellow-Poets in* Christendome.

I must confess, Mr. Bays, *that some Years ago, I little imagined that I should ever have the Opportunity of contesting with you upon this Score; if your Christian Mercury could have settled long in any Communion, I durst have sworn the Established Church could have made the justest Pretensions to you; and as long as I have so good a Pledge as the* Religio Laici *continued in our Hands, I flatter'd my self, that you durst no more Revolt to the other Party, than a King of* England *durst make a Descent into* France, *that had pawn'd his Prince of* Wales *to the Society at* Paris.

But this it seems is an Age of Miracles. Who could expect to see the Difference made up between the Observator, *and the late* Occurrencer? *Or that those two everlasting*

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Adverſaries, who, one would have thought, like two Parallel Lines, if they had been drawn out till Doomſday, could never have met, ſhould lay aſide Old Grudges, *and write for a Toleration? Who could imagine that the* Fanaticks, *who had hitherto oppos'd the Juſt Rights of Princes, would on the ſudden offer Incenſe to the Diſpenſing Power, and Pimp to the Prerogative? Or while ſo many Refugees came over daily to us from* France, *that your Party could have the Aſſurance here to diſown the Spirit of Perſecution. Who could ever hope, till the re-converted Mr.* Sclater *ſhewed them the Way, that the* Jews *would take up the Cudgels for* Tranſubſtantiation; *or that thoſe nice humourſome Gentlemen, that all along expected to find their* Meſſias *under a Royal Character, would now be content to acknowledge him diſguiſed in a Wafer? Who could believe, till the Biſhop of* Meaux *had ſatisfied the World as to that Particular, that a Corporal Preſence was a received Principle of all the Reformed Churches? This Policy, I muſt needs ſay it, was refined enough, and I ſuppoſe, Mr.* Bays, *your Church-Men borrowed it of the* Venetians, *who love dearly to ſit idle at Home, and fight out their Battels by Foreigners. When you had once proved that the* Jews *and* Proteſtants *belonged to your Communion; there was no Queſtion to be made, but that the* Turks *and* Pagans *muſt fall in of courſe to uphold your Univerſality; juſt as whole Provinces and Towns in* Flanders, *uſed to drop into* Louis le Grand's *Chamber of Dependancies. Laſtly, to compleat our Aſtoniſhment, (for the greateſt Prodigy is ſtill behind) what Mortal Man in the Three Kingdoms, could dream that Mr.* Bays, *the Poet, would renounce the Devil and all his Works, would condeſcend to think of Saving his Precious Soul, and eſpouſe the Catholick Cauſe, that he had ſo often ridicul'd and banter'd upon the Theatre? Far be it from me, my moſt Noble Play-wright, to ſpeak with a Deſign to blame you, for juſtifying your Church in Verſe; for, as you may well remember, I have commended you for uſing that*

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Conduct. No, no, honeſt Mr. Bays, *like* Tully's *Fidler, that defined the Soul to be Harmony; ſo you in like manner, when you wrote the* Hind *and* Panther, ab Arte tua non receſſiſti, *you never flinch'd from your old Profeſſion; and let the ill-natur'd World ſay what it will, I am ſtill ready to maintain, That your above-mentioned Immortal Piece of Controverſie, is but the Second Part to your Eſſay upon Dramatick Poetry.*

Indeed, as Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, *in his Hiſtory of the Late Times, has judiciouſly obſerved, that Murder is of no Religion; So I was in good hopes, that Falſe-Dealing and Diſſimulation were of no Religion; but a little Experience in the World, and the Firſt Year of the late Reign, ſufficiently convinced me of the contrary. We were from all Quarters arraign'd, for Miſ-repreſenting your Church; when no body as I know of, was guilty of that Crime, but only your ſelves. To ſay the truth, Popery is like ſome ſort of Painting, which is to be view'd at a convenient Diſtance, and by an Ill Light; for otherwiſe the Coarſneſs of the Colours would appear too viſible: And upon that Score, it muſt be acknowledg'd your Miſſionaries lay under a Temptation, to palliate ſome of the groſſer Doctrines; but I queſtion whether that Way of Proceeding did not do you a more ſenſible Diſadvantage than you were aware of. Your Predeceſſors, I am ſure, though they lay under the ſame Inconveniences, managed the Cauſe with more Sincerity; they argued like Gentlemen of Honour, and maintained all the controverted Points, as long as they were tenable: At laſt, when they were beaten out of the Field, they entrenched themſelves behind an Eccleſiaſtical Mud-Wall of Fathers and Councils, and contented themſelves, as well as they could, with the Church's Infallibility. They had the Charity to believe, that moſt of their Adverſaries could Write, and Read; that ſome of them had Travelled abroad, and now and then for Curioſity peeped into a Popiſh Chapel; and therefore thought it an ill-adviſed Policy to deny thoſe Pra-*

Part III.

Practices that were too notorious to be disowned, but generously endeavoured to defend them. Whereas the modern Polemics, *as if they had fallen amongst a Herd of meer* Indians, *that had never conversed with the rest of Mankind, were for putting the most intolerable Shams in the World. Your Religion was unpalatable enough of all Conscience, before these Spiritual Pioneers undertook the handling of it, but their awkward Management made it a thousand times worse than ever. Transubstantiation of itself, the Lord knows, is a very mortifying, self-denying Doctrine; but two* Czars, *and two Transubstantiations, are one too many for a Town, or a Church; and to oblige us to renounce our Reason and Senses, almost in every other Doctrine, as well as that, was an insupportable Presumption. We were told, Mr.* Bays, *you never made any Formal Addresses to the Saints, to the utter Confusion of the Breviaries, and the Missal; and if they had told us at the same time, that the Fanatics never made any Formal Addresses to King* James *for his charitable Indulgence, we could not tell how to help our selves: We were informed, that the Deposing-Doctrine was no Principle of your Church, to the everlasting Shame of the* Lateran *Council; that only a Civil Respect was paid to Images and Relicks; that cutting of Throats for the Score of Religion was a great Sin; that the Scripture was no Dumb-Latter, no Weather-Cock, nor Nose of Wax, as was formerly given out; with abundance more of such pretty Tenets; for which, many an honest Heretick has had his Tabernacle carbonado'd beyond Sea. A certain worthy Author, supposed to be* Georgius Barzon, *the Titular Bishop of* Waradin, *in a Treatise which he dedicated to the Emperour some twelve Years ago, tells him, that he was no longer oblig'd to tolerate the* Lutherans *in* Hungary, *because tho he had sworn to make no Invasions upon the* Augustan *Confession; yet he was at large now whether he would observe his Oath, or no; since the* Protestants *had departed in several* Hist. Pap. l. 4.

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Particulars (which he there mentions) from that Confeſſion. After this followed, as all the World knows, one of the Bloodieſt Scenes that ever that Country ſaw; which whether it were owing to this Incendiary's Sophiſtry, I cannot tell, but any one may ſee he was a Well-wiſher to the Deſign. Now if we, Mr. Bays, *had been ſo malicious as to have trumped the ſame Card upon your Prieſts, writ a Letter to the Pope, and told him,* Worthy Sir, Whereas certain Perſons, here in the Kingdom of *England,* who pretend themſelves to be true Catholics, have ſhamefully denied and miſ-repreſented moſt of the Eſtabliſhed Doctrines of your Church; have diſcarded your Depoſing-Power, and made you dwindle from the Univerſal Biſhop, into the *Weſtern* Patriarch: Nay and to do greater Affronts to your Unerring Majeſty, have acquainted all His Majeſty's Subjects, that you Eat and Drink, juſt for all the World like other Men, and keep a Cloſe-Stool too for your private occaſions; nothing of which we could have believed before: This is to acquaint your Infallibility with their Names and Offences, that you may reduce them to their Duty in time; for we are afraid, if they continue ſtill to make the ſame Advances into Hereſie, as they began, that they'll every Man of them turn Proteſtants before the Year's ended, and ſo become chargeable to the Pariſhes where they live. *Had we done this, Mr.* Bays, *as you know we had Reaſon enough to do it, I dare not take upon me to conjecture, what had been the Event; whether immuring between Four Walls, or a Pilgrimage to* Lapland, *or their Eccleſiaſtical Livery pull'd over their Ears; but certain I am, that he had diſown'd them for his Sons, as heartily as a former Pope diſowned a certain* French *Biſhop, that was ſent to him in his Military Habit.*

As I was a ſaying befor, Mr. Bays, *your Predeceſſors managed the Controverſie much more like Gentlemen, than thoſe*

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that pretended to manage it after them in the late Reign. If they palmed any Spurious Fathers upon us, it is to be considered, that such Artifices were the ancient, laudable Practices of their Church, witness Constantine's *Charter, and the Forgery of the* Nicene *Canons; that they found them ready cut and dried to their hands, and so drew them out of the Papal Armory, to support a Declining Cause, that could not otherwise subsist; and how far this Policy is allowable in a State of War, I leave it for the Casuists to judge. After all, Forgery itself, as odious and despicable as it looks, is not in my Opinion half so black a Crime, as down-right Lying; as you know, Mr.* Bays, *counterfeiting another Man's Hand, is nothing near so bad, as denying his own: There is some Art and Dexterity required in the one, but there is nothing but bare-faced Impudence, or Cowardize in the other. He that puts false Dice upon me at Play, will be reck'ned (as the World goes now-a-days) an expert Gamester, and I only to be blamed, that would suffer my self to be so imposed upon; but he that shall tell me Seven and Four is not Eleven, or that a Deuce is a Cinque, is to be used after another manner. Therefore I could methinks willingly excuse your Ancestors, who conjured up som Suppositious Authors to defend the Principles of their Church, (because it had been our Fault, if we had not discover'd the Trick;) but I shall never forgive those everlasting Blockheads, that disowned most of the Doctrines of their Religion, all the while they were a practising them within Doors. If it had been my Fortune, Mr.* Bays, *to have been in company with the Author of the* Nubes Testium, *or the* Speculum Ecclesiasticum, *I promise you, upon the Word of a Young Author, that hopes to Flourish in this wicked World, I had not fallen into the least Passion or Fury, but only offered them a little sober Advice:* Pray good Gentlemen don't squander away the poor Patrimony of the Church after so profuse a manner; take some Mercy of your Fathers, and don't set them all upon one single Throw; consider how

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how many hundred Years they have been a gathering for you, use your Fathers frugally and discreetly; do you think their Keeping has cost the Pope nothing all this while? Let St. *Jerome* and St. *Austin* come on to day, and bring St. *Ambrose* and honest St. *Bernard*, into the Field to morrow. Take a Friend's Counsel, Gentlemen, and never hazard all upon one Chance: Alas! He that throws away his Fathers extravagantly, was never at the pains of collecting them himself; as we say, that Alderman's Son that makes Ducks and Drakes with his Money, never knew the trouble of getting it; and therefore, good Gentlemen, pray don't make Ducks and Drakes with your Fathers. *This is all, Mr.* Bays, *I assure you, that I should have said to them; but if I had met with the Bishop of* Meaux, *or any of the Misrepresenters that Copied from him, I don't know how far my Resentments might have carried me.*

We have all the reason in the World, Mr. Bays, *to thank our Stars, that your Divines, in the late Reign, proved as feeble Statesmen as they were Disputers. Had a wise able Cabal, Men of Foresight and Conduct, been to manage so golden an Opportunity, perhaps we might have had as much reason then to curse the dexterity of their Policies, as we have now to congratulate their Blunders. Infallibility was the word in the Church, as Arbitrary Power was in the State, and by the sound of these two Almighty Words, you thought to Proselyte the whole Nation; but Experience has since convinc'd you, how little they signified. Of a Jesuit, before we came to make trial of him, we had as terrible an Idea as the* Romans *had of Elephants in their War with* Pyrrhus; *we forgave them for being so tamely vanquish'd in the Age before, and charitably ascribed it to the Restraint they lay under in former Reigns; but when they had the Government to support them, besides the Goodness of their Cause, we expected nothing less than miraculous Performances. They were pleased, however, to disappoint*

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point our Expectations in that Case, as well as several others, till at last they grew so very contemptible, that even one of our Protestant Footmen took a Father of the Society, and held his Nose to Dr. Sherlock's Preservative, *just as the* Americans, *to try the Immortality of their new Invaders, took a straggling* Spaniard, *and dip'd his Head Under-water. We expected you would have performed your Promises, in relation to the Established Religion, not so much for the Principles of your Church (for those we knew very well) as for your Honour and Interest, and yet even there you thought fit to disappoint us. What need I say more? There was nothing in the whole Riddle of the late Reign, that did not fail our Expectations, except the* Irish *that came over, and the* Dissenters; *the last promised to sacrifice their Lives and Fortunes, as the former, without question, promised to fight: But, as we all imagined, neither of them kept their word, and therein they answered our Expectation. Certainly, Mr.* Bays, *no Men in the World ever miscarried so shamefully in all their Projects as your Priests did; they acted the Counter-part to* Dionysius's *Story, came from a School to a Kingdom; and like him too, at last, were thrown from a Kingdom to a School. They took care, we thank them, to break the Neck of their Religion before they withdrew, and left us of the Reformation to inter her; and we shall take care, like the Young Gentleman that buried his penurious Father, to lay so heavy a Tomb-stone upon her, that she shall never rise in Judgment against us.*

There's a remarkable Passage, Mr. Bays, *in your Tragedy of* Don Sebastian, *about Clergymen, which I shall make bold to transcribe.*

p. 24. For Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woful, awkard Politicians;
They make Lame Mischief, tho' they mean it well.

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Their Intereſt is not finely drawn and hid,
But Seams are courſly bungled up, and ſeen.

Whether you had an Eye upon your own Church-men, when you wrote theſe Lines, does not ſignifie a farthing; but for your comfort, Mr. Bays, *the Character ſuits them as exactly as if they had ſat for their Pictures. To give your old Enemies, the Diſſenters, Liberty of Conſcience, after you had ſo unmercifully harraſt them before, was ſo palpable a Sham, that without diſpute they underſtood it well enough; and tho' for their preſent caſe they accepted of it, they were not ſuch errant Fools to imagine, that becauſe Fanaticiſm brought in Popery, therefore Popery would out of complaiſance bring in Fanaticiſm. To publiſh King* Charles's *Papers that were pretended to be found in his Cloſet, was another lamentable Miſcarriage; for what could create a greater Averſion to your Church, than to let People know, that it tolerated a Man to live in a contrary Perſuaſion, notwithſtanding he was otherwiſe obliged by every thing that was ſacred here upon Earth, and that it countenanced the blackeſt Hypocriſie. I dare not take upon me to conjecture, whether thoſe Papers were ſpurious or no, but by making them publick, I am ſure King* Charles *ſecured as many to the Eſtabliſhed Church, as he did by paſſing the Teſt; and if I had been one of the Cabinet Council, I am ſure I had ſooner conſented to let the Bible walk abroad in* Engliſh *than to Print them. To ride the late Unhappy Monarch after that unſufferable rate as your Prieſthood did, to make the beſt of Friends, and the juſteſt Maſter, a Prince that had every thing that was Generous and Heroick in his Nature, condeſcend to feel the Pulſe of his meaneſt Officers about the Penal Laws, to make him ſacrifice his Promiſe ſo ſolemnly plighted to his People; what was it but to let the Subject ſee before-hand, how triumphantly you wou'd domineer over him, if you had once got the Aſcendant? Tho' you had adulterated all the Eccleſiaſtical Writers between this and the Creation, we could have*

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have pardoned you; but for debauching a Prince that was so dear and tender to us, and who's only Fault was to take you for Oracles, we shall never forgive you. To ridicule us for holding Passive Obedience *a Doctrine, which you ought, for your own sakes, to have encouraged and cultivated, was so gross a Piece of Stupidity, that a* Laplander, *one would have thought, could never have been capable of; and if we have not lived up to the height of that Principle, you are, to my knowledge, the unfittest Men in the World to make the Objection. To make Transubstantiation stand upon as good a Bottom as the Trinity, and pretend that we had as great reason to believe one as the other, what other Consequences could it naturally produce, but that both Doctrines were to be equally rejected. And indeed, Mr.* Bays, *I am apt to believe, from the Conduct and Management of your Priests, that since they could not introduce their Religion amongst us, they thought it the best Expedient to set up Atheism. For as St.* Jerome, *in his Treatise* Contra Vigilantium, *has somewhere observed, (and why may not I, Mr.* Bays, *palm a Father upon you, as well as your Party has palmed a thousand upon us)? A Papist and an Atheist differ like a jealous Man and a Cukold, like Alderman and Mayor; a little time makes one the other. Sow Atheism in one Age, and it will infallibly produce Popery in the next; for Popery begets Atheism, and Atheism begets Popery, just as Peace and Poverty beget one another in the Almanack. The World is a very melancholy place, without the Diversion of one Religion or another; Statesmen, or Poets, would in a short time trump up some new way of Worship, to amuse the People, and after their Recovery out of Atheism, Popery, as the grossest Religion, would sooneſt take with Mankind, just as when one comes out of a dark Cave, or a Dungeon, the grossest Objects first employ the Eye-sight. So that in my Opinion, Mr.* Bays, *your Canon-Law ought as well to have taken care, that a* Sceptick *and a true* Catholick *should never Marry, for fear of committing Incest, as*

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it has already provided; that those that have stood God-father and God-mother at a Baptism, should not join, to the Tune of for better for worse, *for fear of violating the Rules of Spiritual Consanguinity. If you say, this is uncharitably urged upon you, I cannot tell how to help it; for if we do not run out into the rankest Infidelity, we are not to thank your Church for hindring us.*

But now to come more closely to you, Mr. Bays, *I should never have taken this second Occasion of reviving your old Trasgressions, but that you have lately given us the justest Provocations in the World to attack you. You tell us in your Preface to* Don Sebastian, That if ever a Man has reason to set a Value upon himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruine him in his Reputation. *Now, what Reputation you have to lose is a Mystery to me, or any one else that knows you; that little you had, has been lost and forfeited many Years ago. The* City and Country Mouse *ruined the Reputation of the Divine, as the* Rehearsal *ruined the Reputation of the Poet; so that upon this Score, Mr.* Bays, *whatever Adversaries shall fall upon you for the future, you may as well comfort your self, that you have no Reputation to lose to them, as many a poor Prisoner in* Ludgate *blesses his Condition, that he has no Money to part with to the present Government. You have indeed forefaulted your Lawrel, and Historian's place; that's all the Advantage the Times have taken on you, and you may well admire the Mercifulness of the Government, that it has not punished your* Panther *Ribbaldry, and Desertion, (for I will not call it Apostasie in a Poet) with a severer Mortification. If you are weary of living without an Employment (as I see very little probability you have of regaining that you have lost) I do e'en counsel you to go over to* Spain, *to get an Office in the Inquisition; for, Mr.* Bays, *if you make no more conscience of killing Men elsewhere, than you do on the* Theatre, *you are the fittest Person in* Europe *for it. But prithee, why so severe al-*

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ways upon the Prieſthood, Mr. Bays? *What have they merited to pull down your Indignation? I thought this ridiculing the Men of that Character upon the Stage, was by this time a Topic as much worn out with you, as Love and Honour in the Play, or good fulſom Flattery in the Dedication. But you, I find, ſtill continue your old Humour, which we are to date from the Year of* Hegira, *the loſs of* Eaton, *or ſince Orders were refuſed you: Whatever hangs out, either Black or Green Colours, is preſently your Prize; and you would, by your good-will, be as mortifying a Vexation to the whole Tribe, as an unbegetting Year, a concatenation of Briefs, or a voracious Viſiter: So that I am of Opinion, you had much better to have written in your Title Page,* Preface to *Don Sebaſtian.*

— Manet altâ mente repoſtum
Judicium *Cleri*, ſpretæq; injuria *Muſæ*

Than the Nec Tarda Senectus, *and all that. For tho' you are ſo complaiſant to your Reader, as to tell him of the Luſtre and Maſculine Vigour, in which it was written, of the newneſſes of the* Engliſh, *of the noble daring in the Figures; and that in the roughneſs of the Numbers, and Cadences, he will ſee ſomewhat more maſterly than in moſt, if not any of your former Tragedies; yet give me leave to tell you, Mr.* Bays, *the World thinks otherwiſe of it, becauſe you come duller off with your Clergy in that, than in the* Spaniſh Friar. *They judge of your Wit by the ſmart Repartees you paſs upon the Prieſthood; if it fails you there, they conclude it goes very hard with you: From your Uſage of the Church-men they know how your Fancy falls and riſes, as exactly as we know how the Air is diſpoſed from the Mounting and Sinking of the Quickſilver in a Weatherglaſs. If you were to write a thouſand New Plays, and to change your Religion as often, no queſtion, Mr.* Bays, *but the laſt would ſtill be the beſt; and therefore the Town will no more believe you for the future, when you commend your Plays, than a jealous Citizen when he*

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commends his Wife. You ſay, you are growing old, and therefore aſſume to your ſelf the right of Talking; if we are to gueſs at your Age only by that, why then, for any thing I know to the contrary, you may live as long as Methuſelah, *Mr.* Bays; *for ever ſince I have heard of your Name, you have aſſumed the ſame Liberty. To be plain with you, honeſt Mr.* Bays, *you acquired your ſelf a Reputation by your Poetry, and you have loſt it by your Poetry; as a certain nameleſs Author about Town, who has exactly calculated the Fall of Antichriſt, got a Name by a* Somnium Navale, *and parted with it in a* Somnium Theologicum.

And now, Mr. Bays, *if you pleaſe to give me leave, I'll make bold to examine two or three Points, relating to your Religion, in this Place, becauſe the Rules of Dialogue, you know, tie up a Man's Hands from making any continued Diſcourſe.*

I ſhall begin then with your Infallibility, becauſe, if that were evidently proved, it would ſoon put an end to the Diſpute; and here I cannot but obſerve, what Perplexities your Doctors are in, to adjuſt this Affair. They prove the Infallibility of the Scripture by the Infallibility of the Church, and the Infallibility of the Church by the Infallibility of the Scripture. After the ſame manner, as Sir Roger *tells us in his above-mentioned Hiſtory, the Evidence of the late Popiſh Plot were at a loſs, whether to bring Sir* Edmunbury Godfrey's *Murther to the Plot, or the Plot to the Murther; but at laſt ſo managed the Matter, as to make the Murther prove the Plot, and the Plot the Murther. But to be ſerious with you, Mr.* Bays, *where is this Infallibility of your Church to be found at laſt? Why ſay you, and moſt of your Divines that live on this ſide the* Alps, *in Pope and Council; as for a Council, there's none ſitting at preſent, or if there were, I hate as mortally to look after Infallibility in a Crowd, as to carry a Letter to Mr. ſuch a-one living in* London, *without naming the Street and Sign: Neither this, or that Biſhop,*

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and ſo to the reſt, make any Pretenſions to it; and tho' no individual Man in the Aſſembly claims any Right to the Title, yet we muſt in complement to you, believe that the Body ſhares it among them; but for my part, I can as little endure to hear of Accumulative Infallibility as of Accumulative Treaſon. 'Tis very true, there's a Promiſe made ſomewhere in Scripture, to preſide over Two or Three that meet upon a Religious Score, but the Condition of the Obligation is, Si in nomine meo convenerint, *which I preſume thoſe People can never pretend to have fulfilled, that can decree Articles of Faith with a* Non Obſtante, *to a Primitive Inſtitution. The* Italians, *that we have reaſon to ſuppoſe, underſtand the Queſtion in hand better than any of their Neighbours, by having the Infallibility reſide amongſt them for ſo long a time, utterly diſlike this Opinion of the* Tramontani, *and make a Council as unneceſſary a thing to the Pope, as the Parliaments in* France *are to their All-Mighty Monarch. I am ſo far of their Opinion as to believe, that if ſuch a thing as Infallibility is any where to be found, it muſt be lodged in one ſingle Perſon, and therefore I am reſolved for trying the Experiment, to go and give him a Viſit at* Rome; *and here I ſee as little ſigns of Infallibility as in any Prince's Court in* Chriſtendom, *unleſs the Errors and Irreligion of the Place be an Argument that he dwells amongſt them, as we obſerve in* England, *that People generally talk moſt Treaſon near the King's Palace. Sometimes, indeed, I ſee a Grave Old Gentleman, who, as they tell me, aſſumes this venerable Title, carried in Proceſſion up and down the City, when he ſaves the poor ignorant People (as the Old* Romans *did their Gladiators) by holding down a Finger and Thumb; and this is, unleſs I am miſtaken,* Solœciſmum manu facere, *even according to the Letter. Sometimes I ſee him, as on a* Maunday Thurſday, *with abundance of Solemnity, and Chriſtian Compaſſion, deliver three Parts of the Globe into the Hands of Old Satan, by which Tenure, I ſuppoſe, he holds his Spiritual Juriſdiction, and his Manner*

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of the Vatican; as a certain Family in Buckinghamshire, *Mr.* Cambden *tells us, held their Lands of the King, by being obliged to furnish his Royal Bed with fresh Straw, whenever he came in Progress to that Side of the Country. If I inquire into the History of Infallibility, they inform me here, that it was very ignorant and very obstinate under the late Pontificate, and that the Man of Sin did not understand the Language of the Beast. If I trace it farther, I find that in the Reign of Pope* Innocent *the Tenth, or rather* Donna Olympia, *it was seated (as the* French *call it)* en quenouille, *that in former Times it has suffered an* Interregnum *for Forty Years, that it has fornicated, blasphem'd, offer'd Sacrifices to Idols, deny'd the Immortality of the Soul, committed Incest, studied Magick, tolerated Sodomy, dispens'd with Murther, and occasion'd most of the Wars and Desolation that have plagued this part of the World for the ten last Centuries. To recount all the Impieties that his Story stands charged with, were as endless a piece of Trouble as to reckon up all the Treasons and Rebellions since the Conquest; and I believe, Mr.* Bays, *you'll find it as difficult a matter in the end, to reconcile what has been mentioned to the Infallible Character he sustains, as to reconcile his two incompatible Titles,* Rex Regum, *and* Servus Servorum, *to one another. One that has either read or heard of these Passages, wou'd be apt to conclude, that as the* Romish *Religion is only a continuation of Paganism, so that* Platina's *History is but the Second Part to* Suetonius's *Lives of the* Cæsars; *so I find, I must e'en quit my Lodgings, and leave* Roma la Santa, *if I have a design to see Infallibility.*

Migrandum est mihi longius, vel illi.

When I have removed out of the City, I may, perhaps, be so happy as to meet the long expected Object; for as the same Poet observes,

Vicinus Novio, vel inquilinus
Sit, quisquis Novium videre non vult.

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The English *of which, Mr.* Bays, *is this: He that has a mind never to trouble his Eye-sight with Infallibility, must take himself a House in* Rome, *and the nearer the* Vatican, *or St.* Peters, *so much the better. Two Texts in the Bible, (a Book which he very scurvily requited afterwards)* Tu es Petrus, *and* Pasce Oves meas, *first acquired him this Reputation, in a dull, barbarous, unthinking Age, and that soon brought along with it the Temporal Power which he now possesses; but 'tis no easie Matter to determine, whether he most scandalously behaves himself on his Secular, or Spiritual Administration; for he lets his Subjects, amidst their Plenty, starve in the most fruitful Country in the World; and suffers them too, for all his Pretences to an Unerring Spirit, to be over-run with the grossest Ignorance and Superstition. If a* Socrates, *or a* Plato, *or a Race of honest Heathens of the same Stamp had presided in the Chair, I question whether the Christian Religion had received so much Injury as it did, from the Conduct of the Popes; unless they had expressed as great a Passion for the Welfare of the Church, as they have done all along for the Raising of their Nephews; and then perhaps, most of these shameful Miscarriages had been prevented. I can't tell, Mr.* Bays, *whether he's sensible of the Kindness; but I am sure your Infallibility is obliged, for that little Christianity and Learning which is remaining in his Territories, to the Reformation, or* Luther's *Defection (as you call it); as a Learned Traveller has observed, that the Preservation of* Spain, *in this Age, is intirely owing to the happy Revolt, the* Hollanders *made from it, in last. Your Divines, I know, tell another Story; but where Interest and Prejudice blind People, there's no Sincerity to be expected; they magnifie and preach up the Papal Infallibility, in hopes to enjoy the same when they are rais'd to the Supream Elevation; as I don't question, but from the same Principle they have practis'd, and justify'd the Invocation of Saints, to have the same Adoration paid to Themselves or their Friends another Day. To conclude*

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then this troublsome tedious Discourse about your Pious Pastor's Infallibility, if ever, Mr. Bays, *you alarm me with it any more, I must return you the very same Answer, that a certain Gentleman gave* Dr. Oates *about his Narrative, and tell you plainly, I believe just as much, and not a Syllable more, than he believes of it himself.*

I come now, Mr. Bays, *to consider in the next place, the* Antiquity *of your Church, which, all of your Pamphletteers take for granted, belongs to you; and in commendation of which, they employ all their little Stock of Eloquence, when the Novelty of the Reformation has somewhat discompos'd them. When I first read* Caranza, *and some others of your Authors of the same Strain, I was afraid they'd have carried their Religion an Age or two above the Incarnation; as well as their Predecessors in Chronology, the old* Egyptian *Priests, made themselves some Thousands Years elder than the Creation. They tell us, that* Anacletus, *the Third Pope after St.* Peter, *Decreed, That all difficult Questions should receive their Final Determination from the Apostolic Chair. That* Alexander, *his immediate Successor, recommended Holy Water to the Church. That* Anicetus *commanded the Priests to shave their Heads in fashion of a Circle; for a certain grave Reason, which will serve them for changing their Shirts once a Week, as well. That Pope* Fabian *pass'd an Order, that Bishops should carefully observe to renew the Chrism once a Year in their Churches. I need not give my self the trouble to pursue these puny Historians any farther, because these Instances,* Mr. Bays, *may serve to give you a Taste of the rest; only from this blind Account of the Primitive Times, a Man would be tempted to think, that for the Three first Centuries, after their Receiving Christianity in* Rome, *they had no such thing as a Distinction of Time; as* Pliny *tells us, that for an Hundred and Twenty Years,* ab Urbe condita, *they had no Distinction of Hours. Now, supposing all that I have mentioned out of the Decretal were true, (as I am sure*

Summa Conciliorum.

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ſure 'tis every Syllable an Impoſture) I can only ſay this, Mr. Bays, *that the Myſtery of Iniquity began to operate very early amongſt you, and that your Church might with a great deal of Juſtice, uſe the Famous* Quartilla's *Saying in* Petronius, Junonem iratam habeam, ſi me unquam meminero fuiſſe Virginem. *But for your Comfort and Satisfaction, we are able to prove that ſhe was not debauch'd ſo ſoon as you pretend, but continued in her State of Maiden-hood a good conſiderable Time after; tho' we expect you'll no more thank us for ſuch a Performance, than a She-Cut-Purſe at the* Old-Bailey, *that hopes to ſave a Hanging by pretending to a Big-Belly, wou'd thank a Jury of Midwives, for bringing her in, not with Child. Alas! St.* Peter's *Succeſſors in thoſe Days, had other Buſineſs on their Hands, than to amuſe their Flock with ſuch idle Impertinencies; and you might as ſoon perſuade me, that a Man of tolerable Senſe, would ſend to conſult with his Peruke-maker about the Neweſt Faſhion, juſt an Hour before his Execution; as that your Biſhops wou'd entertain their People in theſe Trifles, theſe No-Parts of Chriſtianity, when they were to prepare them for Perſecution and Martyrdom.* No, no, *Mr.* Bays, *your* Roman *Religion was no more Perfected in one Day, than the City was Built in one Day; 'twas the Labour of ſeveral Ages, to bring it to its preſent Splendor and Condition; and part of it, like our St.* Pauls *here in the City, was finiſhed and adorned, before ſo much as the Foundation of the other was laid. And thus you know, Mr.* Bays, *in the Buſineſs of Tragedy and Comedy,* Theſpis *began it in a Cart;* Æſchylus *not long after, introduced it upon the Stage; and in ſucceeding Ages, when the Government was employed in cultivating the Theatre, it received the additional Beauty of Chorus, Scenes, Machines, and other Decorations. After all, if your Party cannot be perſuaded to drop their Pretenſions to Antiquity, but they muſt needs continue their Claim ſtill, I'd e'en adviſe them to make the moſt of the Plea as they can; they may give out that thoſe two Noble*

Philo-

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Philoſophers, I mean Zeno, *that deny'd Local-motion, and* Anaxagoras, *that held Snow to be Black, were Members of your Church, and ſtiff Aſſerters of Tranſubſtantiation: Their Principles, all the World knows, have nothing in them that contradicts a Senſe-renouncing Doctrine; and, I am ſure, they may be urged upon us, with greater Show of Probability, than either a St.* Cyprian, *or a St.* Auſtin.

I have, I cannot tell how, run my ſelf into a longer Preface, by far, than I at firſt deſigned; whether it is your Example, Mr. Bays, *that has betrayed me into this Extravagance, or whether my Matter flowed upon me ſo abundantly, that it was impoſſible to check the Tide, I know not; but I ſhall make bold to tell you in your own Words, that when I addreſs my ſelf to you in a Diſcourſe of this nature again,* whatever Fault I commit, you may reſt aſſured, it ſhall not be that of too much Length. *I have only a Word or two to ſay to the Devotion, and Canonization of your Church, and then I have done. A Man has all the Reaſon in the World to entertain but ordinary Thoughts of your Way of Worſhip, when he finds* à la Veüe, *that your Devotion was altogether fitted to the Ceremonies, and not the Ceremonies to the Devotion. Thus for Inſtance, a Show of Candles made a pretty Figure in the Church, they helped to ſet off the Pictures, and the Rich Habit of the Prieſts; and for that Reaſon principally they were introduced: But after they had continued ſome Years in the Church, it was thought expedient to aſſign a better Reaſon for them; ſo ſomebody ſtumbled upon* Ego ſum Lux Mundi, *and from that time Candles dated themſelves* Jure Divino. *Thus likewiſe the Elevation of the Hoſt was ſet up, not for any Devotion, or Neceſſity; for every body knows, that Tranſubſtantiation was an Hundred Years old, before it was Decreed; but Holy Church was reſolved to bring in that Ceremony, whether a Pretence cou'd be offer'd*

Preface to *Don Sebaſtian.*

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offer'd for it, or no: At last, a Monk proved it out of Psal. 72. v. 16. There shall be a Handful of Corn in the Earth, upon the top of the Mountain. Eckius *de Sacrif. Miss. p.* 42. *A Man sees nothing like* Elevation *in our* Englisn *Version; but for your comfort, Mr. Bays, the Word* Elevabitur *is to be found in the* Latin *Translation; and then the Handful of Corn was immediately turned into a Wafer, and the Top of the Mountain was to pass current for the Priest's Head. Whether or no these Reasons were thought of, at the same Moment as those Ceremonies commenc'd in the Church, or afterwards, as I imagine they were, is no great matter; for any one may see, from the Absurdity of them, that the Reason was rather made for the Ceremony, than the Ceremony for the Reason; so that I cannot but apply an Ingenious Passage in Monsieur* Vaugelas, *with a little alteration of the Words, upon this occasion:* Ce'st faire comme à la Feste des Saturnales, ou les Serviteurs estoient servis par leur Maistres, la Devotion estant comme la Maistresse, & les Ceremonies comme les Serviteurs. *And the truth on't is, nothing else cou'd be expected, when Monks were the only Masters of the Ecclesiastick Ceremonies; and brought in their adulterated Ore to the Papal Mint, to receive there a Canonical Stamp. They lived in Ease, and Fed high, and mistook every Hypochondriac Fit for a Revelation; they had too much Ignorance and Stupidity, to assimulate (as the Physicians term it) their Devotion; and therefore it broke out into Watchings, Dreams, Silences, Hours, Altars, Images, Murmurings, Rosaries, Unctions, Ashes, Palms, Beads, Crosses, Tapers, Holy Water, and such Scorbutic Humors. In the Addresses which you pay to the Saints, (which is indeed the principal Devotion of your Church) a Man would find himself extreamly mistaken, if he expects to meet with any thing that is Rational and Solid: For admitting that that kind of Worship were allowable, yet the Choice that you make of your Saints, for some little Resemblance or Jingling of his Name, is so very Ridi-*

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Ridiculous, that it can admit of no Defence. An this has been curiously observed by Monsieur Menage, *the* Hesychius *of* France, *who upon the Word* Acariastre, *has remark'd, that for the Conformity it bears to the Name of* Acarius, *therefore they made their Recourse to that Saint for the Cure of this Malady.* Ainsi on est *(says he)* s'est addressé à Saint Mathurin pour les fous, quon appelle en Italien *Matti*; à Saint Eutrope pour les hydropiques; à Saint Auertin pour les vertigineux, qu'on appelloit autrefois Auertineux; à Saint Mammard pour les maux de mammelles; à Saint Main pour les rongnes des mains; à Saint Genou pour la goutte; à Saint Aignan pour la taigne; à Saint Clair pur le mal des yeux; à Saint Ouen pour la surdité; à Saint Fenin, qui est comme les paysans de Normandie appellent Saint Felix, pour ceux qui sont tombez en chartre, ils appellent fenez; à Saint Atourny, c'est Saint Saturnin, pour ceux à qui la teste tourne. Par cette mesme raison on à eu recours pour les chose égarées, qu'on appelle *épaves*, à Saint Antoine de Padoüe. *I need not translate this Passage into* English, *because most of the Jests will be lost in the Translation: But for the Satisfaction of the* English *Reader, he's to imagine that the Saint is only chosen for the Conformity of the Name; as if our Sales-Men here in the City should chuse St.* Francis de Sales *for their Protector, and the Merchant-Adventurers should pitch upon St.* Bonaventure.

Les Origines de la Langue Francoise, p. 8.

And now I am discoursing of the Saints, I have oftentimes admired, that since you leave most of your Cities under their Protection, you never paid that Complement to them, which the Old Romans *used to pay to their Tutelar Gods; I mean, that when you sit down before the Siege of any Place, you have not the Good Breeding to invite the Saint, to whose Care the Town is committed, to a better Station, and beg his Pardon for disturbing him in his Quar-*

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Quarters. I wonder (I say) Mr. Bays, *that such a thing was never practised; both because there's a great Appearance of Civility in it, and because, as it has happened, the whole Form, transcribed out of the Old* Roman *Pontifical, is still to be found in* Macrobius; *and you know a* Pagan *Ceremony, if your Infallibility pleases, is as easily changed into a Christian Rite, as* Agrippa's Pantheon *was turned from a Temple of all the Gods, into a Church of all the Saints.* Satur. l. 3. c. 9.

And this has led me to consider the Merits of your Canonization; which needs no formal Conviction, being one of the absurdest Impostures that the World ever knew. 'Tis an unaccountable thing how most of your Saints got into Heaven, and, to make them amends, when they are there, they are as unaccountably Worshipped. Indeed if preferring a Person to the Almanack, signified only this, That on St. Dominic's *Day it would be convenient to let Blood, and cut Corns; on St.* Ignatius's *Day to geld Hogs, or drench Horses; on St.* Francis's *Day to raise Melons, and sow Cucumbers; that St.* Xavier *should preside over such a Fair, or such a Market, it were no very great matter; we should never grudge them so small a Courtesie; but when we see a Divine Adoration entailed upon them, immediately after their Preferment to the Calendar, we are naturally led to enquire, whether they deserved so great an Honour, and whether the Person that advanced them to it, had the Authority to make the Promotion. Some of them I am sure, as St.* Dominic *for instance, were sad gloomy Wretches here upon Earth; and unless the Place has mightily altered them for the better, a Man of Sense would have very little Temptation upon him to wish himself in their Company. After all, I am afraid they have no more Right to the Place they possess, than the Pope had to give it; for I never read that St.* Peter *left the Power of making Gods* en Appanage, *or by way of Portion to his Successor. As he is Pope, he has no more Title to Canonize, than my Lord Mayor has to confer the Honour of Knighthood; and there-*

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therefore, Mr. Bays, *I would advise you for the sake of your Brother Poets, to take the Matter into your own hands; for originally, I am sure, the Poets only pretended to bestow such Favours; and what may serve to bring them into Play again, they can Canonize a great deal cheaper than the Pope.* Horace, *you know, is very positive to the Point,* Musa vetat mori, Cœlo Musa beat; *part of which Ode I will translate, and so take my leave of you.*

I.

From dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave,
Th' indulgent Muse does the Great Heroe save;
'Tis she, forbids his Name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the Sky.

II.

Thus Mighty *Hercules* did move,
To the Eternal Palaces above;
Not all his Twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the Sphere,
But 'twas the Poets Pain, and Labour brought him there.

III.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did rise
From Ornaments of Earth, the Glory of the Skies:
Tho' Heav'n by turns, they do obtain,
Yet in immortal Verse the Brothers jointly reign.

IV.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain Pretence,
Borrow'd his Crown, and Godhead hence:
He by his Pow'rful Juice first taught the Muse to fly,
And she in kind Requital, gave him Immortality.

DIALOGUE

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DIALOGUE II.

Will's COFFEE-HOUSE in *Covent-Garden.*

Crites, Eugenius and Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. WELL Gentlemen, I find you are punctual to the Assignation, and now, if you please, we'll fall to the Business in hand without any more Preface or Ceremony. You know, I promised to make you acquainted in the first place with the Motives which obliged me to leave the Church of *England,* and afterwards to give you the Reasons why I settled in the *Romish* Communion. This Method I design to follow, because it will give us a full view of all the Controverted Points between both Parties; but I must make bold to ask you one civil Question or two before-hand, since it is so material to our present Affair; and that is, Whether you have seen a famous Poem of mine, called *The Hind and Panther?*

Crites. Seen it, Mr. *Bays!* Why, I can stir no where but it pursues me; it haunts me worse than a Pewter-Button'd-Serjeant does a decayed Cit: Some-

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Sometimes I meet it in a Band-Box, when my Laundreſs brings home my Linen; ſometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my Pipe in a Coffee-Houſe; ſometimes it ſurprizes me in a Trunk-maker's Shop; and ſometimes it refreſhes my Memory for me on the Back-ſide of a *Chancery-Lane* Parcel — For your comfort, Mr. *Bays*, I have not only ſeen it as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occaſion, as a frugal Tradeſman can quote that Noble Treatiſe, called *The Worth of a Penny*, to his Extravagant Prentice that revels in Cock-Ale, Stew'd Apples, and Penny Cuſtards.

Bays. Then take it from me, Mr. *Crites*, you have read the moſt Exalted, and moſt Sublime Piece of Poetry that was ever extant in the Univerſe. It contains, without Vanity I may ſay it, all the Arguments that can be propoſed in behalf of the Unerring Guide, the *Church's Infallibility*, *Tranſubſtantion*, *Tradition*, and the like: So that if this were not an Age, wherein People were reſolved never to truſt their Faith out of the company of their Reaſon, I ſhould not queſtion to reduce half the Kingdom in due time, only by the Sweetneſs and Majeſty of my Verſe. But pray, Mr. *Crites*, do me the favour to tell me what the Sinful World has ſaid to this Noble Off-ſpring of mine.

Crites. Troth, Mr. *Bays*, the Sinful World, as you call it, is very much divided about the Point; and who can help it? Some Perſons allow it as little Quarter as the *Inquiſition* does a Tract of *Lutheran* Divinity; and others again ſpeak as favourably of the Author, as the Diſſenters do of the late immortal Pacquetteer. Some ſay you choſe a Religion, tho' it were none of the beſt, only to confront the World that you had one, like the Young Prince in the *Rehearſal*, who was glad to own the Fiſherman for his Father, rather than lie under the Scandal of having none

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none at all. Some commend your Policy for treating your Subject in Rhyme, becauſe, as they pretend, the Polemic is no more obliged to anſwer for the Paralogiſms of the Poet, than the New-made Lord is concerned to pay the Debts of the private Gentleman. Laſtly, The more Cenſorious ſort queſtion the Sincerity of your Converſion, and are apt to believe, that although you have drawn your Pen in the Church's Quarrel, you'd ſcarce be allow'd the humble Favour to ſtand Godfather for a Bell, and promiſe in the Bell's Name, that it ſhall ſcatter Tempeſts, diſperſe Evil Spirits, and diſarm Thunder and Lightning; for, like malicious Perſons as they are, they obſerve that you have made the *Panther*, in that Noble Epiſode of the *Swallow*, tell a better and more pertinent Story than even your Catholick *Hind*. In fine, ſince you'll have all out together, they ſay, if your own Party ever comes to tell Noſes, that they muſt be forced to ſerve you, and the reſt of the New Converts, as the *Turkiſh* Janizaries do their other Foot-Battalia's, place you in the Front, and encompaſs you round, becauſe you have got ſuch a damnable Trick of running away from your Colours, that you are not to be truſted in the Rear.

Bays. And is the World then ſo wickedly diſpoſed as to queſtion the Sincerity of my Converſion? Oh *tempora & mores!* I cou'd almoſt reſolve, with my own *Almanzor*, that henceforward all Mankind ſhould walk upon Crutches. I can't tell, I'gad, what to offer farther in my own Defence, than what I have done already, except only this which comes in my Head on the ſudden. —— Pray Gentlemen, did you ever hear of a certain Noble *Grecian* call'd *Ajax*?

Eugen. What! he that wore as many Cow-hides

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upon his Shield, as would have furniſhed half the King's Army with Shoe-leather!

Bays. The very ſame Sir. — Now this *Ajax*, you muſt know, was *Hector*'s Couſin-german, and I'll acquaint you how the Kindred came in. *Heſione, Priam*'s Aunt; no, I miſtake I'gad, *Heſione, Priam*'s Siſter —

Eugen. Was a very honeſt Gentlewoman, for any thing I know to the contrary. But prithee, Mr. *Bays*, ſetting that Buſineſs aſide, let us know what you have to ſay to *Ajax*.

Bays. Nay, if you'll have the Story in its *puris naturalibus*, without the Pedigree, and all that, e'en thank your ſelves for it — Why then, once upon a time, an Aſſignation being made between *Hector* and his Couſin *Ajax* to determine the War in a ſingle Combat, juſt before the Trumpets ſounded; *Hector* tells his Noble Kinſman, that if he certainly knew which part of his Body was *Trojan* and which was *Grecian*, he'd ſpare the one out of a reſpect to his pious Aunt, but ſlaſh, cut, and mortifie the other like Lightning. The whole Paſſage you may find in the Tragedy of *Troilus* and *Creſſid*, which, with ſome little variation from the Original, I will thus apply to my ſelf. But pray liſten ——

Were my Commixtion Hind *and* Panther *ſo,*
That I could ſay, this Hand the Panther*'s is,*
And this the Hind*'s* ——

Mr. *Eugenius*, for God's ſake attend:

— *The Sinews of this Leg*
All Panther, *this all* Hind; *The* Panther*'s Blood*
Runs in this Dexter *Cheek, and this* Siniſter
Bounds in the Hind*'s* ——

Incomparably good, I vow to Gad; and now follows one of the fineſt Oaths in Chriſtendom: — *By* Jove *Multipotent*

I wou'd

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I wou'd not bear from hence that Pagan Member,
Wherein my Sword should not Impression make.

In plain *English*, Mr. *Crites*, if I thought I carried any Proteſtant Blood about me, I'd tap it this very moment with my truſty Tilter, and write a Letter of Defiance with it to all the *Calviniſts* and *Socinians* I'gad in the Univerſe. I cou'd wiſh with all my Soul, that the troubleſome *Quietiſt* yonder on the other ſide the Hills, had made as true and ſincere a Recantation as I have done; for, between Friends, if this fails to give ſatisfaction, I can't tell what will. — And now, Gentlemen, pray let me have your Opinion of the Poem, for methinks, as long as I ſtand in your good Graces, I ſhou'd not be much concern'd if all the Town beſides ſhould cenſure it.

Eugen. Faith, little *Bays*, to deal freely with you, I have the ſame indifferent Thoughts of the Poetry as I have of the Subject, and cou'd never have imagin'd, but for the clear Conviction you have given me in the matter, that the *Hind* had obliged her Converts to part with their Wit, as well as their Reaſon. I am afraid ſhe has ſerved your Muſe, as they ſerve Jeſuits in *Swedeland*, and ſo diſabled her, that you'll ſcarce be able to dribble ſo much as one ſingle Madrigal for any of your New Friends in the Almanac. Beſides, to purſue my Quarrel a little farther, I am angry that a *Dramatiſt* ſhould either trouble himſelf or others with Matters of Controverſie. For tho', I confeſs, it ſeems ſomewhat generous in a Poet, to defend that Religion which was firſt introduced by Poets, or Men poetically given, yet ſtill the Character is unnatural: Something muſt of neceſſity drop from him that is not ſuitable to the Gravity of his Undertaking; and, for all his Conduct, his Muſe and his Devotion will no more keep together, than the Young Lady and the Pious

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Grandmother at a *Smithfield* Show. You may remember, Mr. *Bays*, how the famed * *Aſtrea*, once in her Life-time, unluckily lighted upon ſuch a Sacred Subject, and in a ſtrange fit of Piety, muſt needs attempt a Paraphraſe on the Lord's Prayer. But alas poor Gentlewoman! She had ſcarce travell'd half way, when *Cupid* ſerved her as the Cut-Purſe did the Old Juſtice in *Bartholomew*-Fair, tickled her with a Straw in her Ear, and then ſhe could not budge one foot further, till ſhe had humbly requeſted her Maker to grant her a private Act of Toleration for a little Harmleſs Love, otherwiſe called Fornication: — Thus you ſee, Mr. *Bays*, that in my Opinion, a Poet is none of the fitteſt Perſons in the World to write a Syſtem of Divinity, or to deal in Controverſie.

* Mrs. *Behn's* Miſcell. Printed by *Joſ. Hindmarſh.*

Bays. Well Sir, this is but one Doctor's Judgment however; but what ſay you Mr. *Crites*?

Crites. For your comfort, Mr. *Bays*, I am not of my Friend's Opinion here, but think you have very honeſtly diſcharged the Duty of a Poet, which obliges him to preſerve and maintain his Character ſtill to the laſt. You know what your great Maſter *Horace* ſays to this Point, *Servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto proceſſerit*; and, I am ſure, you have kept cloſe to the Text. As you began with a very indifferent Religion, ſo (Heaven be praiſed) you have not much mended the Matter ſince in your laſt Choice; and in my Opinion, it was but Reaſon that your Muſe, which appear'd firſt in a Tyrant's Quarrel, ſhould employ her laſt Efforts to juſtifie the Uſurpations of the *Hind*. But this is not all, Mr. *Bays*, you had, it ſeems, a Deſign in your Old Age to ſacrifice your Reputation; and, how cou'd you do it more honeſtly than the ſame way you got it, that is, in Rhyme; or ſacrifice it in better company,

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pany, than when you parted with your Senſes, Reaſon and Conſcience, all together?

Bays. So Sir, I find I am very much beholding to you: And have you any more of theſe Complements ſtill behind?

Crites. Yes, ſeveral of 'em, Mr. *Bays*; as firſt and foremoſt, we own our ſelves extremely obliged to you for that honeſt well-meaning Motto in your Title-Page, * *Antiquam exquirite matrem.* For as long as we have the Grace to follow that Direction, few of our Gentlemen, I believe, will be for making the *Tour* of *Italy*; and your *Hind*, in all probability, will ſend as few Proſelytes upon a Pilgrimage to *Rome*, as old Mr. *Sclater*'s *Galatinus* will ſend to *Jeruſalem*.

* The Two Motto's to the *Hind* and *Panther*.

Bays. Oh this wicked prophane Generation! But pray Sir proceed —

Crites. Indeed, as for the * *Vera inceſſu patuit Dea*, which accompanies it, moſt of the Critics about Town are of Opinion, that it fits the Old Gentlewoman of *Endor* much better than the *Italian Madona* you deſigned it for; who, they ſay, has been obſerved to have a ſtrange hobling in her Gate, ever ſince her Female Friend miſcarried in the *Lateran*: And therefore they adviſe you by all means, to lend it honeſt *Elkanah* againſt his next Edition of Pope *Joan*, for there, they pretend, it wou'd be a very ſeaſonable pertinent Jeſt, which it is not in the place where now it ſtands. Juſt as you know, Mr. *Bays*, the *Venio ſicut Fur* is a very pat and agreeable Thought on the Dial at *Newgate*, but wou'd loſe very much of its Poignancy, if it were removed to the Pillar in *Covent-Garden*.

Bays. I perceive, Mr. *Crites*, where the Shoe pinches, but 'tis no more than what I expected: This Back-biting and Slandering does not come upon

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on *à l'improviſte*. My Saviour and my Sovereign had enough of it in their Times. Nay, I'Gad, I knew well enough my Book wou'd make every Mother's Son of you angry ———

Crites. Faith, little *Bays*, I am ſo far from being angry, that I cou'd hugg thee a hundred times over, for the Performance; it was the moſt acceptable Piece of Service you cou'd have done us, becauſe we are all in very good hopes now, that the *Savoy* Pamphleteers will no more invade us with thoſe out-worn Arguments in Proſe, which you have ſo prophan'd in your Poetry. 'Twill put your Church to the charges at leaſt of new-conſecrating thoſe Spiritual Arms which have been ſo unhallow'd in the uſage by a ſecular Hand. For, to return ſome of your own words upon you at parting:

You've made the Benefits of others Studying,
Much like the Meals of Politic Jack-Pudding;
Whoſe Diſh to challenge, no Man has the courage,
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit in's Porridge.

Bays. Well Gentlemen, I thank you both very heartily for the good Opinion you have of your humble Servant; and now, I hope, you'll allow him the liberty of a little Chriſtian Raillery in his turn.

Eugen. By all means, Mr. *Bays*, begin as ſoon as you will.

Bays. *Allons Meſſieurs*. Have at your Eſtabliſhed Church, for I deſign now to proceed to my Reaſons why I quitted her Communion; they are ſome half a ſcore in number, and (tho' I ſay it) ſuch ſwinging two-handed Reaſons, that any ſingle Reaſon among 'em well mounted and planted, is enough to demoliſh the Foundation of any Church in the Univerſe. But can you gueſs either of you, which of all this jolly company of Objections I intend to begin the Aſſault with?

Crites.

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Crites. Not I, by my troth, Mr. *Bays*, for I believe it's less difficult by far, to assign the true Motive of your going over to the Church of *Rome*, than to assign any good Reason for your leaving the Church of *England*.

Eugen. Since you'll needs put your Friends to the Trouble of guessing for you, considering you are a Poet and all that, I am apt to believe you'll make your first Attack upon our Translation of the *Psalms*, because the *Panther* never set you on work to rectifie 'em. As I knew a trusty Glasier the last Summer, who, because he was not employ'd to mend the Church-Windows, took pet, and went to a Meeting.

Bays. Upon Honour, Mr. *Eugenius*, that was not the Case; tho' since you have refreshed my Memory as to this Point, I must freely own before you both, that I was always extreamly scandalized at your allowing of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*'s Poetry to be Sung in your Churches.

Crites. 'Udso, Mr. *Bays!* Was your Brother *Hopkins* so great an Eye-Sore to you?

Bays. Not so great an Eye-Sore by the half, as he has been an Ear-Sore to me; for I thank my Stars, Mr. *Crites*, I never mortify'd my self with reading a Syllable of him in my Life-time. As the peevish old Huncks, in the *Silent Woman*, hir'd him a House as far from the rattling of Coaches as he could meet with, so I have done the same in relation to a Church; and you might as well wheedle *Ben Johnson*'s *Morose*, if he were alive again, into the *Wits-Coffee-House*, as persuade me now into any of your Churches. You cannot imagine, how strangely I have found my self discompos'd, when I have past by any of those places, where the Congregation has been bellowing out the *Psalms*; so that of late Years, I run away as naturally from that unsanctified

fied thing called a Clerk of a Pariſh, as an *Iriſh-Man* from a herd of Prentices; or the reſt of my own Profeſſion from a lampooned Courtier, or a bilked Bookſeller. *En verité*, Mr. *Crites*, if I have the wind of him, I can ſmell his *ekes* and *ayes*, and his other Expletives about him, half the length of *Cheapſide*.

Crites. And that's much the ſame Diſtance (as I take it) that they ſay Father *Ignatius* cou'd ſmell out a Heretic. But methinks this Subject has inſpir'd you with a great deal of Gaiety, Mr. *Bays*: I perceive you can play the Droll, as well as the beſt of 'em, when you have a mind to it.

Bays. The truth on't is, Gentlemen, my Talent lies a little that way; but as I was ſaying before, there's a certain Buſineſs in the Churches about Town, which I extreamly fancy, and that is, the ſetting up Organs, to drown the inſupportable harſhneſs of the Noiſe; which piece of Policy I ſuppoſe they have borrowed from the Old *Iſraelites*, who were us'd to beat Kettle-Drums all the while they Sacrificed their Children to *Moloch*, in order to ſtifle their Cries.

Eugen. Faith, little *Bays*, I cou'd ſcarce have believed, you had the Heart to treat any of your own Tribe with ſo much Severity. If you allow no other Quarter to your Brother-Treſpaſſers in Rhyme, what Mercy can a Trader in Proſe expect from your hands. But prithee, Mr. *Bays*, why did you never own this Grievance in Public, that the State might have found ſome way or other to redreſs it.

Bays. Tho' I have frequently done it in a Coffee-Houſe, as here before you Gentlemen, yet I was always unwilling to charge the *Panther* with theſe Tranſlators in Print: Becauſe, do you mind me, Mr. *Crites*, it wou'd look a little ill, and all that, for a Poet

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a Poet to do such a thing: People wou'd be apt to think he did it for his own Interest, and to get himself employ'd by the next Convocation. Just so, as Cardinal *Bellarmine* tells us, the Apostles never recommended the Worshipping of Saints in their Writings, but left it in trusty Hands, to be communicated four or five Ages after; for fear the Heathens might take occasion to reproach these self-denying Gentlemen, for establishing their own Adoration. I know, Mr. *Crites*, a Person of your Judgment can never relish such insipid Stuff as we have been discoursing of: Pray tell me then, what possible Defence can be made for your Church, or how can she be stiled Pure and Primitive, which is so Corrupt in her Poetry, and allows such a vile Translation of the Psalms in her Publick Devotion. She has longed every *Ash-Wednesday*, any time this Hundred Years, to have the Primitive Discipline of Penance restored, and may long as many Years, for all I know to the contrary, to have her Poetry reformed.

Crites. You have chose a very ill Person, Mr. *Bays*, to satisfie your Conscience in this Point; for I believe any of your new Friends, the Dissenters, can better inform you how these aforesaid Psalms stole into the Church, than my self. Perhaps they were allow'd for the good of the Lungs of the Body-Politic, or else to reduce some of our People, who had been used *a ouvrir la Bouche* at *Geneva*, and could not subsist without it here in *England*; the Magistrates at that time were willing to connive at 'em, as some of your former Popes complied with Images, Incense, Holy-Water, Tonsure, and other Ceremonies of *Pagan* Extraction; to bring over the Heathens with greater ease into the Christian Communion. But after all, Mr. *Bays*, rather than this matter shall hinder any Proselytes from coming to

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to the *Panther*'s Church, we'll freely part with 'em.

Bays. Part with 'em, Mr. *Crites*? That's a good Jeſt, i-gad. Your People I am ſure will ſooner part with their *Magna Charta*, than loſe an Inch of their Birth-right in *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. Part with 'em, Mr. *Crites*? Why you ſhall as ſoon perſuade me that the *Spaniſh* King will part with his Whiskers, dry 'm to Powder, and then ſend 'em in his Royal Snuff-Box for a Preſent to the *Weſt-India* Company at *Amſterdam*, as that the good People of *England* will ever conſent to part with their Pſalms.

Eugen. Nay have a care what you do, Mr. *Bays*, for if you purſue this Matter too far, you'll e'en oblige me againſt my Inclination to conſider the Poetry of your own Church; and, unleſs I am miſtaken, a Man that has any leiſure or appetite to mortifie himſelf that way, may find as Incorrect Language, as Unwarrantable Expreſſions, and as Barbarous a Spirit in your Hymns and Services, as the never-to-be-forgotten *Wiſdom* was guilty of; with this only difference, Mr. *Bays*, that whereas our old-faſhioned Tranſlators were honeſtly content to palm a few Ancient Words upon us, and no more; the Authors of your Offices have made bold to advance a Step or two beyond 'em, even into the Territories of Blaſphemy. What think you, Sir, of the *Jure Matris, impera Filio*? and all thoſe admirable Compliments to St. *Joſeph*, St. *Joachim*, St. *Wilgefortis*, the Three Kings of *Colen*, the Eleven Thouſand *Urſulins*, &c. which I would now offer to your Pious Conſideration; but that a Friend of yours deſigns to publiſh 'em in a Set Treatiſe, which intends to viſit the Preſs very ſpeedily. Or laſtly, Tell me whether *Tom Sternhold*, or any of his Fellows, ever Burleſqued the *Pſalter* and the *Te Deum*, with that

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that freedom as a Cardinal of your own Church, and a Burgeſs in the *Roman* Almanack, I mean, S. *Bonaventure* has done? When you have reflected upon all this, and are able to juſtifie it, we'll give you free Leave to make what Sport you pleaſe with any of the above-mentioned Gentlemen; but till that time, we deſire you to be civil to 'em. And now I fancy you had better proceed to a new Point, than meddle any more with this. Therefore, pray let us know what you have in the next place, to object to the *Panther*.

Bays. If it muſt be ſo as you'll have it, why then the ſecond thing that I quarrel with your Church for, is the Marriage of her Clergy-Sons; and I think I have ſo effectually laſhed this Eccleſiaſtical Devil of Incontinence, that he'll ſcarce be able to ſhow his Head above-ground, in my time at leaſt.

Speaking of the bleſſed Effects which the Reformation produc'd among us, I ſubjoin theſe following Lines,

Here Marriage-Pleaſures Midnight-Pray'rs ſupply,
And Matin-Bells, (a Melancholy Cry)
Are turn'd to merrier Notes, Increaſe and Multiply.

Hind *and* Pan. *p.* 21.

An excellent Thought i-gad; and I dare ſwear, half the Clergy-Men in the Kingdom will hereafter think the worſe of the Firſt Chapter of *Geneſis* for my ſake. A little below, meeting with the *German* Reformer, I take care to inform the World, that little *Martin*, in order to make his Way to Paradiſe the pleaſanter,

Bethought him of a Wife, e'er half-way gone, P. 22.
For 'twas uneaſie travelling alone.

You may obſerve here, Mr. *Crites*, that the *German* Divines can no more go to Heaven without Company, than they can Drink without Company: And as for *Luther*, I think I am pretty even with him

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him now, for calling the Pope Antichriſt; ſince I have made him one of *Mahomet's* Diſciples, and a Well-wiſher to the *Alcoran*. But the ſevereſt Touch of all, is toward the end of my Book, where I occaſionally take notice, that, *a plain Man, whoſe Name is underſtood*, refuſed to take the Communion from the *Panther's* Chaplains, chiefly i-gad, becauſe they were Married.

Nor Conſecrated Grain their Wheat be thought, P. 128.
Which new from treading in their Bills thy brought.

The fineſt Metaphor, certainly this, as ever enter'd into any Poet's *Pia Mater*. I have abundance more of ſuch witty Hints up and down in my Poem, which I cou'd recount to you, but theſe may ſuffice at preſent; only for your Diverſion, I'll acquaint you with a little Converſation, which I lately had on this Subject, at a place of Publick Meeting,—— I cou'd with ſome Patience (ſaid I) hear an *Italian* or a *Spaniard*, condemn the Church, for enjoyning a Chaſtity which is hardly practicable, under the Influences of a warmer Climate; but here in *England*, where a Feeble Sun, a Phlegmatick Air, and a peculiar Stiffneſs that accompanies our Tempers, do all contribute to make the Performance more eaſie: Here (I ſay) where little or nothing of the Chriſtian Heroe is required to diſarm a few Sickly Inclinations, no Excuſe is to be admitted; —— But before I proceed any farther in this Argument, pray Gentlemen give your Opinion of it; for methinks now it was a pretty ſort of a Thought, to make the Sun, Moon and Stars throw the Blame from themſelves, and lay it all upon the poor Clergy-Men.

Crites. 'Tis very diverting indeed, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. Sir, (continued I) if as you allege, ——

Eugen. How now, Mr. *Bays*, what Gentleman have you brought into the Room? How got he in?

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in? What is his Name, and Buſineſs? For I durſt have ſworn, you had been all this while Talking to your dear Self, and enditing a Soliloquy.

Bays. Lord Sir, you are enough to diſtract any Perſon breathing with your damn'd impertinent Queſtions: Did I not tell you before, that all this was ſpoke in a Publick Place, and before Company.

Eugen. Why then, little *Bays*, I beg your Pardon. However, to the beſt of my knowledge, I never heard this Gentleman, *comment t' il appellez vous?* allege one Syllable for himſelf before.

Bays. That's very true, Dear Friend of mine, he never did. But you are to be informed, that 'tis a pretty new way of Diſputing we have got at this End of the Town; for a perſon to ſuppoſe that the perſon he diſputes with, will raiſe ſuch and ſuch Objections to the Matter in Hand, and then for this perſon to anſwer 'em himſelf.

Crites. Faith, Mr. *Bays*, this is as refined a piece of Policy, as I ever heard of in my Life.

Bays. You ſay true, Mr. *Crites*, 'tis *Machiavel* all over; for you may ſwear, a Man in ſuch a caſe will uſe the ſame diſcretion in chuſing his Objections, as they ſay *Robin Hood* uſed in chuſing his Men, ſuch as he can eaſily Cuff and Maſter, when he pleaſes: And now, becauſe you are both my ſingular good Friends, I'll whiſper to you who it is, that firſt introduced this Policy into a Conference, —— 'Tis a certain Old Gentleman of the *Savoy*, that has a very ill hand at Spelling *Engliſh*; and whoſe Chriſten'd Name is the ſame with a certain Saint's, who has had for ſeveral Years a great Influence upon *Advent-Sunday*.

Crites. Thank you for this Secret, Mr. *Bays*, I know the Gentleman as well as if you had named him outright; 'tis the very ſame Man that ſaid, Pope *Innocent* the Third was ſo hard a Name to remember; but

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but now I think on't, you had always a very good Hand at penning a Whiſper.

Eugen. Prithee, Dear Mr. *Bays*, without any more ado, go on with your Argument.

Bays. Sir, (continued I) if, as you allege, it is downright Madneſs, and all that, to reſtrain our Appetite by a Vow, which we are not capable of performing without a ſupernatural Aſſiſtance; I deſire to know whether the Indictment be general, and if not, why it ſhould be made criminal in one caſe, and not in another. Suppoſe a Man of long continuance in Debauchery ſhould at laſt reform, and to prevent the Return of his Irregularies, ſhould oblige himſelf by a ſolemn Vow to a ſtricter Conduct for the time to come, no one, I believe, wou'd blame his Reſolutions, or charge him with the Guilt of a virtual Perjury; and yet let me tell you, Gentlemen, Temperance is no more a Virtue of our own Manufacture than Chaſtity, nay, perhaps, as Times go, much the ſeverer Confinement of the two, as having more Avenues to guard, and more manly Temptations to reſiſt. To ſecure one's Chaſtity little more is neceſſary, than to leave off a Correſpondence with the other Sex, which to a Wiſe Man is no greater a puniſhment, than it would be to a Fanatic Parſon to be forbid ſeeing the *Cheats* and the *Committee*, or for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to be interdicted the ſight of the *London* Cuckolds. If you never ſee the Enemy, you lie under no danger of being beaten from your Poſt; and a farther Converſation will diſcover ſo many little Vanities and Impertinencies, as will ſerve to improve the Diſguſt, and confirm the former Reſolution. But then the other Virtue is not to be maintained at ſo cheap a rate; to preſerve it, you muſt ſuſpect your neareſt Acquaintance, nay, your very ſelf; you muſt guard it from the Attacks of Friends, as well as the

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the Visits of Strangers; you must lose a thousand happy Moments that Men of Wit enjoy when they sacrifice it to their Mirth and Pleasure. In fine, like a Frontier Kingdom, it ought to be very well Mann'd and Garison'd, or else 'tis every minute in danger of being invaded and taken.

Crites. Very Rhetorically harangu'd upon my word, Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. Besides, I would willingly be informed, how it comes possible for People to pass the most sanguine and rebellious part of their Lives, (as they generally do at the Universities) without a comfortable importance to relieve their Necessities, and yet not be able to master a few weak decaying Inclinations; can we bear the Toil of the Day when the Sun scorches, and the Heats are unruly? and, shall we complain of the Coolness of the Evening, and call for *Umbrella's* at Midnight? Can we withstand the Enemy when his Assaults are vigorous, and when he has all the Advantages imaginable over us? and, shall we make a tame dishonourable Submission to him, when his Ammunition is spent, and he's just upon the point of crying Quarter? But the Mystery is easie enough to be unfolded, for Celibacy is not so miserable a State as People are apt to imagine; a Man may subsist many a fair day without a Spouse to support him, till the Living is provided, and then 'tis as impossible for the Contemplative Thing to be without one, as without his *German* System, and *Cambridge* Concordance; then, and only then, his former Stock of Grace leaves him in the lurch, and and abandons him to a dismal Multitude of Temptations, from which, it seems, a warm Bedfellow can only secure him. However, to do him justice, 'tis not so much the Man's own Inclination to Marry, as his Country Patron's Royal Will and Pleasure it should be so, who awakens his Concupiscence to the

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Tune of *either take this bad Half-crown Sir, for all it's clipp'd within the Brim, and so forth, or else not a word of the Fifty Pieces.* In fine, after the Reformation-manner of distributing Preferments, the Spouse and the Parsonage go together, just like Virtue and Reward, or in Dr. *Heylin*'s Language, Knighthood and the Service of Ladies. After this, I proceed to shew the many Inconveniences of Matrimony in a Spiritual Life; that if the Levite chanced to have his Table overstocked with Olive-braches (which was the case of most of 'em) it wou'd oblige him to too servile a Dependance upon the State, that he must sacrifice the Dignity of his Character to get Bread for his Family, put on the Grazier to bolster up the Vicar, as in Country-Villages, you know, 'tis an usual thing to tack the sorry Tradesman to the Ale-draper; that if his *Abigail* chanced to be deformed, it would incline him to preach of nothing else but Hell and Reprobation; but if she was handsome, it would certainly tincture all his Sermons more or less with a Touch of *Mahumetanism*, and so make him a fitter Paraphrast for the *Alcoran* than the *New-Testament*. And then I concluded all with a very merry Piece of Drollery, I vow to Gad, upon a *West*-Country Parson, who having the Good Fortune to light upon a goodly Heritage, and a more goodly Spouse, cou'd not be prevail'd upon for Love nor Money, (nay, tho' 'twas a Funeral Sermon 'twas all a case) to take a Text any where in the Bible but out of the *Canticles*, till Two Years at least were passed over his head, by which time his Conjugal Love and Affection were somewhat abated.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have acquainted you with that Discourse, which I made in the place above-mentioned upon the occasion of Celibacy; 'tis the quintessence of what Father *Cressy*, and a more Modern Author have advanced for the Cause; and unless

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less I am extremely mistaken, it has suffered nothing under my Management.

Crites. Faith, little *Bays*, you have been very severe upon the Tribe of *Levi* for their Marrying; but I don't wonder at it, for to my certain knowledge you never gave Matrimony a good word in your Life, but thought it too barbarous and heathenish a Confinement, even for the Laity. Priest-craft was one of the civilleſt Nicknames you ever gave it, tho', between Friends, Celibacy deserves that Title much better: But so familiar a thing is it for Poets to rail at Marriage, that methinks they ought as much to be forgiven for it, as a Country-Curate for railing at a Healthful Season, or a City-Merchant at the *French* Privateers.

Eugen. As my Friend very well observes, Mr. *Bays*, you Poets ought in Conscience to be excused for being witty now and then, upon those that are got into the *Oval* of Matrimony: for either you are plagued with an odd sort of *Latitudinarian* Creatures at Home, (which, they say, is your own Misfortune, Mr. *Bays*, as well as Mr. *Sh-dw-ll*'s); and then you have all the reason in the World to vent your Indignation upon that Settlement called a Wife: Or else, you are humbly content to pick a little Natural Philosophy out of some *Fleet-street* Stroller, that won't consent under the last Half-Crown to qualifie you for writing a luscious Love-Scene, and taking a Dose of *Turpentine* Pills. Let the case be what it will, the unconscionable Wife, or the more unconscionable Whore will infallibly excuse you, and the rest of your Brethren, the Poets, for passing a little unmannerly Language upon Matrimony. However, Mr. *Bays*, I dare lay one single Wager with you, that altho' you are of a Church, where Marriage passes muster for a Sacrament conferring Grace, that you are not of that

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Opinion: But that as *Ariſtotle* is deſervedly blamed for ſetting up Ten Predicaments when Two might have ſerved the turn; ſo likewiſe that Holy Church was very much in the wrong for quartering ſeven Sacraments upon the Goſpel, when the number might have been reduced to a leſs, and Matrimony might very well be reckon'd as a melancholy Appendix to the Sacrament of Penance.

Bays. Pray, Mr. *Eugenius*, don't fancy that I entertain any ſuch looſe extravagant Opinions as thoſe are; I'm no ſuch prophane Perſon, not I, I'gad.

Crites. Before we examine this Matter any farther, I muſt humbly requeſt one Favour of you, Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. With all my Heart, Sir, command me in what you pleaſe.

Crites. Why, you know, Mr. *Bays*, it has been very uſual of late, for Perſons, when they have a mind to batter and demoliſh any pretended Grievance, to lay aſide the Merits of the Cauſe, and judge the Equity of it by its Original.

Bays. Very right Sir; for thus, you know, we banter your Reformation with a Story or two of *Ann Bolein*, and King *Harry*'s Cod-piece; and thus, my Brother *Bays*, of everlaſting Memory, when he took the Teſt into his Pious Conſideration, thought he effectually ridicul'd it, by tracing it to its Cradle in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, and laying it at the door of that Man-Midwife of the Popiſh Plot, the late Earl of *Shaftsbury* —— But pray, Mr. *Crites*, why did you give your ſelf the trouble to beg ſo ſmall a Favour as this, when you might have commanded it?

Crites. Becauſe I am not ſo very well perſuaded of the honeſty of ſuch a Proceeding; but if it be ſo very fair and lawful, as you pretend, I wou'd adviſe you then, Mr. *Bays*, when you next ſummon a National Synod of our Rivers, to ſet the *Severn* in the Speaker's Chair, and not the *Thames*; for he, by virtue

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tue of his Original, as ſpringing out of the *Britiſh* Mountains, ought certainly to have the privilege of ſitting above the *Thames*, that has the misfortune to be born in a Valley — But now to the firſt Inſtitutor of Celibacy.

I am as loth, Mr. *Bays*, to ſhow my little Reading out of Fathers and Councils, as a City-Alderman is of ſhowing his Young Wife at the Play-Houſe or at the *Mall*, not that I am afraid of being plundered of what I have, but methinks, convincing a Poet out of Fathers and Councils looks as awkwardly as if a Man ſhould think to quicken a lazy Water-man with a *Greek* Verſe or two out of *Apollonius*'s *Argonauticks*; but becauſe we cannot poſſibly avoid it, we'll be unmannerly that way as ſeldom as we can.

The firſt Pope then that ever recommended it with any effectual Vigour to the World, was that *Enroelydon* of *Italy*, Pope *Gregory* the Seventh, *alias* called *Hildebrand*; and indeed, he deſerves to go under more Names than one, that had a greater ſhare of Wickedneſs in his Temper, than one wou'd have thought any one ſingle Man's Nature had been capable of. But becauſe it is a good ſecure way to rail with Infallibility on one's ſide, as a late worthy Gentleman has expreſſed himſelf; let us hear his Character from the ſacred Council of *Brixia*: He was then, in the judgment of that numerous Aſſembly, a ſuperſtitious obſerver of Dreams and Prodigies, a Magician, a Negromancer, a Monſter given up to all the Exceſſes of Pride and Cruelty, and finally, one (for the beſt Jeſt he was ever guilty of is ſtill behind) that by the Aſſiſtance of the Devil, had aſpir'd to the Apoſtolical Chair.

I had often heard, Mr. *Bays*, that the *Spaniſh* and *French* Factions had a great Influence in the Conclave, and pretended now and then, as an Oppor-

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tunity ſerved, to a diſpoſal *della Spirito Santo*, but never imagined that the Old Gentleman in Black, had any Vote amongſt the Gentlemen of the Purple, till this lucky Paſſage convinc'd me.

Bays. Upon my word, Mr. *Crites*, I won't ſtay a minute longer with you, if you make any more ſuch Reflections upon the Sacred Election ——

Crites. This was likewiſe the ſame Perſon, Mr. *Bays*, that ſo ſolemnly delivered that unfortunate Emperour *Henry* the Fourth, and all the Biſhops that received Inveſtiture from him, into the Hands of the Devil, for no other Reaſon in the World but only juſtifying the Imperial Prerogative againſt the Papal Uſurpations; and laſtly, to compleat his Character, he that branded the Married Clergy by the ſcandalous Name of *Nicolaitans*. What were the bleſſed Effects of that forced Chaſtity, which was ſo vigorouſly enjoin'd under this Pontificat, a Man may eaſily learn out of *Aventinus*, *Sigebertus*, and the other Hiſtorians of that barbarous Age, and they were as followeth: The Biſhops were continually quarrelling with the Prieſts, the Prieſts (not to be behind-hand with 'em) were continually reproaching the Biſhops, and the Laics very devoutly fell foul upon both. They trod the Sacrament underfoot that had been conſecrated by the Married Prieſts; they burnt their Tythes, they ſanctified the Altars which had been prophaned by 'em, with Holy Water. Above all, there ſprung up a goodly Harveſt of Fornication, Inceſt, Murther, and Adultery; and yet all this while, unleſs his Infallibility was notoriouſly belied, Pope *Gregory* kept a more than ordinary Correſpondence with his dearly beloved *Mathildis*.

There are ſome other remarkable Frolics to be found in the Life of this Eccleſiaſtical *Leviathan*, as his drinking a Health to the Devil, his throwing a Conſecrated Hoſtie into the Fire, for not reſolving him

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him a certain Queſtion which he put to it; that I purpoſely omit, as things that are rather fit for the Penance of a Scavenger, than the Conſideration of an Hiſtorian.

Let us now come over into *England*, to ſee how Matters ſucceeded here: Much about the time that *Hildebrand* was ſo buſie to promote this Affair beyond the *Alpes*, *Anſelm*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, advanced it at Home, and by virtue of his Archiepiſcopal Authority, deprived all the Married Prieſts throughout the Kingdom of their Eccleſiaſtical Promotions. There had indeed, in the time of the *Saxons*, (when the Benedictine Order, what by their pretended Miracles, and what by the outward Auſterity of their Lives, ſpread apace) ſeveral Efforts been uſed by *Odo*, and *Dunſtan*, by *Ethelwold* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, and *Oſwald* Biſhop of *Worceſter*, in the Year 963, to eject the Married Prieſts out of Colleges and Churches, and ſubſtitute Regulars in their room: But however, as this was not put in execution in all Places, ſo likewiſe the Seculars were not conſtrained to leave their Wives and Preferments, but only at their own diſcretion. But *Anſelm*, copying from the furious *Hildebrand*, proceeded farther in the matter, for he not only compelled 'em to part with their Wives, (which Unchriſtian Rigour the *Saxon* Bigots in all their Zeal never practiſed) but alſo, what was the more mortifying caſe of the two, forced 'em to part with their Preferments. We are now at leiſure to obſerve the conſequences of this worthy Inſtitution. As it happen'd, Mr. *Bays*, upon our prohibiting the Exportation of unwrought Wools, that the *Hollanders* immediately ſet up ſeveral new Manufactures of their own: So here, when the Religious were forbidden to have any more Commerce with the Women, as neceſſity you know forces People upon deſperate

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Attempts, they began to Trade amongſt themſelves. In ſhort, this *Italian* Decree of Celibacy introduced the *Italian* Sin of Sodomy, which occaſioned ſo many horrid Complaints, that *Anſelm* found himſelf obliged to Convene another Council at *London*, where very ſevere Laws were enacted againſt it. The puniſhment (as *Roger Hoveden* tells us) was Excommunication *ipſo facto*, not be got off but by Abſolution from a Biſhop only, and that not to be procured at an eaſier rate than a ſwinging Penance: But the Monks ſhortly after, taking occaſion to acquaint the Archbiſhop with a fatal Inconveniency that in all probability wou'd enſue upon the publiſhing of this Decree, inaſmuch as it wou'd lay open and diſcover to all the World a Sin, that was ſcarce known or heard of before out of a Cloyſter, he was piouſly prevail'd upon to call it in. Thus you ſee, Mr. *Bayl*, that in thoſe conſcientious Times it was thought better to permit People the liberty of Inceſt, Sodomy, Adultery, and Fornication, or at leaſt, to leave 'em under an unavoidable neceſſity of committing ſuch Brutalities, than repeal the unſanctify'd Canon which occaſioned them.

What were the firſt Motives which influenced the *Weſtern* Patriarchs to abridge their Clergy of that Liberty which the Apoſtles left 'em in, is not difficult to conjecture. 'Tis certain, they can make no Pretences of Antiquity, or Tradition for it: For if St. *Jerome*'s word may be taken, all the Apoſtles, except St. *John* and St. *Paul*, were Married; and when the famous Controverſie of the Celebration of *Eaſter*, was ſo warmly diſputed between the *Eaſtern* and *Weſtern* Churches, *Polycrates*, Biſhop of *Epheſus*, alleges the Example of ſeven of his Progenitors, who had ſucceſſively governed that See, to juſtifie his own Practice. Were the Primitive Chriſtians then of the firſt and pureſt Ages, uncapable of living up

to

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to that height of Self-Denial and Auſterity, which the worſt of Men recommended, and the worſt Times cou'd practice? Or, did the Chriſtian Church require as long a time to arrive to the height of Spiritual Perfection, as it had to aſcend to its temporal Greatneſs? Were their Appetites more ungovernable in the Ten firſt Centuries? or, did the ſucceeding Ages light upon more effectual Reſtringents to ſubdue 'em? Yes certainly, Mr. *Bays*, they did. For as I take it, the ſanctifying Miracles of Whip-cord were not ſo univerſally acknowledged then as afterwards, nor St. *Francis*'s Receipt for an Erection, by running into an Heap of Snow, ſo generally made uſe of; and then, the Virtue of a long Pilgrimage, the carrying about one this Saint's Thumb, and that Saint's ſet of Teeth, the Praying before ſuch an Image or ſuch an Altar, but above all, the recommending one's ſelf to the Virgin *Mary*'s Protection, were not things of ſo univerſal Practice and Approbation, in the earlier Times. And perhaps, after all, the Gift of Continence was not to be beſtow'd upon the Church Militant, till the Sacrifice of the Maſs was born, that only an immaculate Prieſthood might be concerned with that immaculate Sacrifice, or till the Popes had planted Heaven with ſtore enough of Submediators, to implore a ſufficient Stock of Grace for their Friends here upon Earth.

Indeed Pope *Siricius*, towards the end of the Fourth Century, in his Epiſtle to the *Spaniſh* Clergy, quotes this ſorry place out of Scripture to fright 'em from their Wives, *Si ſecundum Carnem vixeritis, moriemini*, to which Citation we'll only oppoſe another Text of the ſame Apoſtle, *melius eſt nubere quam uri*, and ſo we'll leave him. However, by this ſingle Paſſage, Mr. *Bays*, you may perceive with what Eagerneſs and Fury your infallible Guide ſnaps at

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any ſolitary Text in the Bible, which he thinks will countenance any of his Innovations, or make for his Purpoſe. A puny Courtier never waited with half that Impatience for a gracious Nod, or a merciful Wink from a riſing Favourite; as Infallibility itſelf waited here for one lonely unguarded place in the *New-Teſtament*, to back his Cauſe; I don't queſtion but the Old Gentleman turned over the whole Book from *Geneſis* to the *Revelations*, with as much Concern, as ever you did, Mr. *Bays*, to find out Nick-Names for your *Abſalom* and *Achitophel*. But what Advantage has he done his Cauſe, by producing this Text? Why none at all, but the greateſt Diſſervice imaginable. *Si ſecundum Carnem Vixeritis, moriemini.* Why it deſtroys Celibacy, and Fornication, the Heir Apparent of Celibacy, to all intents and purpoſes; and I don't at all queſtion, but that the *Unerring Intelligencer*, if he had ſlept a little, and conſulted his Pillow, wou'd have been of another Opinion next Morning: But it ſeems he was fully reſolved to ſhew his Infallibility one way or other; and he has done it with a witneſs, for he's moſt infallibly in the Wrong.

Upon the whole, Mr. *Bays*, (and I hope you have good nature enough to forgive me this ſmall Digreſſion) I make this Obſervation, that St. *Peter's* Succeſſor can ſteer his Eccleſiaſtical Mackarel Boat with a Side-wind, if occaſion ſerve, from any part of the Bible, whether Canonical or Uncanonical, 'tis all a caſe. A little Scripture at *Rome*, I dare engage, will go farther than Copper-Money in *Ireland*; 'tis not at preſent the Commodity of the Place; and I am very well ſatisfied, that a Man with a Foot or two of Scripture, nay rather than fail, with an Ell of *Tobit*, and the *Maccabees* (for we ought in Conſcience to make Allowances for Apochryphal Ground) to purchaſe a dozen of the beſt

Acres

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Acres in the *Vatican*, planted with the moſt Apoſtolical Traditions. And this is a Myſtery, which I cannot comprehend. For if the Notion of Infallibility will ſolve all the Phænomena's of your Religion, why for God's ſake do you take Sanctuary in the Bible; and if the Bible is neceſſary to ſupport your Pretenſions, why do you ſo ſhamefully diſcard and abandon it, when it has done your Buſineſs? This way of proceeding is ſo very brutal and ungenerous, that it puts me in mind of a late Monarch, that was brought to his Throne, and ſettled in it by a certain well-meaning Church, and when he thought he had no farther occaſion for her, very decently laid her aſide for all her former Services. As the Caſe ſtands at preſent, your *Savoy*-Divines are as glad to be own'd by a Friend in the *New-Teſtament*, as a needy Courtier is of being own'd by a City Security; but I profeſs, I don't ſee the Neceſſity of ſuch a Conduct. What other People may think I don't know, but I had much rather take the Invocation of Saints upon honeſt Infallibility's Word for it, than with *Bellarmine*, deduce it from that Paſſage of *Job*, *And he ſhall pray for thee.*: And a thouſand times ſooner take the Half-Communion upon the ſame Credit, than pretend to juſtifie it, as Biſhop *Fiſher* has done, out of *Give thisday our daily Bread.* 'Tis the moſt unaccountable nonſenſe in my opinion that a Man can be capable of, to Subpœna half a ſcore Witneſſes to appear for him at *Weſtminſter*-Hall, that when they are examined tell a clean contrary Story, and ſo ruine his Cauſe; and this, Mr. *Bays*, I take to be the Caſe of your own Polemics; they freely upon all Occaſions (as is manifeſt from their late Pamphlets) endeavour to prove all their Tenets out of the Bible, yet they manage the matter ſo indiſcreetly, that every Trades-Man can charge 'em with falſe Inferences; and indeed,

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deed, after all their Attempts, the Holy Pen-Men will scarce be perswaded to serve an Apprenticeship to the Modern Trade of Mis-representing. Now I cou'd acquaint 'em, Mr. *Bays*, with a certain Method that shall preserve their Reputation in all Companies; let 'em pretend to Miracles among the *Indians*, to Antiquity among the *Quakers*, to Holiness of Life among the *Ranters*, to Unity among the *Independants*, to Loyalty and Good Works among the *Presbyterians*, to Decency of Worship among the *Adamites*, to Learning among the *Anabaptists*, and to the Merits of their Faith among the *Socinians*: Let 'em quote Scripture before *Physicians*, quote the Fathers before *Ladies*, talk of Councils before *Soldiers*, and conjure up the Trinity before those that don't believe *Transubstantiation*: Let 'em pretend to Austerity of Living among the *Beaux* of the Town, to Universality among the *Muggletonians*, and (what must carefully be observed) to Tradition only among the *Courtiers*, for they are a Sort of People, that because they have no leisure to examine any Religion, take it all upon trust. But among the Established-Church-Men, I wou'd have 'em pretend to Nothing at all, but their Two Undeniable Talents, *Ignorance* and *Impudence*.

And now to our Business again, Mr. *Bays*, ——— The true Reason of imposing Celibacy upon the Clergy, was at first an ungovernable Zeal, void of Conduct and Charity, a peremptory Spirit of Pride, and above all, a wild Notion of Attaining to an Imaginary kind of Perfection, which is only to be found among the People of Sir *Tho. More*'s Creation. This, Mr. *Bays*, is the true State of the Business. For tho' Pope *Siricius*, as I told you before, was so unadvised as to endeavour to prove Celibacy out of the Bible; yet others, that managed the Cause with more Discretion, found it was not capable of that kind

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kind of Protection; and therefore instead of so many Texts to defend it, gave it a *Guard du Corps* of certain well-bred handsome Gentlemen, which in the Language of that Age they called Conveniencies: However, *Paphnutius* stifled the Motion at the Council of *Nice*, and the Synod of *Gangra* passed an Anathema upon all those, that refused to receive the Communion from a Married Priest. What gives me a farther Prejudice to the Matter in Dispute, is, the Persons who first of all Recommended it to the World. They were such, that in the Heat of Persecution had retired into the Woods, to preserve themselves from the Fury of their Enemies, where they had lived under a great deal of Austerity and Mortification; and indeed the Places, whither they fled for Shelter, afforded no very agreeable Accommodations. Now these Gentlemen, when the Storm was over, and the Church enjoy'd a little Sun-shine, were for continuing that Ascetic sort of Life, which they first practised amongst the Caves and Desarts; and tho' they had lived so long out of the World, wou'd very discreetly impose Laws upon those, who had always lived in it.

From what has been said, Mr. *Bays*, upon this Score, I wou'd not have you conclude that I am an Enemy to Celibacy, no one I am sure, has more honourable thoughts of that easie unincumbred State than my self; yet for all that, I am of opinion, it ought not to be forced upon a whole Body of Men, without any distinction; but that every Man should be left to his own Discretion, to chuse that Way of Life, which seems most agreeable to his own Inclination, and the Sacredness of his Character. Four or five hundred Old Men that are conven'd in a Council, with those formal Solemnities which such great Assemblies generally make use of, have, in my Judgment, no more Authority to prescribe a Continence

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tinence (which they themſelves are paſt a capacity of loſing) to thoſe of more Youthful Appetites, than the good people that live under the Line have to command us in the North to go naked. The only Revenge which the Younger Clergy cou'd return, wou'd be to condemn the Uſe of Spectacles in a full Convention, for Unchriſtian and Heretical; to order, that whoſoever cou'd not read a *Geneva*-Bible at two Yards diſtance, and vault over a five-barr'd Gate, ſhould forfeit his Mitre; and that no one ſhould preſume to take Holy Orders, who would not oblige himſelf by a Vow never to be guilty of wearing a Beard; and who would not renounce both Gout and Palſy, as heartily as he did the Devil and all his Works, at his Baptiſm. Should ſuch Decrees as theſe paſs, for the Mortification of the Right Reverend Fathers, I ſuppoſe they would be only taken for things of Raillery and Diverſion; and yet, Mr. *Bays*, Celibacy is as much a Jeſt upon Humane Nature, (taking it in the groſs) as what I have juſt now mentioned. I wonder in my Heart, that when they proceeded ſo far to refine the Prieſthood, as to think it poſſible for all of 'em to live without the other Sex, that they had not likewiſe obliged 'em to go to Stool but once a Quarter, and that preciſely at Twelve a Clock; and to ſubſiſt after the Spiritual manner of the ancient *Knights Errant*, that never, as we read of, debaſed themſelves with Brutal Eating and Drinking. As our Pulſes, Mr. *Bays*, wou'd not ceaſe beating, altho' the whole College of Phyſicians in a *Warwick-Lane* Meeting, ſhould think it fit to lay an Interdict upon 'em; ſo I don't queſtion but Nature will continue ſtill to Work after her uſual Manner; tho' all the Councils in *Chriſtendom* ſhould lay all their Heads together to muzzle her: And I fancy, it is but ſmall Comfort to one of your fat over-grown Friars,

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Friars, when he finds he has a huge Stock of Love upon his hands, to imagine to dispossess him of it all, by reading over Pope *Hildebrand*'s Canon against Sacerdotal Erections. Indeed if I might have had my Will, Celibacy should have waited at least another Age, before it had been publickly enjoined. After Transubstantiation had been made a matter of my Faith, I would then have freely consented to have Celibacy established; for certainly, Mr. *Bays*, I cou'd never think any thing too difficult for that Priest to perform, that cou'd make his God at a Minute's warning.

Bays. Now I hope, Mr. *Crites*, tho' you deny me a Share in the other Virtues, you'll allow me to have a Stock of Patience sufficient to furnish all the Married Men and Chymists in the Nation at my own Cost and Charges; otherwise I am sure I cou'd never have heard out this tedious Harangue of yours, which is full as troublesome as an *Irish* Genealogy; or to hear one of the City-Aldermen tell all the Traverses of his Fortune, from his Leathern Breeches, down to his Scarlet Gown. —— Nay I knew very well before-hand what Entertainment a Discourse of Chastity must expect to find among you pamper'd Protestants; but if you have any more to say upon this Occasion, Mr. *Crites*, pray let me have it, for I promise you my Attention.

Crites. Thus, Mr. *Bays*, your Celibacy, which Presumption, and Pride, and some few Specious Pretences first introduced into the World, was afterwards upon certain Secular Considerations, espoused by the Popes, till it was at last brought to that Perfection in which we now see it. Your *Western* Patriarchs, in order to erect that Temporal Monarchy, after which they so zealously aspired, found it requisite, to make the Clergy as much depending upon their See as was possible; and likewise to disengage 'em

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'em from leaving any natural Pledges to the reſpective Governments where they lived. Therefore, by virtue of a blind Obedience which had for ſome time been paid to St. *Peter*'s Chair, and if that fail'd, to produce the Effect by virtue of a little thundering Language, which, at that Age, was as terrible to Kings as the Twelvepenny-Act is now to the Vintners; they made a ſhift to wreſt the right of Inveſtitures out of the Hands of Princes, to put themſelves in capacity of gratifying their truſty Agents abroad; and for the ſame Reaſons of State, they forbid the Eccleſiaſtics all the World over, to Marry, leſt when they ſhould have occaſion to uſe their Aſſiſtance againſt their own natural Princes, the ſqauling and cries of their Children ſhould ſtifle the Voice of his *Roman Moloc*ſhip. Had your Prieſthood, Mr. *Bays*, really believed Marriage to have been a Sacrament that brought Grace along with it, you may conclude from their taking away the Cup, and ſeveral other Retrenchments, that it had been a Favour to be allowed only to the choicer ſort of the Laity, and that they themſelves had been ſo far from denying Matrimony to their own Tribe, that I don't queſtion but they would have pleaded ſome Reverend Tradition or other, nay, interpreted the Scripture ſo far to their own advantage, as to make it allow 'em the privilege of Poligamy, in order to ſecure themſelves of as great a Stock of Grace as was poſſible to be had.

Bays. So, Mr. *Crites*, you have made a very pretty edifying Diſcourſe concerning this Buſineſs; but as I informed you before, I was not inſenſible what Uſage ſuch a mortifying Doctrine as Celibacy muſt of neceſſity meet amongſt the Sons of the Reformation. You that have deſtroy'd Religious Houſes, and to juſtifie the Sacrilege, have always laughed at the Auſterities which are practiſed in a recluſe Life, are

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are too far engaged to your dearly-beloved Pleaſures, to entertain a Principle that ſo ſeverely contradicts the Dictates of Fleſh and Blood.

Eugen. Nay, Mr. *Bays*, now you have gone a little too far in this Matter; for we Gentlemen of the Schiſm (as your Party is pleaſed by way of Raillery to call us) are not ſo averſe to a Monaſtic Life as you imagine: For my own particular, I wiſh with all my Heart, that all the Brain-ſick States-men, all the beſotted Lovers, and all the melancholy Zealots, all the fine-dreſſing Fops, all the doting kind Keepers, all the Enthuſiaſtick Poets, and all the ſuperannuated Whores, with the mighty multitudes of raving Philoſophers, and litigious Attorneys, that are to be found in the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, were ſhut up within the four Walls of ſome capacious Monaſtery —— Now for your Diverſion, Mr. *Bays*, if you pleaſe to afford me a Hearing, I'll repeat you a certain Ode in *Horace*, done by a certain Friend of mine, which may ſerve to convince you, that we are not ſuch Enemies to Nunneries, and all that, as you have hitherto believed.

Bays. An Ode in *Horace*, Mr. *Eugenius*, that has any thing to do with Nunneries! Why, 'tis impoſſible, and you are certainly miſtaken.

Eugen. You'll correct your Opinion, Mr. *Bays*, as ſoon as you have heard it: 'Tis a Tranſlation of *Uxor pauperis Ibyci tandem Nequitiæ pone modum tuæ*; only ſomewhat new-modelled, and adapted to the preſent Times. You muſt know, it was calculated for the Meridian of the Ducheſs of *Cl—land*, but may indifferently ſerve any ſuper-annuated Court-Whore in *Chriſtendom* —— But pray liſten.

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I.

At length, thou Antiquated Whore,
Leave Trading off, and Sin no more;
For Shame, in your Old Age, turn Nun,
As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

II.

Why do you still frequent the Sport,
The Balls and Revels of the Court?
Or, why at glitt'ring Masques appear,
Only to augment, and fill the Triumphs of the Fair?

III.

To Ghent *or* Brussels *strait adjourn,*
The Lewdness of your former Life to mourn;
There Brawny Priests in plenty you may hire,
If Whip, and wholesom Sack-cloath cannot quench the Fire.

IV.

Your Daughter's for the Amorous Business made,
To her in Conscience quit your Trade;
As when his Conqu'ring Days were done,
Victorious Charles *resign'd his Kingdom to his Son.*

V.

Alas! ne'er thrum your long disus'd Guitar,
Nor with Pulvilo's scent your Hair;
But in some lonely Cell abide,
With Roseary and Psalter dangling at your Side.

Well, now Mr. *Bays*, pray give me your Opinion of this same Trifle; for, unless I am mightily mistaken, there is a great deal of Pious Advice in it.

Bays. Pious Advice do you call it? I'd give my Snuff-box here, which I value above all things in Universe, I'gad, that I had that sawcy Friend of yours, the Author, in the Room.

Eugen. Why, what wou'd you do with him, Mr. *Bays*? wou'd you draw upon him, and whip him decently through the Lungs? To my certain knowledge, all sober Counsel is thrown away upon him, for 'tis a very graceless unrepenting Blockhead.

Bays.

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Bays. No, I ſhould ſcarce give my ſelf that trouble: But I'd make him undergo ſuch a courſe of Penance, that I believe he'd ſcarce have a mind to meddle with *Horace*, or any thing that looks like a Nun in haſte again.

Eugen. Then I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bays*, to make him do Penance for his Tranſlation, you'd oblige him to read over your Tranſlation of St. *Xavier*'s Life, and, if poſſible, to believe it; or if a Treſpaſs in Rhyme muſt be atoned in Rhyme, to read over your Noble Poem on the Birth of the Prince of *Wales* twice a day.

Bays. Sir, I don't underſtand why you ſhould uſe all this Freedom with me; 'tis an inſupportable Rudeneſs I'gad, and I'll have no more to do with you —— But Mr. *-a.* you are a Gentleman of a better Temper, and pray reſolve me this ſingle Queſtion, before we ſuffer the buſineſs of Celibacy to drop; has not the Church Authority to preſcribe what Laws ſhe pleaſes to all her Sons? Now I think I have nick'd you I'gad ——

Crites. Faith, little *Bays*, I am not willing at preſent to determine the Bounds of the Church's Power; 'tis as invidious a Caſe as to make me aſſign the Privileges of the Houſe of Commons, which, you know, increaſe every Seſſion; a Man will be apt to ſpeak either too little or too much, in relation to ſuch an Affair. However, I think the Church had done very diſcreetly, if, when ſhe bound over her Sons to the obſervation of Celibacy, ſhe had order'd 'em a Doſe or two of *Camphire* every Morning, inſtead of ſo many *Prayers* and *Ave-Maries*, and commanded 'em to be let Blood every other Day, that ſo ſhe might have prevented all the ſcandalous Conſequences of a forced Chaſtity.

But I find that as *Mahomet*, when he abridged his

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People the pleaſure of Drinking, to make 'em amends, gratified the other Appetite by allowing Women in abundance; ſo likewiſe a certain Church in the World, Mr. *Bays*, by placing no very great Penalties on Fornication, when ſhe repealed the Remedy for it, and by allowing the Concubine to ſupply the place of the disbanded Spouſe, has made Celibacy not ſo very uneaſie a State, as People are apt at firſt ſight to imagine. And this Conſideration is ſufficient to perſuade me, that Conſcience and Devotion had no hand at all in the promoting of Celibacy; let the Divine Law ſink or ſwim, 'tis not a Farthing matter with you, ſo long as the Papal Decrees are obſerv'd, where ſmaller Treſpaſſes are ſeverely puniſhed, and notorious Sins meet with Toleration; as they ſay in the Lake of *Sodom*, Feathers ſink, and Iron ſwims. All the World knows how remarkably *Coſterus*, and ſeveral other of your Divines have refined upon this Point; and 'tis obſervable in your Canon Law, that ſo many Acts of Fornication are required to make the Indictment large enough to comprehend a poor Sinner, that they'll excuſe not only the immortal *Theodora*'s and *Marozia*'s of former Ages, and the *Donna Olympia*'s of this, but perhaps all the She-Traders ſince the Times of *Rahab*, and *Lot*'s Daughters. A Woman had need now a days (if the Doctrine of your Church be true) to live as long as one of the Patriarch's Wives before the Flood, to have time enough to work out the painful and laborious Character of a Whore. But we, Mr. *Bays*, dare not play ſuch Tricks with Religion, dub Vices by the Name of Virtues, or (what is full as bad) keep a diſputable Virtue at the expence of keeping at the ſame time an unqueſtionable Sin; whatever Intereſt or Advantage may ſuggeſt, we dare not make ſuch large Purlieus for out-lying Conſciences, not we, Mr. *Bays*.

Nobis

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Nubis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui legem colimus severiorem.

Eugen. As my Friend very well observes, Mr. *Bays*, we don't think it worth the while to maintain a controverted Virtue at the expence of maintaining an uncontroverted Sin, while you of the Church of *Rome* have never a Virtue to boast of, that is, not attended with some criminal Inconveniences. Thus you maintain your pretended Chastity at the Expence of allowing publick Fornication, your Obedience to your Patriarch at the Expence of sacrificing your Obedience to your natural Prince, your Monastic Poverty at the Expence of Perjury and Hypocrisie, your Unity at the Expence of an Unchristian Inquisition, the Grandeur of your Worship at the Expence of Idolatry, your pretension to Miracle and Antiquity at the Expence of Lying and Forgery, your Charity at the Expence of Superstition; and lastly, the Devotion of your People at the Expence of Ignorance, and the unpardonable Sacrilege of taking away their Bibles.

Crites. Nay, sometimes, Mr. *Bays*, Matters go worse with you; as for Example, when you persuade People, to the utter undoing of their Families, to leave all they have to a lazy Herd of Spiritual Gluttons, for the saving of their Souls; when you persuade young Virgins, in defiance of their Parents, to run into a Nunnery for the obtaining of Heaven; when you persuade Wives to leave their Husbands, Husbands to leave their Wives, Kings to oppress their Subjects, Subjects to depose their Kings for the Remission of their Sins; this is, unless I am mistaken, making one Sin compound and atone for another, like a decay'd Tradesman that borrows Money in one place, and contracts a fresh Debt, to pay off one of a longer standing.

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Eugen. So now, Mr. *Bays*, if you think fit, we'll ſhut our Hands of Celibacy, for I'm as weary of it as a Poet is of a diſcourſe of Religion, a young Lawyer of Navigation, a Citizen of Heraldry, or a Courtier of Trade; we have dwelt too long upon this point, and 'tis high time now to proceed to a new one.

Bays. Well, Sir, if you find it burns your Fingers, I am content to drop it; not but that it is ſtill tenable enough, and may be defended on to the end of the Chapter — I ſhall then in the next place, conſider the diviſions of your Church, which, to confeſs the truth, chiefly prevailed with me to quit your Communion.

Crites. This is very ſtrange, Mr. *Bays*, for I think that Man that leaves the Church of *England* upon her diviſions, and then goes over to the Romiſh Party, is guilty of the ſame piece of Wiſdom, as he that to avoid an Ague leaves the Hundreds in *Eſſex*, to go into the moſt unwholſome part of *Kent*.

Eugen. Or one that to avoid being Cuckolded, removes his Wife from *Cheapſide* into the *Pall-Mall*, or *Covent-Garden*. But prithee proceed, little *Bays*.

Bays. It were an infinite trouble to reckon up all the Sects and Subdiviſions into which the Proteſtant Religion is ſplit, a Man had better run the Gantlet through a Genealogy Chapter in the *Chronicles*, or (what is worſe) read over one of *Ch--ſw--lls* Weekly Papers, that is ſtuff'd with the Names of the *Scotch* Lords, than be bound to number them. And yet they all pretend to be in the right, Quote Scripture to ſupport their Cauſe, and Damn one another as heartily as ever Interloper did the *Eaſt-India* Company. Out of this paſſage, *Let every thing be done decently and in order*, the Eſtabliſhed Church has rais'd the whole Frame of her Hierarchy, her Ceremonies, and her Liturgy, as you know in the late

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late bleſſed Times the Fanaticks out of *Curſe ye Meroz*, rais'd ſeveral Regiments of Horſe and Foot for the Service of the good Old Cauſe. On the other hand, becauſe it is elſewhere written, that the Chriſtian Devotion is to be perform'd *in Spirit and Truth*, thoſe *Adamites* in Religion, your Diſſenting Brethren, have ſtript her ſtark naked, and diveſted her of all thoſe decent Ceremonies that ſhe uſed in the Pureſt and moſt Primitive Times.

Crites. Very ſmartly argued, by my Troth, Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. I wont mention ten thouſand other Particulars wherein you differ, for what I have already taken notice of, is ſufficient for my purpoſe. Now what Relief is there to be had in this Critical Affair, how ſhall the Differences be made up between you? Or how ſhall a Man be ſatisfied which Party is in the right, and which in the wrong? All of them have Texts of Scripture to allede for themſelves, as well as you of the Eſtabliſhed Church; and if you lead 'em a dance amongſt the Fathers, and appeal to their Deciſion of the matter, why they'll tell you, they mind what the Fathers ſay no more than the Bullies of the other end of the Town mind one of my Lord Mayors Proclamations for living ſoberly, and keeping the Sabbath: Alas thoſe Antiquated Gentlemen of the three firſt Centuries, knew little or nothing of the Power of the Goſpel; one honeſt *Presbyterian* Weaver wou'd make no more difficulty of bantering a full Dozen of 'em, if he met 'em in his way, than one of your *Inskilling* Men does of routing a whole Regiment of *Iriſh*: Poor blind Prelates, they had no more Intereſt in Chriſt, than the *Laplanders* have in the *Guinea* Company; and as for the hidden myſteries of Grace, they are as unfit to be conſulted, as a Phyſician in a caſe of Conſcience, or one of the

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Judges of the *King's-Bench* about the Longitude of the Sea.

Thus you see, Mr. *Crites*, to what a pretty condition you have brought your selves; you first of all began the trade of garbling Fathers and Councils, and reserving what made for your own Interest and Advantage; and your Brethren since have totally rejected 'em, or if they vouchsafe now and then to cite 'em in the Margin, (which let me tell you, is as extraordinary a condescension, as it is for a new-rais'd Courtier to look upon a poor Country Relation) 'tis to make out some such knotty businesses as these, that Temperance is the Mother of all Virtues, and Drunkenness one of the greatest Sins in the World. In such an intricate point as this, perhaps St. *Austin* may have the favour done him to be sent for, as I knew one of the Herd that quoted this quibble out of him, *Mane is Gods Adverb, and the Devils Verb*; and another that proved the Suns dancing upon *Easter* morning out of that remarkable passage in St. *Chrysostom*, *Semel in anno ridet Apollo.*

Not to be tedious upon this occasion, your divisions are chiefly owing to the want of an Infallible Guide, that should determine all controverted Cases, and to your leaving every Man to the liberty of interpreting Scripture by his own Fantastick Imagination, or by the light of that Farthing Candle within him, the private Spirit.

Crites. I must confess, Mr. *Bays*, you have now touch'd me in a very tender place, for there's no Man breathing that more passionately bewails the Divisions of our Church than my self: However, it has a very ill Grace methinks in the mouth of a *Romanist* to charge us with such an Unhappiness, since in the first place you have as many Divisions among your selves as we have, notwithstanding the Pre-

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Pretences you make to an Infallible Judge: and ſecondly, becauſe we are only to thank your Curſed Miſſionaries for introducing and fomenting 'em, as is Notorious to all the World.

You want to have your Memory refreſhed I ſuppoſe, with the noble Contention that engaged one of your Orders for half an Age at leaſt about the length of their Cowls, which was managed with as much Heat and Vigour, as if the Fate of the Chriſtian Religion had wholly depended upon it: With the everlaſting Quarrels between the *Franciſcans* and *Dominicans*, about the *Virgin Mary's* immaculate Conception, which none of your Unerring Guides have thought fit yet to determine, for fear of diſgruntling one of thoſe powerful Fraternities: with the late Diſagreements between the *Moliniſts* and *Janſeniſts*, when the *Roman* Oracle Pope *Alexander* VII. was pleaſed to tell 'em, *Pray Gentlemen go home in Peace, and let me perſuade you to let this matter fall, for I never ſtudied the point, and am no Divine*; and laſtly, with the modern riſe and growth of Quietiſm, that was Educated and Refined even in the Vatican Palace, under the Favour and Protection of Infallibility it ſelf; and tho' it was lately fulminated, ſtill makes a conſiderable Party all over *Italy*, I wont trouble my ſelf with the endleſs Wars of the Schoolmen, but eſpecially with the Skirmiſhes that happen'd between the Diſciples of *Scaramouchi Aquinas*, and *Harlequin Scotus*, two Learned Theologues that made uſe of a Heathen's help to cultivate Chriſtianity, and Ploughed the barren Fields of their Controverſies with an Ox and Aſs, that is with an *Apoſtle* and *Ariſtotle*.

Theſe inſtances may ſerve to convince you, Mr. *Bays*, and particularly the laſt of the Quietiſts, that for all the noiſe your Infallible Judge makes here among us, the *Tramontani* with his Spiritual

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Thunder, and pretended Vicarſhip, of what little uſe he is with his own Domeſticks, who converſe with him, and ſee him daily, ſince under his own Noſe ſo Peſtilent a Hereſie could ariſe as to Alarm the whole Papacy. I am ſure as many Diviſions diſturb'd the firſt Planted Churches, as do ours of the Reformation at preſent, when the World was furniſhed with at leaſt a dozen Infallibilities, and I don't queſtion but that the ſame Spirit of Diſcord wou'd ſtill continue to plague us, tho twelve hundred Infallibilities were Quarter'd all over the Globe, to keep their Maſter's Peace.

As for what you object to us in the next place, the Liberty which ſome fantaſtical People among us uſe, in interpreting the Scripture, we are not at all accountable for it, ſince if they pleas'd to take better Advice, and manage themſelves with more modeſty, they would ſeldom make uſe of the private Talent, but ſuffer themſelves to be determined by the Councils and Fathers of the three firſt unqueſtionable Ages, as the Eſtabliſh'd Church has done.

We have indeed rejected (what you call Garbling) many ſpurious Works, that paſſed a great while under the Protection of ſome great Names, and this I am ſure without any Injury, or Diſreſpect to the Authors themſelves; as you know, Mr. *Bays*, a Man may have a great Eſteem for your Friend *Virgil*, without believing him to be the Writer of the *Aetna*, and the *Priapeia*, and will preſerve a Reſpect for the Old Teſtament, tho he cannot perſuade himſelf that Bell and the Dragon has any relation to the Canon. Now tho I muſt freely grant you, that ſome ſeeming Inconveniencies may enſue upon the promiſcuous uſe of the Bible, eſpecially when it falls into diſhoneſt Hands, yet we don't think the abuſe capable of juſtifying that Sacrilegious Rapine of taking it away, any more than

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the Civil Government is obliged to lock up all Provisions, and Prohibit Wine, to secure People from falling into Fevers, and other Distempers.

Bays. Pray, Mr. *Crites*, before you proceed any farther in this matter, will you do me the favour to let me entertain you with part of a Discourse, which I lately heard at one of our Chappels, 'twill satisfie you, I believe, that all People ought not to be made free of the Scripture, and that the common reading of it has occasion'd all those Disturbances, which have ever since invaded the Peace of *Christendom*.

Crites. With all my Heart, Mr. *Bays*, begin when you will.

Bays. Pray then be attentive —— As long as the Bible continued in honest St. *Jerom's Latin*, it was capable of doing little or no Mischief (said this Learned Father) but afterwards when it was translated into the Vulgar Languages, it set all *Europe* together by the Ears, which I'll Illustrate to you (said he) by this following Simile.

Eugen. Prithee, dear *Bays*, then let us have this Simile, for I am the greatest lover of Similes, and a Bottle in the Universe.

Bays. A Flint, while it lies in the Fields obscure and unobserved, does no manner of Injury, but when it's once preferr'd to a Tinder-box, why then (beloved) it begins to show the depravity of its Nature; for alas! How great is the Frailty of all Mortal Creatures, and what thing is there upon the Face of the Earth, that does not sensibly find the Ill Effects of keeping bad Company? This Flint (my Brethren) after some little time, contracts an Acquaintance with a piece of Steel, and they two resolve (oh wicked Resolution) not to live in Darkness, but by the Assistance of the Land-

lord,

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lord, to inflame a certain Neighbour of theirs, *Tinder* by Name. Even ſo, Mr. *Crites* ——

Crites. Even ſo, Mr. *Bays*, the *French* when they could keep *Spire* and *Wormes* no longer, burnt them down to the ground; and even ſo your Church of *Rome*, when it found the Bible wou'd ſerve its Intereſt no longer, either burnt it, or (what is equally as bad) paſs'd an Act to condemn it to everlaſting Oblivion. And for this bleſſed piece of Policy, we are beholding to your Infallibility, who found he cou'd never maintain his unrighteous Acquiſitions, till he had removed this unneceſſary piece of Lumber out of the way, as in the days of *Yore*, the Ladies of *Scythia* put out the Eyes of their Gallants to keep them at home, and ſecure them from ſtraggling abroad.

Eugen. Now I chance to meet with him once more in my Diſh, I am reſolved, Mr. *Bays*, to tell you two or thee Stories of him, which may ſerve to ſhow you how well he deſerves the Glorious Title he aſſumes.

You are to underſtand, Mr. *Bays*, that the Council of *Trent* in the fourth Seſſion, left the reforming of the Vulgar Tranſlation (about which ſeveral Complaints were made) to the Pope's Care, and Decreed that the *Latin* Verſion being thus Amended, ſhould be received for Authentick in all Diſputes, Expoſitions and Sermons, ſo that it ſhould not be lawful for any Perſon afterward, upon any Pretence whatever, to reject it: Thus it pleaſed thoſe Learned Divines at *Trent*, to Chriſten this *Hans en Kelder*. Now *Sixtus Quintus* was the Man that firſt took this Work into his Pious conſideration, (for as it happen'd, his Predeceſſors either neglected, or forgot to put the above-mention'd Decree of the Council in Execution) and prefixed a Specious Bull before it, to acquaint the World, that having Reviſed it with all the exactneſs imaginable, and

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and Printed it at the *Vatican*, it was now to be received without Contradiction all the World over. But oh the Fates! Not long after, *Clement* VIII. found fault even with this Translation, though it was Ratify'd by his Predeceſſor's Apoſtolical Authority, and a good ſwinging Anathema into the bargain, expung'd whole Words and Sentences, reſtor'd ſeveral Lections very different from *Sixtus*'s Edition; nay, contradicting it in many places: and in fine, made more corrections, alterations, amendments, and all that, than you did, Mr. *Bays*, either in *Shakeſpear*'s Tempeſt, or *Milton*'s Paradiſe Loſt.

Now 'tis a plain caſe, honeſt Mr. *Bays*, that one of theſe two Infallibilities, either *Sixe-Cinque* (as Queen *Elizabeth* call'd him) or *Clement* VIII. chuſe whether you will, was moſt infallibly in the wrong. But becauſe the Pope's Talent generally lyes another way than in the Bible, and he may conſequently be allowed to blunder in a Book, that he is ſo ſlenderly acquainted with; I'll proceed to another Inſtance, which is not altogether ſo excuſable.

Pope *Gregory* XIII. (whoſe Memory we are to curſe for the many Seminaries he erected) took upon him the Authority of altering the Times, and making a new Kalendar. Heretofore, as *Suetonius* tells us, *Cæſar correxit Faſtos, pridem vitio Pontificum per intercalandi licentiam turbatos.* But now the Emperor is not to be conſulted in an Affair which ſo nearly concern'd his Civil Government, and the *Roman* Pontif, inſtead of embarraſſing the Almanack, as his Predeceſſors had done in *Julius Cæſar*'s time, was the only Man that lent his helping hand to reform it. The Pope's Politic Fetch in this Alteration, was only to embroil and intangle the Proteſtants, eſpecially thoſe that lived in *Germany*, and to ruine their Commerce and Correſpondence in all Civil Matters with the Catholick Party. *Baronius*

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very pleasantly justifies the Divine Authority of the *Gregorian* Kalendar, by a pretended Miracle of St. *Stephen*'s Blood at *Naples*, which ceased to bubble on the 30th of *August*, on which Day St. *Stephen*'s Body was first discovered, according to the Old Computation, and bubbled upon that which fell according the New Amendment. But it was ill done, with *Baronius*'s leave, to set the two Kalendars at variance, when both of 'em had been equally countenanced by the Miracle. Now as I was saying before, the Pope may be allowed to mistake in such an unsociable Book as the Bible is, as well as a new-made Justice is allowed to make a false Quotation, now and then, in his *Dalton*, and his Statute-Book: But for a Pope to make Errours in an Almanack, (as your Friend *Gadbury* will tell you Pope *Gregory* has done) a Book of which he makes so many Men free in an Year's time, and which he ought to understand, as well as a Sea-Man should understand his Compass, or my Lord Mayor *Stow*'s Survey of the City; for the Pope, I say, to do such a thing, is the Devil and all of a Fault, and ought not to be forgiven him.

Talking of Red Letters and Almanacks, has, I know not by what strange Concatenation of Thoughts, put me in mind of the Persons that inhabit the Almanack; and that naturally leads me to think of a late Pope, that composed a very scurvy Difference between two Inhabitants of that Papal Corporation.

Urban VIII. had appointed the 31th of *July*, for St. *Ignatius*'s Anniversary Festival, upon which those of the Society arriv'd to that pitch of Confidence (to give it no worse a Name) as to eject good St. *German* out of the Kalendar, where it seems he had enjoy'd that Day without any disturbance for several Hundreds of Years; and under-

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hand ſet up *Ignatius* in his room. This Treacherous Clandeſtine Trick, gave a great deal of Scandal to moſt of the well-meaning People of *France*, who had an extraordinary Reſpect for the Memory of Saint *German*; and tho' the Prince of *Conde*, who was of the Jeſuits party, pretended that *Ignatius* appeared to him in *Rome*, as he was that Day Celebrating his Feſtival, and was pleaſed to encourage his Devotions; yet they were not to be ſatisfy'd with any ſuch Sham-Stories, and the Reſentments, which the Affront that their Saint received had created in them, were not to be ſilenc'd with a fooliſh Recital of a pretended Viſion. At laſt they brought their Complaints before this infallible Judge, who thus decided the Controverſie: That the Feſtival of St. *German* and *Ignatius* ſhould be kept on the ſame Day; but if the two Saints were not willing to ſtand together, that *Ignatius* (and all the reaſon in World, ſince he was much the younger) ſhould ev'n wait for the Leap-Year; and the odd Day which happen'd to be intercalated, ſhould be laid aſide for him. —— Here's a knotty Point finely reſolved for you, Mr. *Bays*, a Proteſtant-Biſhop cou'd as well carry his own Cathedral on his Back, as hold the Scales even in ſuch an Affair, and make up the Difference between a Brace of Saints; but I find nothing is too difficult for your Unerring Guide to adjuſt, — And now let me entreat you, Mr. *Bays*, to go on to ſome new Point; for as I hope for a freſh Bottle of *Burgundy*, and a freſh Miſtreſs, I am already dog-weary of this.

Bays. You have hitherto taken the liberty, Gentlemen, to contradict me in whatever I have propoſed; but now I hope to attack you with undeniable Matter of Fact, and that is, the Novelty of your Religion; for,

——— *Whatſoe'er pretence*
Her Clergy Heralds make in her defence,

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A second Century's not half-way run,
Since the new Honours of her Blood begun.

Crites. If it is but about Two Hundred Years since the Incarnation, I confess we can't pretend to a longer standing in the World than you have assign'd us, Mr. *Bays.* But now I have been told all along, that we stand Two or Three Stories higher in Chronology, than you pretend.

Bays. Stand as high as you please, I'm sure you're not a Minute older than the *German* Reformer. Your Ancestors were every Man of them Believers of Transubstantiation, that is, in your charitable Construction, rank Idolaters. Now if this Allegation be true, pray what becomes of your boasted Succession; for how an Idolatrous Church should convey true Orders, (and elsewhere you don't pretend to have received them) is as much a Riddle to me, as how a Man shou'd translate the *Psalms* well, that Copies them at second hand from *Hopkins*'s Burlesque.

Eugen. Nay we are not at this time of the day to wonder at the conduct of your Catholick Church; to ruine our Succession, Mr. *Bays*, she takes the same Course that Widow *Black-Acre* did in the *Plain-Dealer*, that wou'd have sworn herself a Whore upon Record, only to disinherit her rebellious Son *Jerry*.

Crites. In fine, Mr. *Bays*, you're a meer *Indian* in History. What, did you never hear of the famous Contest between *Austin* and the *British* Bishops, about their Subjection to the See of *Rome*, and how fatally it concluded? Did you never hear of the *Wiclevites* at home, and of the *Waldenses* abroad, which last Herd of Heretics, as *Reinerus* the Inquisitor tells you, some people place as high as the times of St. *Sylvester*, and others as high as the very Apostles?

Bays. They may run 'em to *Noah*'s Flood with all my Heart, and I can assure you upon my Word, Mr.

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Mr. *Crites*, I'll never grudge you the Honour of citing ſuch worthy Inſtances to prove your *Antiquity*.

Crites. That's not the caſe, Mr. *Bays*, for I never mention'd 'em as tho' we were deſcended in a downright Line from them, as they ſay the Kings of *Scotland* are deſcended from *Fergus*, or as tho the Merits of the Reformation depended on 'em: But only to let you know, that in ſome part of the World or other, there never wanted a Generation of Men, even in the darkeſt and moſt barbarous Times, that oppoſed your Innovations, and had the Bravery to ſtem the Tide of the Papal Uſurpations. This might be made appear in every Century, ſince your Church parted with her Maiden-head to the Man of Sin; but becauſe it is not to be done without an endleſs quotation of Authors, which is a ſort of vanity that I am not naturally very fond of, I ſhall e'en refer you to the *Hiſtoria Papatus*, for your farther ſatisfaction.

Some of your Divines have been ſo civil to us, as to allow us the Three firſt Centuries, or at leaſt to acknowledge, that all thoſe controverted Points, wherein you and we differ, were not clearly eſtabliſhed in the earlieſt Times of Chriſtianity. The Church, it ſeems, had afterwards fuller Revelations of all theſe depending Matters; and ſome Chriſtian Doctrines, like *China*-Earth, were to be buried under ground for a conſiderable Time, before they were fit for a Diſcovery, and the Practice of Mankind.

Thus, Mr. *Bays*, in the Opinion of your beſt Authors, who to be ſure wou'd never paſs ſuch extraordinary Compliments upon it, if they cou'd otherwiſe help it, we have as much Antiquity on our ſide as we can deſire. 'Tis very true, that in ſucceeding Times, your Popes ſerved the Chriſtian Religion, as Dr. *Oates* ſerved the Popiſh-Plot, they found a large Foundation, upon which they raiſed ſeveral Super-

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Superſtructures of their own; now we only removed and pulled 'em down at the beginning of our Reformation; ſo that we conſtituted no New Church, (as ſome of your Dreaming Scriblers pretend) but only reſtored her to her Primitive Purity and Simplicity.

Bays. Ay, ay, you have reſtored her with a witneſs, and you are to thank the *Wittemberg*-Revolter, for ſetting you upon ſo Pious a Performance. As for my own part, by reading Mr. *Walker*'s Book of *Oxford*, I have entertained ſuch Prejudices againſt him, that all the World can never remove 'em: And I heartily thank that Learned Author for making the following Obſervation, That while the *Turk* was attacking Chriſtianity in the Front at *Vienna*, *Luther* was at the ſame time invading it in the Rear in *Saxony*.

Crites. I don't know, Mr. *Bays*, whether it is worth your while to take notice of ſuch impertinent Remarks; for at the ſame time you oblige us of the Reformation to look a little into Hiſtory, and ſee whether we cannot make the ſame Retruns upon you. I have read ſome where or other I am certain, that at the very ſame Juncture when *Boniface* ſet up for Univerſal Biſhop, that *Mahomet* was eſtabliſhing his *Alcoran* in *Arabia*; and to paſs by the like Occurrences in former Ages, the *Bruſſels*-Gazette acquainted the World, that Count *Hains* the Player, and my Lord *S-l-ſ-b-ry* were reconcil'd to the Church of *Rome* together; and every body in the City knows, that *Moll Meggs* and my Lord *S-nd-rl-nd* were admitted into the Popiſh Chapel at *White-Hall* on the ſame Day.

Bays. However, Mr. *Crites*, I can ſcarce be perſuaded that *Luther* and the other Bell-Weathers of the Reformation, were ever deſigned by Providence to reſtore the Church to (what you call) her Ancient Purity, and to retrieve her from a long habitual courſe of Superſtition and Idolatry, (for by that

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that cut-throat Name you ſlander the received uſages of the *Weſtern* Church) ſince they came not attended with the Power of Miracles, which is the uſual Badge of the Miſſionaries of Heaven; and for his part, *Luther* had nothing in him to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of the World, but a peculiar Talent of reviling Princes, aſperſing his Superiours, and treating all his Adverſaries with inſupportable Inſolence and Scurrility.

Crites. As for his Heats and Paſſions we have no more to ſay, Mr. *Bays*, but that your Infallible Guides have not been without 'em; witneſs he that blaſphem'd ſo heartily, for having only loſt a Peacock. Now I wonder that you ſhould fall ſo ſeverely upon *Luther* for the Freedom he took with King *Henry* the Eighth, (for I ſuppoſe you had your Eye upon him, when you tax'd the *German* juſt now with the Reviling of Princes) when there's ſcarce a Prieſt or Scribler of your Party throughout the Kingdom, that has not aſſaulted that or any other Prince's Memory with greater Boldneſs and Familiarity, who has had the hardineſs to mortifie the Churchmen: You need not be informed how that Haberdaſher of Gerunds and Supines, *Scioppius* the *Grammarian*, uſed King *James* the Firſt. But a little warm Raillery in a Proteſtant, I find, is an unpardonable Sin, while the Catholick Cauſe ſanctifies even the vileſt Ribaldry, and aſcribes it all to the ſcore of Zeal and Devotion.

Eugen. But why, Mr. *Bays*, ſhould you think the worſe of the Reformation for its want of Miracles? We don't pretend to have raiſed a new Church, and conſequently don't ſtand in need of 'em; and as for the Miracles of our Saviour and the Apoſtles, we have as good a Title to 'em as you can have. As for what relates to all thoſe ſtupid ill-contriv'd Prodigies and Deluſions, by which the Monks have

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ſupported their ſuperſtitious Practices, ever ſince the Days of *Gregory* the Great, (to whom *Trajan* was more beholding than to his Maſter *Plutarch*, for he pray'd him out of Hell) much good may they do you; and if I had a mind to curſe any one heartily, methinks I cou'd not do it more effectually than by wiſhing him the late *Quaker*'s Stomach to devour all manner Offal, and for the ſecond Courſe, a Faith, capacious enough to believe all the ſenſleſs Stories in *Jacobus de Voragine*, and *L' Eſcole d' Euchariſté*.

Crites, Under Favour, Mr. *Bays*, I wou'd not have you rely too much upon the Argument of Miracles; for to my certain knowledge, the beſt and the moſt gainful, nay, I was going to ſay, the only diſtinguiſhing Doctrine of your Church, ſcorns as much to be defended by a Miracle, as a Gentleman of the Town wou'd ſcorn to take a Poet or a Parſon for his Second in a Duel.

Eugen. The Doctrine my Friend is talking of, Mr. *Bays*, will never paſs the *Ordeal* of Miracle; for to prove Tranſubſtantiation, a Tenet that contradicts all our Senſes, by a Miracle, which is a formal Appeal to 'em, is as ſolemn a Piece of Nonſenſe as to go about to prove one of *Euclid*'s Propoſitions out of *Littleton*'s Tenures, or the Circulation of the Blood out of Dr. *Chamberlain*'s Apology for Man-midwifery.

Crites. In this caſe, Mr. *Bays*, a Miracle does the ſame miſchief as the *Saxons* did in the caſe of the poor *Britains*, it ruines the very Cauſe it was ſent for to ſupport. If you believe a Miracle is, as I told you, an Appeal to the Senſes, 'tis as impoſſible then to juſtifie Tranſubſtantiation by one, as, if you admit a Diſpenſing Power, to ſuppoſe there can be any ſuch thing in the World as an inviolable *Magna Charta* for Liberty of Conſcience.

Eugen.

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Eugen. But why, Mr. *Bays*, ſhould you expect that Condeſcenſion in the Almighty Poet (as you are pleas'd to call him) which you wou'd ſeverely condemn in an ordinary Tragedian? You know what *Horace* ſays to this Point, and perhaps he's as good a Caſuiſt in the matter as any of your *Trent-Divines*.

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Intercerit ——

Now moſt of your pretended Miracles are delivered down to us by a pack of ſuch dreaming unthinking Sots, were wrought in ſuch obſcure places, under the protection of ſuch a Barbarous Age, and what chiefly moves me, were performed for ſuch trivial inſignificant Ends, (except you think the enriching a few ſtrolling Spiritual Jugglers cauſe enough to put Heaven to the perpetual Expence of Miracles) that I had much rather believe there was never any ſuch thing as a Miracle ſince the Creation, than receive all for ſuch that your Prieſts have recounted; as I can ſooner perſuade my ſelf there was never ſuch a Perſon as King *Arthur*, than that he perform'd all thoſe mighty Exploits that the Hiſtory relates of him.

Crites. Now we are upon this Subject, Mr. *Bays*, there goes a Golden Saying of King *James* the Firſt, cited by my Lord of St. *Albans*. "*Kings* "*ought to govern by the received Laws of their Country,* "*as God by the ordinary Rules of Nature, and ought as* "*ſeldom to make uſe of their Prerogative, as God does of* "*his Power of Miracles.*

Bays. And what of all that, Mr. *Crites*?

Crites. Why, in my Opinion, 'tis the nobleſt Apothegm that ever any Prince in the World was guilty of, and I wiſh one of his Succeſſors had followed the Advice. I have not, without a great deal of Regret, obſerved in the late Reign, that the very ſame Perſons who make the Almighty ſo familiarly

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violate the Laws of Nature upon every frivolous account, were the Men that perſuaded his Vicegerent, the late unfortunate King, to diſpenſe with, that is, to break half the Laws of his Land, and all for the Noble End of gratifying a few ſtarving *Iriſhmen*, hungry Converts, impudent Prieſts, and needy Officers. Now, as the Prerogative muſt needs grow very cheap when it is proſtituted to every ſawcy Petitioner, ſo muſt the Power of Miracles certainly fall into contempt, when they are challenged upon every inconſiderable Pretence.

Eugen. To the ſhame of your Church be it ſpoken, the Heathen Poets were a great deal more civil to the Deity than the Writers of the Saints Lives among you have been: They never *Subpœna* him to appear on the Stage, or to hazard himſelf in a Machine; but when an intricate perplex'd Affair happens, which only a *Jupiter*, or an *Apollo* is capable of unravelling: But 'tis otherwiſe with the Monks; for they'll ſcarce let the Saint whom they recommend, Eat, or Drink, or Sleep, or go to Stool, without a Miracle to keep him company; he never makes the Sign of a Croſs, but the Devil is in as great a fear as an overgrown Bawd at the ſight of an unmerciful Juſtice; and when the Freak takes him to Preach alone in the Fields, as St. *Francis* and St. *Anthony* have done, the Birds and Beaſts make an Audience for him, and liſten to his Harangue with as much Complaiſance and Attention, as a Midwife to a Diſcourſe of Procreation, or a City Prentice to a Story of Knight Errantry.

Bays. And, is not this a down-right Calumny, Mr. *Eugenius*? Why, do you father any ſuch reproachful things on the Writers of our Communion? I dare engage to forfeit all my Acres in *Parnaſſus*, if a a Syllable of ſuch extravagant Stuff, as you have mention'd, is to be found in any of their Books.

Eugen.

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Eugen. Why, thou art as unacquainted, I perceive, with the Hiſtorians of your own Church, as a *Japoneſe* with the Affairs of *Europe*, or the *Lyncei* at *Rome* with the *Beaux* of *Covent-Garden*. Therefore, prithee do but read ſome half a ſcore Pages in any of the Volumes of *Bollandus*, (for your Houſe, Mr. *Bays*, is no more able to contain the whole Book, than it is to lodge a whole Troop of Horſe) and you'll find to your ſatisfaction, how finely you have fool'd your ſelf out of your Plantation in *Parnaſſus*. He, and Father *Creſſy*, and the reſt of your Miracle-mongers, have ſerved thoſe excellent Perſons, whoſe Lives they pretended to write, juſt as ſome late Tranſlators have ſerved our Friend *Horace*; that inſtead of making him more ('tis your own Obſervation, Mr. *Bays*) have made him leſs. So that I fancy what Mr. *Cowley* has adviſed in his *Ode* about *Wit*,

Jewels at Noſe and Ears but ill appear,
Rather than all be Wit, let none be there.

ought to be carefully obſerv'd in the preſent caſe; rather than every thing, that any of your Saints does, be Miracle, let not ſo much as one ſingle Miracle be ſeen about him.

Bays. But, what ſay you, Gentlemen, to the Life of St. *Xavier*, which I Tranſlated the laſt Year out of *Pere Bouhours*? I am apt to flatter my ſelf, it met with no unkind Reception in the World, for as yet I have not ſeen any publick Exception made againſt it.

Crites. As for my ſelf, Mr. *Bays*, I ſeldom trouble my Head now with reading any ſuch kind of Hiſtories; for a Man that has read but one or two Lives of your Saints, may almoſt ſwear he has read all the reſt, ſo uniform a Spirit of Lying, and ſo ſmall a Variety is there in all of 'em; juſt as, under the Reign of *Whig* and *Tory*, we uſed to ſay, if you had

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turned over one *Observator*, you had virtually and in effect read all the following.

Eugen. Nay, Mr. *Bays*, 'tis a ſad Truth, that there's as undiſcernable a Difference in the Lives of your Saints, as in the Hiſtory of the Seven Champions, where killing of Monſters, relieving of Ladies, and breaking of Enchantments, belongs in common to all: To oblige you then with the Scheme of ſuch a Life from the Saints Cradle down to his Canonization, 'tis in ſhort thus: He forbears to Suck by a ſtrange kind of inſtinction, *Wedneſdays* and *Fridays*; but I ſhould have told you before, that his Mother muſt of neceſſity have ſome odd Dreams about him before ſhe's Delivered; and afterwards, when other Children are making Dirt-pies, and ſnipping Paper, you may be ſure to find him in the Parlour, ſcoring Croſſes on the Wall, with a little Table in the corner placed Altar-wiſe, and two or three Farthing Candles upon it. Then at the Univerſity he takes his Learning as faſt as Hops, and runs over the vaſt Fields of School-Divinity in a leſs compaſs of time, than the *French* Army over-ran *Alſace* and the *Palatinate*.

Bays. A very fine Piece of Drollery this, Mr. *Eugenius*.

Eugen. When he writes Man, Viſions and Revelations become as familiar to him as Duns to a young Student at the *Temple*; he's very frequently diſturb'd at his Devotions by the Devil, and never fails upon occaſion to be even with him, to whom at laſt he appears as terrible, as a begging Foreigner that talks only *Latin* to a Country School-Maſter. He paſſes through ne'er a Village, but he cures more Diſeaſes in a Day than the *College* does in a Twelve-Month, and ſo ruins half the Apothecaries for five Miles round him: However, to make amends, he takes care always to go as ragged as a broken

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broken Chymiſt, or a Petitioner againſt the Woollen Act, and therefore was never guilty of that damnable Sin of breaking a Taylor or Mercer. He never paid a Farthing for Horſe-hire in his Life-time, but takes a ſtrange delight in walking up to the Knees in Dirt; and no Meat pleaſes him ſo well as that which comes in an Alms-Basket: Upon occaſion he turns his own Chirurgeon, and lets himſelf Blood with his Diſcipline, which he carries as certainly about him, as a puny Pretender to Wit does his Common-Place Book.

Bays. Why, ſurely the Devil's in thee, Mr. *Eugenius*, wilt thou never have done?

Eugen. His other Diverſions and Amuſements, are to Viſit ſuch a Shrine, or ſuch an Image, (for he can no more pray without ſuch Helps, than an Old Fumbler can perform without an *Aretine*, or ſo, to improve his Fancy) where he finds very ſtrange Emotions in himſelf, and then 'tis ten to one but he falls into a Fit of Preaching, and reclaims a thouſand People from their vitious Courſes in a moment. Above all, he has a fine knack of feeling Mens Pulſes in the Confeſſional, to whom he preſcribes a tedious Pilgrimage, or a large Alms for the Health of their Souls; he is an exact Payer of Obedience to his Superiours, and requires it as ſeverely from his own Diſciples, tho' he employ'd them only to water a dead Tree, or to count how often the Sails of a Wind-mill turn in a days time. At laſt, Death takes hold of him by way of Revenge, for reſcuing ſo many People out of his clutches before, and then he acts the Counter-part to *Sampſon*'s Story, and cures more Diſeaſed Perſons after his Deceaſe than he did in his Life-time. His Beads, his Crucifix, nay, his very Tooth-picker, begin to trade for themſelves, and work Miracles, and happy's the Man that has got a piece of his Sandal but as big

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as a Half-Crown, for 'tis an Infallible Cure for the Stone and Gout. He has more People come in a year to Visit his Shrine, than come to see the Tombs at *Westminster*, or the Lyons in the *Tower*, and more Crutches of all Sizes hang about his Tomb, than all the Bathes in *Christendom* can boast of. In fine, to compleat his Happiness, his trusty Master of *Rome*, for all his faithful Services, translates his Soul to Heaven, his Picture or Image, to some stately Chapel built in Memory of him; and lastly, prefers his Name to the *Almanack*.

Bays. Well, Sir, have you made an end of your rambling Speech at last? I warrant you, I shall have a care of you for the future, and not give you the like occasion for trespassing upon my Patience. But prithee tell me, dear Mr. *Crites* (for we have hitherto talked nothing to the purpose) what is your Opinion of the Life of St. *Xavier*?

Crites. Why truly, Mr. *Bays*, I must needs own that 'tis writ with more Caution than generally such kind of Lives are, and as for the Language and the Ornaments of the Stile, I have nothing to except to them; for, without any more Ceremony, they are extreamly fine, both in the Original and in the Translation.

Bays. Nay, now you Rejoyce the Cockles of my Heart, honest Mr. *Crites*; oh I love dearly to have my Pieces Commended, and all that, by a Person of Understanding: I'gad I do, Mr. *Crites*, 'tis the greatest Refreshment in the World. Prithee, dear Rogue, let me hugg thee to pieces. Come, I'll give thee a Dish of Tea for this ——

Crites. But notwithstanding, Mr. *Bays* ——

Bays. How, Mr. *Crites*, do you attack me in the rear with a *But*, and a *Notwithstanding* too? No Mortal breathing can bear it. What you are going to kick down the Milk you have given?

Crites.

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Crites. 'Tis but your own way, Mr. *Bays*, as you may remember in your Verſes upon Mr. *Oldham*, where you tell the World that he was a very fine Ingenious Gentleman, but ſtill did not underſtand the Cadence of the *Engliſh* Tongue.

Bays. Very true Sir, but what have you to ſay to the *Notwithſtanding?*

Crites. Well then, Mr. *Bays*, to make Friends with you, I'll leave out the *Notwithſtanding*. But as I was ſaying before, I don't well apprehend the Policy either of Writing, or Tranſlating ſuch a Book. The Deſign of the Hiſtory runs upon this Key, *Here was a Saint that Converted whole Kingdoms to the* Chriſtian *Religion, he raiſed People from the Dead, he Cured all manner of Diſeaſes; in ſhort, his whole Life was nothing but a continued Series of Wonders and Miracles, therefore the Doctrines he taught were Infallibly true, and the* Roman *Church, of which he was ſo Zealous a Member, teaches nothing diſagreeable to the Will of Heaven.* This is the Sum and Subſtance of the Book, is it not, Mr. *Bays?*

Bays. No body makes a Queſtion on't, as I know of.

Crites. Very good. Now (ſay I) what Advantage cou'd the Author propoſe to himſelf by Writing ſuch a Book. He knew very well, that we Hereticks did not believe a Syllable of the Miracles wrought here by the Fathers of the Society in *Europe*, and did he then imagine we could ever be brought to believe all their pretended Miracles in the *Eaſt-Indies*. This is ſuch a piece of Stuff, as if a Man that ask'd me to lend him half a Crown, and I thought fit to deny him that ſmall Sum, ſhould therefore deſire me to lend him a Guinea.

——— *Negavi*
Mille tibi nummos, millia quinque dabo?

No, Mr. *Bays*, our Underſtandings are not altogether

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ther so *Irish*, as to be thus impos'd upon. The late *Leige*-Letters, and the fine Account they sent to *Rome* of the Progresses they made in Converting the three Kingdoms, have sufficiently instructed us, what a share of Faith is to be given to the Disciples of *Ignatius*. If a Protestant had been worth the saving, methinks they might have allow'd us one Miracle at least here at home. It had been as necessary I am sure as in *China* or *Japan*.

Eugen. So now, Mr. *Bays*, what Complements have you in store for this honest Friend of yours? Oh 'tis a fine thing to have one's Performances Commended by a Person of Judgment; it Comforts and Relieves the poor Heart infinitely beyond *Daffy's Elixir*, or the *Ros Florentinus*.

Bays. Nay I'gad, I think the Devil himself can't tell me, to which of you two I am the most indebted.

Crites. Besides, Mr. *Bays*, there are ten thousand Passages in that History, even too gross for a *Laplander's* Apprehension. Cou'd not the honest Father drop his Crucifix in the Sea, but a Crab must be presently employ'd to bring it ashore? Cou'd not he go a Ship-board as well as other People upon their Lawful Occasions, without entailing a Miracle upon it, and preserving it afterwards from the Injuries of Wind and Weather? Cou'd not he die after the usual rate of Mankind; but an Old Image at his Father's Castle must, out of pure pity, drip at the very same Moment? Cou'd not a poor Taper or so burn before his Image, but the very droppings of it must immediately Cure all manner of Infirmities? Cou'd not he be content to instruct the Infidels after the plain manner of the Old *Apostles*, without teaching them the *Confiteor* and the *Ave-Mary*, and leaving them that foolish Catechism, which you may find Copied in *Ludovicus Dieu*?

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Dieu ? Cou'd he with any ſafe Conſcience reprove the *Bonza*'s for cheating the poor People of their Money, and pretending to return it them with Uſury in the next World, and then inſtruct them in the Doctrines of his Mother Church about private Maſſes and Purgatory, which practiſes the veſelf ſame Impoſture ?

Bays. Well, Sir, after this rate you may Ridicule every thing in the World, if you pleaſe.

Crites. I profeſs, Mr. *Bays*, I don't ſee any Reaſon why the Saint ſhould fall ſo ſeverely upon thoſe *Indian* Recluſes, the *Bonza*'s, as the Hiſtory informs us he did, ſince they led no other Lives, than the *Monks* generally do here in *Chriſtendom*; they pretended to a great deal of Auſterity when they walked abroad, and in their private Cells gave themſelves over to all the Licentiouſneſs imaginable, Hypocriſie was their peculiar Talent, and they were expert Maſters at the Trade; one Principle they held, which is, I am ſure, Orthodox enough, and very agreeable to the Sentiments of your Church, *viz.* that Poverty is a damnable Sin, and no one can be Saved who has not the Grace to be Rich. Methinks for the ſake of this ſingle Doctrine, the Pious Father might have been inclin'd to paſs by their other Infirmities, and look upon 'em not as meer Infidels, and Aliens, but as Half-Converts, and Fellow-Labourers in the Vine-yard.

Eugen. My Friend has already told you, Mr. *Bays*, to what little Purpoſe the Author writ the Hiſtory of St. *Xavier*: Prithee then tell me what Advantages you cou'd propoſe to your ſelf in the Tranſlating it ? Was it to get a pretty round Sum of Money, or ſo, from your Friend *T-nſ-n* ? Come, I'faith little Rogue thou muſt tell me the Reaſon.

Bays. Muſt, Mr. *Eugenius* ? What do you give the *Muſt* to a Man of my Character and Gravity ?

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Were Reasons as cheap as Black-berries, I'de not give you one I'gad upon Compulsion. What *Must* give you a Reason, dear Mr. *Eugenius*?

Eugen. Why, if that won't do, Mr. *Bays*, I Intreat and Conjure thee, as thou hopest for no Famine in this World, and no Gnashing of Teeth in the next, nay, as thou hopest for Preferment for the Virtuous Sons of thy Body, and a good Third Day for the last Issue of thy Brain, *Don Sebastian*, to acquaint me with the Reason why thou didst undertake the aforesaid Translation.

Bays. Nay, now you accost me with Civil Language and all that, I can deny you nothing: You must know then that 'twas purely done for the sake of the Late Queen, when She gave the People Hopes of obliging 'em with a Prince of *Wales*. St. *Xavier* was the Card She depended upon; and let me tell you, he's a Person that never fails to oblige his Votaries.

Eugen. The Reason is, because he has liv'd but a short while in the *Calendar*, but when he has passed an Age or two there, 'tis ten to one but he'll grow so sleepy and unmindful of his Clients, as the rest of his Brother Saints have done. We see the same things practised by our Lawyers; when they first set up for themselves, nothing can be more diligent in attending all manner of Causes than they are; but when they have once acquired a Reputation and an Estate, you may dance Attendance a long while at their Chambers, before you can get 'em to mind your Business.

Crites. I find, Mr. *Bays*, you of the Church of *Rome* are as passionately affected for a new Saint, as the Gentlemen at this end of the Town are for a new Play, a new Tavern, and a new Mistress; you know how the late Famous Cardinal of *Milain*, St. *Carlo* has overtopt the Name of venerable St. *Ambrose*.

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broſe. But prithee tell me how St. *Xavier* came to be pitch'd upon in this weighty Affair, one that had Herded ſo long amongſt the *Indians*, and beſides was not half ſo well acquainted with the condition of *Europe*, as his Contemporaries St. *Ignatius*, and St. *Francis de Sales* were?

Bays. For a very good Reaſon Sir. The late Queen-mother of *France* you muſt underſtand for a long time had no Children, and tho ſhe uſed the moſt effectual Means in the World to remove her barrenneſs, as the ——

Eugen. As the help of Cardinal *Mazarine* ——

Bays. Prithee, Mr. *Eugenius*, don't diſturb me thus; as the Prayers of the Church, and the Advice of her Phyſicians, yet all would not do: At laſt ſhe was happily perſuaded to recommend her ſelf to the Protection of St. *Xavier*, nor was the Counſel long without anſwerable Succeſs, for to his Powerful Interceſſion ſhe owed the preſent King of *France*, *Lovis le Grand.*

Eugen. Nay if any thing on this ſide Hell had a hand in praying for ſo choice a Bleſſing, I dare ſwear it was one of the *Society*; and ſo, Mr. *Bays*, becauſe St. *Xavier* met with ſuch Succeſs in *France*, it was believed he'd meet with the like in *England*, and procure us an Heir Apparent to the Crown. We have already ſeen the bleſſed Effects of his Mediation, and I am afraid the poor Saint will find it a harder buſineſs far to pray his Prince of *Wales* into a Throne, than he found it to pray him into the World. —— I am in good hopes, Mr. *Bays*, you have not many more Objections now in ſtore to make againſt the Church of *England*, for methinks we have been diſcourſing along while about her, therefore pray diſpatch.

Bays. For your Comfort, Gentlemen, I have only one Objection more to make, and then I have done: You

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You may think it somewhat strange perhaps, for a Person of my Profession to quarrel with your Church for her Want of Discipline, and Observation of Fasting-Days; and lastly, because I am willing to sum up all my Forces at parting, for her Want of Ceremonies, and that Grandeur, which is requisite to support every Religion in the World: But yet I have done it,—i-gad I have, Gentlemen,—

Crites. I must confess, Mr. *Bays*, it looks as odd for a Poet to be angry with any Religion, because it is not guilty of Rigour, and Severity, as for a Bawd to quarrel with the Government of the City, because it does not Hang, Draw, and Quarter all People that have committed Fornication: Such an Objection from a Poet is altogether as unnatural, as it wou'd be for an Atheist to find fault with the Translation of *Lucretius*; or for a Parson, that carries Three Steeples in his Pocket, to condemn the Church for allowing of Pluralities.

Bays. Well, you may pursue your Drollery as far as you please, but in my Opinion your Church is guilty of a certain Sin, with a damnable hard Name to it, and the Learned Dr. *Walker* calls it an *Autocatacrisis*; that is, you need no Adversary to arraign you in the present Case, for you condemn your selves. In your *Ashwednesday*-Service, you wish the Primitive Discipline were restored again; you wish, I say, it were restored, but it never proceeded any farther; for you never attempted any thing in order to establish it since the Reformation.

Crites. We may e'en thank your Infallible Guide for that, and no one besides; he for a long time had taken the Power upon him to lay aside the old Penitentiary Canons; and instead of those severe Mortifications, which the Primitive Church inflicted upon Offenders, either imposed Pecuniary Mulcts; or enjoin'd the People, for attaining an Abso-

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Absolution, to go and be knock'd in the Head in the Holy-Land; or else to be damn'd in his Service, in fighting against Hereticks at home. However, Money was still the powerful Business, and whatever the Offence was, Money still aton'd for it. Now after so long a disuse of the Ancient Discipline, the Reformers found it as impracticable a thing to introduce it on the sudden, as it would be for the present Government to revive all the old Penal Statutes, that have lain dormant ever since *Henry* the Seventh.

Bays. This is a very good Jest, i-gad, Mr. *Crites*, we have ruined (you say) Penance, and utterly confounded it; as if it were not still received for a Sacrament amongst us, and kept up to the highest Rigour and Austerity. Well, I perceive you are not so well acquainted with the Constitutions of our Church as you should be: Alas! you know nothing of the Pilgrimages we enjoin, or of the Religious Exercises we prescribe in such cases.

Crites. Yes I do, Mr. *Bays*; but still I tell you, Money will make up all Matters, and repair the greatest Breaches you can mention: As for your other Punishments, they are so very foolish and ridiculous, that they are almost beneath any Man's Consideration to expose 'em.

Eugen. A Whore has committed Fornication, and acquaints her Father-Confessor with it. Go (says he) to *Loretto*, or St. *Winifred*'s Well, and there be sure you repeat so many Prayers a Day, and leave some small Token behind you at the Altar; and then, according to the Civility of your Religion, he gives her Absolution; for 'tis the Complaisance of your Church, to grant a full Release, before the Debt be discharged. Away she goes, and if bare-foot, so much the better; but 'tis an even lay, that before she reaches her Journeys-end, she is guilty of that Sin

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Sin a hundred times over, for which the Pilgrimage was enjoin'd her.

Crites. A Trades-Man, for ſome honeſt Cheats that he uſes in his Vocation, is enjoin'd after the like manner to beat the Hoof to the next Saint's Shrine, and there pay his Devotions. Now what kind of Commerce the Prieſt keeps with the ſolitary Lady, all the while that her poor Husband is upon his *April*-Errand, is not difficult to imagine. For when ſuch an Intrigue is deſign'd, the Spiritual Guide takes the ſame Care to remove that Evil Counſellor, the Cuckold, as the Popes did, to ſend the *Weſtern* Princes out of the way by a *Cruſade*, when they were laying the Foundations of their Temporal Greatneſs. In ſhort, thoſe idle unaccountable Performances that your Church requires, you muſt call Penance, by the ſame Figure only, as you call eating the beſt Fiſh, and drinking the beſt Wine, a Religious Faſting.

Bays. Now you remind me of Faſting, which is a Duty that you of the Reformation ſo ſeldom practiſe, pray tell me how you can excuſe your ſelves for ſo unpardonable a Failure, or what you have to Object to us in that Particular?

Eugen. I ſhall make uſe of no other Anſwer, Mr. *Bays*, than what you have already furniſhed us with in one of your Plays. 'Tis the Return of an Honeſt *Indian* in the Conqueſt of *Mexico*, upon an Impertinent *Spaniard*, that was diſcourſing the very ſame things upon this Occaſion, as you have done.

Cheaply you ſin, and puniſh each Offence,
Not with the Soul's, but Body's Abſtinence;
Firſt injure Heaven, and when its Wrath is due,
Your ſelves preſcribe it how to puniſh you.

There are abundance of very ſmart Reflections in the ſame Scene, upon the Pope's Supremacy, and the Sawci-

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Sawcineſs of your Prieſts; for, to ſay the truth, you ſpare 'em no more, when-ever you meet 'em conveniently, than the *French* Privateers do the *Engliſh* Merchant-Men; but this being written before you receiv'd your laſt Illumination, I urge it no more upon you. However, Mr. *Bays*, to deal plainly with you, there's no ſuch thing as Faſting in your Church, eſpecially amongſt People of any Quality; unleſs you'll ridicule the Regaling one's ſelf with the moſt provoking Meats, and the moſt generous Wines, by that Name. The Poor indeed faſt in the Literal Senſe, becauſe they can't help it; otherwiſe they might make a ſhift to relieve Nature well enough; and with ſuch kind of Devout Faſters, every Church in the World is ſufficiently ſtock'd, and ours amongſt the reſt; for you may find large Herds of 'em every day in the *Temple*-Walks, the *Iriſh* Coffee-Houſe, or the *Piazza*'s in *Covent-Garden*.

Eugen. The truth on't is, Mr. *Bays*, you had done much better to have let this Buſineſs of Faſting, and all that alone; becauſe, amongſt Friends be it ſpoken, to charge us with that, which you your ſelves practiſe with ſuch dexterity of Management, looks as odd, as it wou'd be for a protected Parliament-Man's Man to rail at the Privileges of *Alſatia*; or for one of *William Penn*'s Herd to rail at the Five Biſhops, for not Swearing to the preſent Government; or laſtly, for one of the Heralds at Arms to quarrel with Chaplains and Poets, for flattering of Families. —— The other Plea about Ceremonies, is a thouſand times more juſtifiable; and to ſay the truth, is the only proper Objection that a Dramatic Poet can make to the Reformed Religion.

Bays. Well, I am glad however, that once in my Life-time, I had the grace to light upon ſomething which is proper (as you call it) and ſuitable to the

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Occaſion. I-gad I utterly deſpair'd of meeting you in ſo good a Humour; for hitherto you have us'd me like an Infidel; and denied every thing that I propos'd, —— And now, Gentlemen, let me ſee how you'll excuſe the *Diſhabillé* of your Church, as to the Point of Ceremonies. You cannot but be ſenſible, how Solemn and Auguſt the Church of *Rome* is in her Devotion; but I am ſure you can pretend to no ſuch matter.

Crites. Very right, Mr. *Bays*, we cannot, while the People of your Communion have nothing but Show and Ceremony in their Publick Worſhip, as in the Lives of their Saints they have nothing but ſheer Miracle to entertain 'em. We have as much Ceremony, I'm ſure, as Decency requires, as much as is ſufficient to hide the Nakedneſs of Religion; and to uſe any more, we think it as great a Soleciſm, as it had been for *Adam*, when he only deſign'd to cover his Nakedneſs, to have cloath'd himſelf all over with Leaves, like the Green-Man in the *Deſtillers* Coat of Arms.

Eugen. 'Tis otherwiſe with you, Mr. *Bays*, for you have laid ſo much *Italian* Paint upon the Matron, that 'tis ſcarce diſcernable of what Complexion ſhe is, whether *Chriſtian* or *Pagan*. We yield to you, I confeſs, in the Gaiety and Chargeable Dreſs of Devotion; and the reaſon of it is very plain; for it has ever been the Talent of the wicked World, to cultivate Superſtition with more Expence and Coſt, than the Truth itſelf; as you know moſt of the *Limberhams* of this end of the Town keep their Miſſes a great deal finer than their Wives.

The Religious of the Three Firſt Ages, tho' it muſt be acknowledged, that, out of a Principle of Decency, they admitted as much Ceremony as was conſiſtent with the Nature of Chriſtianity, yet they never carried the matter to ſuch Extremities, as after-

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afterwards they were; they placed no Sanctity in the Observation of them, and the Ceremonies they retain'd wanted no Theological Dictionaries, or *Rationale's* to explain them; they were obvious to the meaneſt apprehenſion, and entertain'd upon ſolid ſubſtantial Grounds; ſuch as the Promotion of Piety, and the like; and not for amuſing the Ignorance of the People, or for advancing the Intereſts of an ambitious Prieſthood. 'Tis indeed very true, that every Nation of the World tinctur'd the Chriſtian Religion, when it came into their hands, more or leſs, with the cuſtoms of their own Country. This is viſible from the Conduct of the *Grecians*, who being ſome of the earlieſt Receivers of Chriſtianity, modell'd it in a ſhort time according to their own Fancies and Inclinations; they were a free generous drinking People, and accuſtom'd all along to make much of themſelves in their Sacrifices, and Libations; and ſo when they made Profeſſion of a new Religion, which one would have thought might have reſtrain'd them from ſuch Extravagancies, yet they were reſolved to introduce good Eating, and good Drinking into their Churches; and ſo they did, till at laſt their Entertainments grew ſo very ſcandalous, and irregular, that they were obliged to lay them aſide. On the other hand, the *Italians*, who had the Advantage of recommending their own Scheme of Religion, to this part of the *Weſtern* World, by having the Imperial Seat in their own Country, were naturally inclined to Muſick and Painting, and all that Pageantry that ſerves to entertain the Senſes. This ſort of Divertiſement failed not, after ſome time, to creep into the Church; and, as we read the Old *Romans* uſed, upon ſome extraordinary occaſions, to make whole Cities, nay Provinces and Countries, free of their City; ſo their Succeſſors afterwards, out of the principle of Latitude and

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Generosity, made either all, or most of the Old *Pagan* Ceremonies, free of the Christian Religion. The *Spaniards*, in their *Mosarabic* Service, which still continues in some Churches in *Spain*, made use of Horses, and Morris-Dancing; which, as a certain Bishop pleaded for them at the Council of *Trent*, were very significant Ceremonies; and so without question they were; for Horses might be excused out of that Verse in the *Psalms*, where it is said, *He rides upon the Heavens as it were a Horse:* And as for Dancing, besides that it is sufficiently countenanced from the *Levite's* Dancing before the Ark, may very symbolically denote, that our Souls ought to observe the same Agility in the Performance of Spiritual Duties, as our Bodies do in that nimble Exercise. If the *Danes* had had the opportunity of prescribing a Mode of Worship to the World, I make no question but Kettle-Drums had been by this time *Jure Divino*, and used in Churches; as well as the Ladies in *America* keep up the drinking of Chocolate in their Churches; a custom which their *Priests* indulg'd them in long before their Conversion, and which, as Mr. *Gage* informs us, they still continue.

One that reads in *Livy* all the foolish Superstition that was practis'd in Old *Rome*, and sees the same, if not a great deal grosser practis'd in the New, would certainly conclude, that the Popes had transcrib'd all their *Ceremonial* out of him; so that it had been very well for you, Mr. *Bays*, if *Gregory* the Great could have totally destroy'd that Author's Works, as he endeavour'd; for then, perhaps, you had either not practis'd that idle Pageantry which now you do; or else you might have passed for the Inventors, whereas we now very well know, whence you had the Originals. In *Athenæus's* time, the Receipt of making Holy Water, was by taking a Fire-Brand from the Altar, and dipping it into

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into the Water; you retain in your Church much such a sort of Water, but only differ in the making it; you pour in some Salt, and then Exorcize the Devil out of both the Creatures, before he was ever in them; and afterwards ascribe the Lord knows what Efficacy to this Rare Composition; but for all that, I believe *Athenæus*'s Holy Water, if a Man would try it, is as good as yours, to all Intents and Purposes; and confers as much Grace, to such as discreetly use it. *Durandus*, and the *Doway*-Catechism, give several Pious Reasons for the Sacerdotal Tonsure. Now *Herodotus* tells us, the very same Custom was used by the *Egyptian* Priests; but they, as we are informed by him, did it not upon the Score of Religion, but only to keep themselves from being Lousy; and no question on't, Shaving in that Hot Climate, where you see the Fashion first began, was very commendable, and as I take it, requisite for the Laity as well as the Clergy; and this Reason I look upon to be ten times more satisfactory and solid, than what your Divines give for the Tonsure; for it's the easiest thing in the World, to turn that into a Religious Observation, which was at first only a Civil Custom, and then to give abundance of fine plausible Reasons for the doing of it. A Man might easily trace the rest of your Superstitious Practices, and tell you whence you had them, but that, Mr. *Bays*, would require too much time, and therefore I shall on purpose pass them by. *In Euterpe.*

That which vexes me most, is to see that the People of your *Communion* are not content to do these foolish ridiculous things, but they must offer such Reasons for them, as if they were of Divine Institution. *Let him kiss me with the Kiss of his Mouth*; therefore the Priest must kiss the Altar. *Thou shalt see my Back-parts*, therefore the Priest must turn his Back

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to the People. *Waſh me again*, therefore the Prieſt muſt waſh his Hands twice. *Put off thy Shoes, for this Place is holy.* Therefore, the Biſhop at Maſs muſt change his Shoes and Stockings. *Chriſt is the Rock*, and therefore the Altar muſt be of Stone; and therefore (ſay I) if ſuch Reaſons as theſe will hold Water, two Prieſts may play a Game at Cards upon the Altar, and do no harm at all, but edifie the Congregation; for the Ace may put them in mind of the Unity, and the Tray of the Trinity, and the Knave of *Judas*; and ſo on, till they have run through the whole Hiſtory of the Chriſtian Religion. And thus likewiſe, they may play at Sword and Buckler, to ſignifie the perpetual ſcuffle between the Fleſh and the Spirit, and what a fine Buckler Faith is; and thus inſtead of Incenſe, they may ſmoak a Pipe of Tobacco (which by the by, is leſs chargeable than Incenſe, and will ſerve much better to fright the Devil out of Church) to denote that ſinful Man is Duſt and Aſhes, and to repreſent the Conflagration to them. Thus they may play at Blind-Man's Buff, to ſhow how blind the Sons of *Adam* are in their Natural State; and thus they may do ten thouſand ſuch Freaks as theſe, and yet not want very good Reaſons to ſupport the Practice of them, becauſe there is nothing in the World too fulſom and groſs for Superſtition to ſwallow, and for Ignorance and Intereſt to juſtifie.

And now, Mr. *Bays*, we have run over all the Objections you made againſt the Church of *England*, and endeavoured to anſwer them. Now, if you pleaſe to perform the Second Part of your Promiſe, and give us your Reaſons why you ſettled in the Romiſh Communion, you'll extreamly oblige us —— But firſt, Boy, fill us a Diſh of Tea apiece ——

Bays.

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Bays. Well, Gentlemen, I ſhall give you my Reaſons, tho' I muſt tell you beforehand, I expect no other Anſwers to them but Banter and Drollery, from Perſons of your Complexion. But as I have already been a Confeſſor for my Religion, ſo (if my Deſtinies require it) I am ready to be a Martyr for it, as my Brother Poet *Prudentius* was before me.

Crites. Oh, I underſtand your meaning, you have loſt your Laureat's and Hiſtoriographer's place; whether you abdicated or forfeited it, is not now the Queſtion —— Here, Boy, give Mr. *Bays* a Diſh of Tea —— and now, dear Confeſſor, prithee begin.

Bays. To make ſhort work of it then, being well ſatisfy'd of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion; but ——

Crites. And was't thou ſo, little *Bays*? But, how can a Man believe thee? Come, if the Truth were known, I am ſure thou haſt the *Alcoran* in the Belly of thee; nay, don't deſpair, dear Confeſſor, *Louis le Grand*, will ſet the great *Turk* upon his Legs again, one of theſe Days.

Bays. Nay, Sir, if you are at that ſport I have done.

Eugen. Why, prithee Mr. *Bays*, I took thee for a Man of more Philoſophy, and all that, than to be thus diſturb'd for ſo ſmall a matter. I thought you had been of *Socrates*'s Opinion, that all Creatures could not affront you.

Bays. I am indeed, Sir, and thank you heartily for reminding me of him; ſo now I'll proceed —— Being, as I told you, very well ſatisfied of the truth of the Chriſtian Religion, but not ſo well ſatisfied that the Church of *England* was the true Church; I caſt my Eyes round about me, and diſcover'd in the Church of *Rome* ſeveral Particulars which no other Communion of Chriſtians in the World cou'd

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pretend to, as Infallibility, Unity, Universality, Antiquity, and Clemency; and therefore here I settled. After some Conversation and Experience, I found her to be a Church of so severe a Discipline, so exemplary a Devotion, so admirable an Unity, so majestic a Grandeur, that I believe I may be pardon'd the Expression, if I say she has been so far from debauching and corrupting, that she has even improv'd the Christian Religion.

Crites. Nay, I'll say that for your Church, Mr. *Bays*, she has as good a hand at improving of Hints as ever any Church in the World had. As for Example, the Rhetorical Apostrophes and Flourishes of the First Fathers to the *Saints*, she has improved into a solemn Invocation of them.

Eugen. The idle Conjectures of some melancholy Persons, about a middle place in the Fourth Century, she has improv'd into a real Purgatory, peopled it with Inhabitants, and by certain *refrigerium*'s so corrected the unwholesomness of the Air, that it wou'd be now nothing nigh so great a Punishment to pass a Winter there, as any where under the Line.

Crites. The Virgin *Mary*'s Salutation she has improved into a Prayer, the Real Presence into a Corporal one, the civil Respect that was formerly given to the Relicks of Martyrs into a Religious Veneration of them.

Eugen. Primitive Institution left us only Two Sacraments, which she has since improv'd into Seven. The first Missionaries of our Religion bequeath'd but Twelve Articles to be believ'd by us, and she has lately improved them into the jolly Number of *Falstaff*'s *Buckram-men*, Twenty four.

Crites. St. *Paul* tells us of one Mediator only that makes continual Intercession for us; and she has been so civil as to furnish us with above Forty thousand.

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ſand. Univerſal Tradition has handed down to us but Twenty two Books in the Old Teſtament, and ſhe has added the *Apocrypha*, and may in due time, if ſhe ſummons another Council at *Trent*, introduce the *Talmud* into the *Canon*. Thus, Mr. *Bays*, your *Catholick Church* has improv'd the *Chriſtian Religion* with a witneſs, made the Porch bigger than the Building it ſelf, and renew'd the Miracle of the Loaves and Fiſhes, where the Voider exceeded the Bill of Fare.

Eugen. Let us now turn the Tables, Mr. *Bays*, and ſee whether your Church continues ſtill in this giving Humour; it would certainly exhauſt the Treaſure of any Church in the Univerſe, to be always iſſuing out Largeſſes, and never retrenching her Expence; and therefore it may be worth our while, to examine whether the *Roman Church*, that has been guilty of ſo much Profuſeneſs one way, has not made as many Retrenchments another way, to balance her Accounts. The Apoſtles left us the Scriptures in common, as a part of our Property and Inheritance, but ſhe, for certain prudential Conſiderations, has thought fit to keep them under Lock and Key.

Crites. Primitive Inſtitution left us the Sacrament under both Kinds, *Bibite ex hoc omnes*, is the word; but ſhe has retrench'd us of the Cup. Our Religion allows us a free Poſſeſſion of our Reaſon and Senſes, but ſhe obliges us to renounce them. The Scriptures only forbid Marriage within the Degrees of Conſanguinity, but ſhe has forbid it within the Degrees even of Spiritual Relation.

Eugen. The Apoſtles left us at large exempt from the *Jewiſh* Obſervations of clean and unclean, but ſhe has introduced them again. *Præſtat nubere quam uri*, ſays you know who; no, by no means cries the *Hind*, let the Prieſts rather commit Inceſt, Sodomy, and

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and Adultery, than be allow'd the liberty to Marry. Thus you see, Mr. *Bays*, what the Sea gives in one place, it takes away in another; and thus your Mother Church of *Rome*, if she gives with the right hand, she takes away with the left, to make amends for her extraordinary Charges, just as you see some Gentlemen of this End of the Town, discard their Servants, and pinch their Families, to put themselves in a capacity of keeping a Glass-Coach, and a single Pair of Horses.

Bays. Well, Gentlemen, you have both of you run your selves out of Breath with this Discourse, but not a word all this while of Infallibility.

Crites. Oh, dear Confessor, I am obliged to you for refreshing my Memory as to that Point, for I love Infallibility extreamly. I am clearly of thy Opinion, little *Bays*, that Infallibility, if it were any where to be found, were worth both Testaments, and cast all the Creeds in *Christendom* into the Bargain; and now I'll tell you a Story: There was a certain Country Gentleman, no matter for his Name, or where he lived, but he had read the *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, and was so mightily taken with Dr. *More*'s Notion of a Vehicle, that he could not rest till he had bought him a Vehicle, call'd in *English* a Calash; so he eat and drank in his Vehicle, and slept in his Vehicle, and lay with his Wife in his Vehicle, and got an Heir Apparent upon her Virtuous Body in his Vehicle; and Vehicle was his Name—a.

Bays. And what of all this, prithee? Here's a Story with all my Heart.

Crites. Why, as foolish as it is, it shall serve for a Vehicle to another Story, which is of a certain Tooth-drawer of my Acquaintance, that lived in the *Strand*.

Bays. The Devil take your Tooth-drawer for me, what

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what have I to do with him? I am afraid your Story will prove as troubleſome to me as a Fit of the Tooth-ach.

Cries. A very good Jeſt i'Faith; I proteſt, dear Rogue, thou begin'ſt to mend upon it —— Why, this ſame Fellow, you muſt underſtand, had made a ſhift, out of ſome Church-Yard or other, to pick up ſome two or three hundred Teeth, and hung them on a String before his Shop, to perſuade the World that he was a Man of great Buſineſs in his Myſtery of Tooth-drawing, but all would not do, no body came nigh him, for he was ready to ſtarve; and (as he has ſince told me) he was brought to thoſe Extremities, that he reſolved one *Friday*, about Eight in the Morning, to draw his own Teeth out, and his Wife's, and his little Daughter *Betty's*, and hang them on a String, becauſe there was no occaſion for them in his Family, he having not a bit of Bread in his Houſe to employ them. At laſt, ſays a Friend of his (to whom he had made known his Condition) to him, "*Jack*, come, down with "your Sign, and ſet up a new one, with this Inſcri- "ption, *Here lives an Operator in Teeth, that draws all* "*manner of Old Stumps, and Rotten Gums, without any* "*manner of Pain, moſt Infallibly*, and I'll engage, that "within this fortnight, thou ſhalt have as much "Buſineſs as thou canſt turn thy hands to. He fol- lowed the Advice, and wou'd you believe it, Mr. *Buyt*, got the greateſt Practice of any Tooth-drawer in City or Country. In one Week, as I was cre- dibly inform'd the laſt Year, he drew the Teeth of a hundred and fifty Courtiers, beſides, of half the Court of Aldermen, and my Lord Mayor's into the bargain; and he has ſo well batten'd upon his Pro- feſſion, that he's in a fair way now to keep his Vehicle.

Buyt. Keep his Vehicle, ſo let him and be hanged an

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an he pleaſes. Why, what's all this to the purpoſe?

Crites. Oh, very much, Sir; for even ſo a certain Gentleman at *Rome*, do ye mind me, Mr. *Bays*, when he was only Biſhop of *Rome*, and nothing elſe, he had ſcarce Money enough to ſet his Pot a boiling; but when he once got the Tooth-drawer's trick of Writing, *Here lives Infallibility* on his Sign, why then he had Cuſtomers from all Parts of the World, and in a ſhort time got ſo much Mony from his Clients, that he ſcorns now to trudge it a foot, as his Predeceſſors uſed to do, but keeps a ſet of brawny fat Porters to carry him on their Shoulders.

Bays. Nay, he that has the patience, Mr. *Crites*, to hear you tell a Story, may defie, I think, all the Plagues on this ſide Hell, as a declaiming Parliament-man, a Caſe-repealing Templar, a Quibbling Juſtice of Peace, and an Univerſity Critick. This is all, Sir, and ſo farewel.

Eugen. How, Mr. *Bays*, have you ſo ſoon forgot your Philoſopher *Socrates*? Come, I ſee, I muſt remind you of him once an hour, at leaſt, or you'll be apt to renounce his Acquaintance. Why, prithee Man, he's only in Jeſt, and there's no harm in what he ſays; therefore let it not, to uſe Mr. *Shadwell's* Expreſſion, diſturb the ſerene Tranquillity of thy ſagacious Soul.

Bays. At your Entreaty, dear Mr. *Eugenius*, I'll go on; and to let you ſee what dexterity I uſe in my *Ergotering*, (pray take notice of that word, for 'tis of my own coining) you ſhall ſee me prove the Infallibility of our Church within the compaſs of two Lines.

Then granting, this unerring Guide we want,
That ſuch there is, you ſtand oblig'd to grant.

Pray, Gentlemen, obſerve the force of this Argument, for I proteſt to you 'tis exceeding pretty; an Infallible

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Infallible Guide is very neceſſary to direct the Church here upon Earth, to ſet People in the right way, and ſhow 'em what is Hereſie and what not. This, I'm confident, no body that has any Guts in his Brains, will deny. Now from this very *Principium* becauſe he's neceſſary, I conclude I'gad, that there is ſuch an Infallible Guide.

Crites. By your favour, Mr. *Bays*, I don't ſee that this Concluſion of yours is very naturally deduced; for you know we want ten thouſand things in the World, which yet are not to be had for Love or Money: For inſtance, your Sea-men that make long Voyages, want an unfailing Pilot to conduct 'em to their Port, want unfailing Brandy, and Biſket, and Water to ſerve 'em all the way, want unfailing Breezes of Wind to carry 'em thither, and home again; and yet you will not ſay, Mr. *Bays*, that becauſe they want all theſe unfailing Circumſtances, that therefore they are poſſeſs'd of them. I am ſure the *Eaſt-India* Company wou'd allow you a better Penſion than your late Hiſtoriographer-Royal's Place amounted to, if you cou'd make your words good. And therefore that ſolid Argument in your Canon-Law, *Si Dominus Deus non feciſſet Papam infallibilem, Dominus Deus non fuiſſet diſcretus.* Which you Tranſlate, *he were elſe wanting to ſupply our needs*: Will not paſs with me, I'll aſſure you.

Bays. Mr. *Eugenius*, your Friend here begins again to be Rude and Uncivil; he denies plain Demonſtration, and therefore I have done with him. But I know you to be of a Perſon of a better Temper, and ſo I'll go on.

It then remains that only Church can be
The Guide, that owns unfailing Certainty.

You ſee I prov'd that a Guide was neceſſary, that therefore we had one. Now I'gad, by another Argument full as invincible, I Eſtabliſh this undeniable Truth,

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Truth, that the Church which owns such a Guide, is certainly possess'd of him.

Crites. Of what I prithee, Little *Bays.*

Bays. Why, Lord Sir, of the Infallible Judge.

Crites. Is it the same thing then to pretend, and to have? This, I confess, is a Secret that I was never made acquainted with before; but now I intend to make the best use on't I can. This is therefore to acquaint all the Goldsmiths, Mercers, Vintners, and Linen-Drapers, in or about the City, and Lines of Communication; that I *Crites* am infallibly possest of an Estate to the value of ten thousand Pounds *per Annum,* somewhere in the *North,* and that whosoever shall presume to deny me Credit, for two or three thousand Pounds worth of Goods, is a Rude Person, and I'll throw him into Jail for his Pagan Infidelity —— But Mr. *Bays,* I fancy it wou'd be worth a Man's while, to know where this same Infallibility resides, to have a little Conversation with him, for I'd willingly be resolv'd in some such material points as these? Whether Mr. *Hobbs,* or Dr. *Wallis* had the better end of the Staff *de Quadratura Circuli?* Whether is in the wrong, Mr. *Flamsted,* or Captain *Blackborough* about the Longitude of the Sea? Whether a North-East Passage is to be found to *China?* Whether it is not rank Non-sence to prove those things, which you call unwritten Traditions, out of the written Word; and if so, whether *Bellarmine* does not deserve to be toss'd in a Blanket, for citing twenty several places in Scripture to prove a Purgatory by? Whether Old Mr. *Sclater* of *Putney's Galatinus* was ever Circumcis'd or no; and lastly, what Dr. *Walker* meant by his Five Theses of Church Government —— Can you satisfie a Friend to this particular.

Bays. What where he Lodges? Oh most easily Sir, for you may either meet with him at home *in Cathedra*

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Cathedra with a Urinal in one Hand, and feeling the Pulſe of Madam Religion with the other; or elſe playing at Shuttle-Cock with his Domeſticks in the Conclave at *Ave-Mary-Lane*; or laſtly, if it be Term time, and a great deal of Buſineſs ſtirring abroad, at the Sign of a General Council near *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

Crites. But pray, Mr. *Bays*, what is the Reaſon that this ſame Infallibility ſhifts his Lodgings ſo often, for I am afraid he comes as diſhoneſtly by what he pretends to, as the *French* King by his Acquiſitions upon the *Rhine* —— Methinks now if it had been my good Fortune to have ſtumbled upon this extraordinary Prize, this Unerring *Elixir vitæ*, I ſhou'd have taken the ſame Methods that your City-quacks, and Captains of Ships, and Caſters of Nativities uſe, and certify'd the World in Bills Printed for that purpoſe, that I live next Door to the *Pope's-Head* over againſt the *Exchange*, and am to be ſpoke with, at my Lodgings every Morning from Seven till Eleven, and in the Afternoon from Two till Six, that the Poor ſhou'd have Advice for nothing; and that if I had any Occaſions to ſtir abroad, I wou'd certainly leave word with my Nephew *Don Marco Ottoboni*, what Tavern, or Coffee-Houſe I was gone to, with this *Latin* Sentence in the bottom of the Paper, *Nulla notitia ut experientia*. —— But before we part with this Subject, one word more, and then I have done: Suppoſe, Mr. *Bays*, any Perſon, from the difficulty of finding out this Infallible Judge, ſhou'd be apt to imagine he's no where to be met with, but in the Iſle of *Pines* or ſo, how wou'd you ſatisfie him, pray.

Bays. Only with half a dozen Lines out of my Poem, Sir, and then let me ſee whether this Scruple wou'd ever offer to ſtare him in the Face any more.

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p. 37. *The doubtful Reſidence no proof can bring*
Againſt the plain Exiſtence of the thing.

Shew him but theſe Lines, and the fine Simile about Sight, that whether it be *per emiſſionem*, or (as ſome hold, *per receptionem ſpecierum*, yet that ſtill no body denies there's ſuch a thing as Sight; ſhow him but theſe Lines, I ſay, and (if you'll give me leave to quibble upon my own Words) I'll lay ten to one, that he preſently finds an Emiſſion of his Scruple, and the Reception of the Truth.

Crites. That is as much as to ſay, Mr. *Bays*, becauſe your own Doctors are not yet agreed, wherein the Subſtance of the Maſs conſiſts; for ſome of 'em place it in the Act of Conſecration, others make Conſecration and Sumption together the Eſſence of it, and ſome again ſtand up for Fraction; ſhall a grim Logician thence conclude, that your Doctors believe there's no Sacrifice at all?

Bays. Shall he, Mr. *Crites*? ſhall he Sir? No I'gad, unleſs he'll prove himſelf a Coxcomb for his pains.

Eugen. But, Mr. *Bays*, hold a little I pray, I'd deſire you not to lay too great a ſtreſs upon this Argument, for I am afraid it will ſcarce do the Buſineſs. The Circumſtance of Place is in my opinion full as neceſſary to be determined as the Circumſtance of Time, and yet a learned Caſuiſt of your Church, *Sermondus* by Name, and one of the ſtiffeſt Maintainers of the Bleſſed Doctrine of *Attrition*, concludes, that a Man is not obliged to love God at all, becauſe the School-men have not decided the Queſtion, when, and how often we are to love him. So then, ſay I, by the ſame way of reaſoning, a Man is not oblig'd to believe, there's any ſuch thing as Infallibility in your Church, ſince your Doctors have not as yet agreed where to ſettle it, no more than the Heathens know where to ſettle their

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their *Summum Bonum*, and perhaps never will, between this and the Reſurrection.

Bays. Well, you have prettily bandied the Doctrine of Infallibility between you both, but I can eaſily forgive you for it, becauſe, to my certain knowledge, 'tis the ſevereſt Enemy you of the Reformation have; what can you except now to the Unity, Antiquity, and Univerſality of our Church?

Crites. Why I thought, Mr. *Bays*, we had exchanged ſome words about the Unity of your Church a little while ago, when you were pleas'd to ſay, that the Differences and Diviſions amongſt us, were one Reaſon for your leaving our Communion: So that there needs nothing to be ſaid to that particular here, but only this, That altho you have as many Diviſions in your School-men, and ſeveral Orders, as we have; yet as it has always been the confeſs'd Talent of the *Children of Darkneſs, to be Wiſer in their Generation than the Children of Light*, ſo your Divines, for Example, have had the diſcretion not to purſue their Controverſies, to any great Extremities, for fear of breaking in pieces, and diſſolving their Eccleſiaſtical Kingdom. This piece of Policy, as our Saviour tell us, *The Devils themſelv s underſtand and practiſe*, and then indeed it is no wonder to find it in the Conclave, for People naturally write after the Copy that is ſet before them. I cou'd wiſh our Diſſenters would conſider this, for in ſome caſes you know, *Fas eſt, & ab Hoſte doceri.* The Antiquity of your Church has been already conſidered in the Preface, and as for your Pretences of Univerſality I ſhall return you no anſwer, but ſend you to the common Maps for your farther Information.

Eugen. Unleſs I am miſtaken, Mr. *Bays*, there is another Reaſon ſtill behind, which helped to determine you in your choice of the *Roman* Communion, but I have clearly forgot the Name of it, and

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yet, to the beſt of my knowledge, I never met it amongſt the Fifteen Marks which *Bellarmine* gives of the True Church.

Bays. That may be Sir, and yet 'tis as unqueſtionably true as any of the reſt. I mean the Clemency of our Church, and hope your Diſſenters found by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Perſecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

——— *The Sheep, and harmleſs Hind*
Were never of the Perſecuting Kind

Crites. Upon my word, Mr. *Bays*, I never expected to hear this Paſſage from you.

Well, now let Nature her Old Laws forego,
And wild Diſorder rule below;
Let Tibet *now no longer glide*
To pay his wonted Tribute to the Tide.
Since Rome *ſets up a kind indulgent care*
For the more pow'rful Sword, and more convincing Spear.

Eugen. Certainly, Mr. *Bays*, you were not well awake when you made Good Nature and Clemency one of the diſtinguiſhing Characters of your Catholick *Hind.* Why ſurely you think, we never travelled farther in Hiſtory than the *Seven Champions*, and *Don Quixot*, or never heard of the *Albigenſes*, the *Vaudois*, the poor Men of *Lyons*, the *Patarenes*, the *Arnoldiſts*, the *Speroniſts*, the *Paſſagenes*, the *Wiclevites*, and the *Fratricelli* (as they then call'd 'em) thouſands of which, were formerly Sacrificed to the *Roman Moloch*, and whoſe Poſterity are duly every year deliver'd into the Devil's Hands, by your Pious Paſtor in the *Bulla Cœnæ.*

Bays. I find you have been dabbling lately in Old *Fox*'s Volumes for your Knowledge, but upon my Word, Mr. *Eugenius*, he's as Scandalous an Author, as Sir *John Mandevil* of Famous Memory, or———

Eugen.

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Eugen. The modern Monſieur *Varillas*, or *Pere Bouhours*. But no matter for that. Do you think we have no *French* men about the Town that loſt a Grandfather, or a Relation at the *Paris* Maſſacre? Do you think none of our *Iriſh* Refugees ever diſcourſe of the Rebellion of 41. over their Tea, and Coffee? What do we celebrate the Fifth of *Novemb.* in Squibs, and Crackers, but only to commemorate our deliverance from the Gun-Powder-Plot, when (as I lately found it in an Old Sermon.)

You thought to fix, as I may ſay't in Metre,
Saint Peter's *Faith with Catholick Salt-Petre.*

Bays, Nay look you, Gentlemen, I am not at all concern'd to juſtifie the Irregularities of Former Times: But the Immortal Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience ſufficiently ſhews, that a Perſecuting Spirit is not entail'd upon our Party. I remember very well, what I ſaid then to the Diſſenters, out of *Martial.*

Si vitare Canum *morſus* Lepus *improbe quæris,*
Ad quæ confugias Ora Leonis, *habes.*
The Panther's *Claws wouldſt thou avoid Diſſenter?*
Into the Lyons Mouth then enter, enter, enter.

Crites. And I remember too, Mr. *Bays*, what I thought of, when the Indulgence firſt came out; I thought of the *Trojan* Horſe, and the Queſtions that King *Priam* ask'd about it.

Quo molem hanc immanis equi ſtatuere? Quis autor?
Quidve petunt? Quæ religio? aut Quæ machina belli?

But to ſatisfie you that theſe were my Sentiments at that time, I'll ſhew you *Laocoon*'s Speech in the Second *Æneid*, wherein he diſuades the *Trojans*, from letting in the Wooden Horſe, imitated, and ſuited to that occaſion.

You dull Diſſenters, what vain folly blinds
Your Senſes thus, and captivates your Minds?

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Think you, this proffer'd Liberty is free
From Tricks, and Snares, and Papal Treachery?
Think you, 'twas meant according to the Letter?
Oh! that such Plodding-Heads should know the Pope no better.
Trust me, this Kindness either was design'd
T' increase our Quarrels, or our Weakness find.
Or else, the Breach was open'd at a venture,
That at one Hole both Cowl and Cloak might enter.
Pray Heav'n, there be no farther mischief meant,
But I'm afraid there's Roman Opium *in't.*

Bays. What, was there any *Roman Opium* in the *Trojan* Horse! That I never read of in any Commentator before.

Crites. No, Mr. *Bays*, we are talking all this while of the late Toleration.

Be't what it will, the gilded Pill suspect,
And with a smiling Scorn your proffer'd Fate reject:
A Papist, tho' ungiving, means you evil;
But when he scatters Gifts and Mercies, he's the Devil.

You may see, Mr. *Bays*, what was my Opinion of the Matter, even at that time; and I persuade my self, the Dissenters thought no better of it; tho' it must be confessed, they offer'd as much fulsome Incense to the unfortunate King for this Gift, as was ever offer'd in the days of yore to *Nero*, or *Domitian*. Come, little *Bays*, I perceive by your smiling, you have got some pleasant Conceit or other within you. Now prithee what was thy Opinion of the Indulgence?

Bays. Because we are all of us in a merry Humour now, I'll tell you. If ever you had the curiosity to read over the Church-History of *Scotland*, you know there happen'd a famous Dispute there, whether the *Lord's-Prayer* might be said to any of the Saints, and how it was resolved. Now those very Distinctions which

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which were uſed to qualifie the *Lord's-Prayer* for the Uſe of the Saints, will ſerve for this Buſineſs of the Toleration. It was meant then *Formaliter*, to our Party, to the other Herd of Diſſenters *Materialiter: Ultimate* to us, *Non-Ultimate* to them; *Principaliter* to us, *Minus Principaliter* to them; to us *Primario*, to them *Secundario*; *Capiendo ſtrictè* to us, *Capiendo largè* to them. In ſhort, as the School-Men uſe to diſtinguiſh in the Caſe of Image-Worſhip, it was meant *Terminativè* to us the *Prototypes*, but only *Relativè* to the Diſſenters, our Images.

Eugen. Why this was honeſtly done, Mr. *Bays*, to explain your Meaning. And truly now I think on't, we ought to thank *Louis le Grand* for the different Conduct which he took at Home; or elſe, for as much as I know, the Trick had ſucceeded. The two Kings, I don't queſtion, were endeavouring to Propagate their Religion, but they uſed different Methods; and ſo between 'em they acted the Story of *Penelope*, what the one did in the Day, the other undid in the Night. After all, Mr. *Bays*, to ſhut our hands of this Religious Diſcourſe, Popery in *England* is like *Siſyphus*'s Stone; the Fathers of the Society, may perhaps roll it up to the Top of the Hill, but then it will tumble down of its own accord, and help to break the Bones of thoſe that roll'd it up.

Crites. Well, Mr. *Bays*, I find our Conference here is likely to meet with no better Succeſs, than other Conferences of the like nature; where after a great deal of Pother and Noiſe, to no purpoſe at all, both Parties continue as ſtiff and unrelenting as at the firſt, and keep their old Stations. —— So if you pleaſe, we'll turn the Tables, and diſcourſe of ſomething elſe that will be more agreeable, and edifying.

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Bays. With all my Heart, Mr. *Crites*, propoſe what you will.

Crites. Why, I have often conſider'd with my ſelf, how tickliſh a thing it is, for a Man that has acquir'd a vaſt Stock of Reputation, as you have done, Mr. *Bays*, to keep it long in his hands; the World, you know, is ſo very peeviſh and ill-natur'd, that ——

Bays. And what of all that, Sir?

Crites. That in my Opinion, 'tis as difficult for any Perſon to maintain his Reputation ſtill about him, as for a very pretty Lady, with a very pretty Fortune, in this lewd and wicked Town, to keep her Maiden-head till Fifteen. Now 'tis otherwiſe with you, honeſt Mr. *Bays*; for though you have lived a conſiderable time amongſt us here, yet you don't decline at all in your Authority; I mean as a Poet, not as a Caſuiſt. I-faith, Dear Friend of mine, we muſt ſtill acknowldge thee the Oracle of Wit and Poetry about the City.

Bays. Thank you for that, Sir. Why, the Buſineſs, in ſhort, is thus —— if the Spirit of Poetry fails me, I betake my ſelf to Proſe; and if that does not ſucceed, to Poetry again. If Things of my own Inventing cloy the World, then Tranſlating comes in play; if Tranſlating proves weariſome, why then I invent ſome New Buſineſs of my own, and the work's done. If honeſt Bawdry and Mirth won't take, then a little Touch of Religion, or Politicks, or Controverſie makes me amends; and if theſe don't reliſh, (as, the Devil take them, they ſeldom do) then commend me to a fine Stroke or two of Bawdry, to quicken the Appetite of the Age. If Comedy brings me in no Profit, then Tragedy look to thy ſelf; and ſo on, *vice verſa*, to the end of the chapter.

Crites.

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Crites. Very pretty this, upon my word, Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. Thus you see, Gentlemen, that Mr. *Bays* the Divine, keeps Mr. *Bays* the Poet, and Mr. *Bays* the Translator keeps Mr. *Bays* the Author, and Mr. *Bays* the Play-wright, keeps the Divine, and Author, and Translator, altogether, i-gad. I must confess, I have some other *Arcana's*, which I cou'd communicate to you, that are very delicate and surprizing, but I must beg your Pardon, Genlemen.——

Crites. Nay, no Excuses will serve your turn, Mr. *Bays*, impart 'em you must before you stir, that's certain. I'll promise for my Self and my Friend here, that we'll keep 'em as secret, as a young Country Gentleman keeps his City-Clap from his Pious Grandmother, and Mistress.

Eugen. Or a *Cheapside*-Wife keeps the last Favours she received at a Court-Masquerade, or the Spring-Garden, from her Jealous Husband.

Bays. Ay, Ay; or a Poet keeps the handsome Chastisement he receiv'd for his last Lampoon, from the pretty Goddess that he daily Courts in Madrigal, and Sonnet. Well, I believe you, Gentlemen; and because I know you both to be Persons of Honour, and all that, I'll acquaint you with the other Mysteries of my Government, tho' they are things of extraordinary value, and I may safely say, there's ne'er a Prince in Christendom that walks more by the *Ragioni di Stato*, by the refined Rules of Policy, than my self. They talk, how the *Venetians* must have all along preserved their Republic, by observing the Rules of a certain Manuscript they have of *Tully's*, about the Administration of a Common-Wealth; but I'm sure 'tis all meer insipid Stuff, to what I am going to relate ——

Crites. Prithee dear Rogue, proceed then.

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Bays. Sometimes, Mr. *Crites*, when I find the young Critics of the Town for want of other Employment, begin to make buſie with any of my own Works at home, what do I, to diſſipate all theſe ill Humours, but immediately proclaim a Miſcellany *Cruſade*; that is, do you obſerve me, Gentlemen, I encourage all the forward *Beaux* of the Nation, to take a Voyage as far as *Greece* or *Italy*, to retrieve ſome Captive-Province of Poetry out of the hands of *Infidel Invaders*; where beſides the Reputation which a Perſon certainly gets, by being the Leading-Card of all the Company, that Liſt themſelves for ſuch an Adventure, I am ſure of carrying away all the Profit of the Undertaking to my ſelf.

Eugen. Why, who would have taken thee for ſuch a Politician, Mr. *Bays*?

Bays. That was none of my Fault, Sir. Sometimes, when I find my Revenue kept back, which the Magnificence of former Kings thought fit to beſtow upon my Place, I ſend a Conſecrated Roſe, that is, a Greet of very fulſome Flattery, i-gad, to ſome great Man or other about the Court, to procure my *Apollo*'s Pence, my Ancient Income for me: Or if this Method fails, I take the next Opportunity I have, to expoſe thoſe People in a Preface, * *Who have the Liberality of Kings in their diſpoſing; and who, diſhonouring the Bounty of their Maſter, ſuffer ſuch to be in neceſſity, who endeavour at leaſt to pleaſe him.*

* *Preface to* Marriage Alamode.

Crites. You'll ſcarce have any Occaſion now, Mr. *Bays*, to ſolicit for your *Apollo*'s Pence again, ſince Mr. *Shadwell* has got both them, and your Laurel from you. But pray proceed.

Bays. Sometimes, for an extraordinary Conſideration, I give leave to ſome Noble Baronet to Father one of my Plays; and afterwards, when I have ſerv'd my turn, and got all I can out of him, I make bold

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to take the Brat home again, as I did my *Indian Queen.*

Eugen. I'll ſwear, Mr. *Bays*, thou art the pleaſanteſt Fellow in the Univerſe, I cou'd die with laughing at theſe Conceits; but have you any more of 'em?

Bays. Any more of 'em? why I am an inexhauſtible Fountain; as ſuppoſe, for inſtance, a Play meets with the general Approbation of the World, and the Ladies clap it, and the Men they admire it, and ſo forth; why what do I, that I may ſeem better-ſighted in theſe Matters than the reſt of Mankind, but put the Play in the Poetic-Inquiſition, and quarrel with the Author up to the Elbows, i-gad, for introducing Innovations upon the Theatre, ſuch as making his Ghoſts, and Angels in the Clouds, ſpeak better Senſe, than can be expected from Perſons of their condition; or elſe for not Equipping his Scene with Men enough, and diveſting the Stage of that neceſſary Grandeur and Ceremony, which is requiſite to ſupport it.

Eugen. Better and better, upon my word, Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. At other times, when a Play has happen'd to be damned at the Theatre, to ſee how the Quick-Silver varies in this Weather-Glaſs of mine, I preſently take up the Cudgels for the Author, (not that I am any more concerned at his or any other-body's Miſcarriage, than one of your City-Proteſtants would be, if the *French* King ſhould think fit in his Royal Wiſdom to hang or drown himſelf) but only to magnifie my own Talent, and pretend to better Judgment in theſe Affairs, than any-body beſides: You ſee, Gentlemen, I am *Athanaſius contra mundum*, even according to the Letter, I vow to gad I am.

Crites. Or *Iſhmael* rather, Mr. *Bays*, if you are for going according to the Letter; remember *Roſe-Ally-Lane* elſe; but prithee go on.

Bays.

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Bays. When any of my own Comedies has failed, (as the Lord knows too many of 'em have done) I frankly and freely own my ſelf to be of a *Saturnine* Complexion, and very honeſtly I' gad acknowledge, leſt ſome one elſe ſhould do it for me, that ſome of my Profeſſion have out-done me at Comedy: But then as for Tragedy, do ye mind me, I own, and I maintain, and ſolemnly declare, that it is my own proper paternal Inheritance, that no Man breathing performs that way well but my ſelf, and that I wou'd ſooner part with my Right Hand, than relinquiſh my Pretenſions to it. Now on the other hand ——

Eugen. Nay, now the Devil take thee on the other hand, for a cunning Rogue as thou art——

Bays. If I chance once in my Life-time to have a lucky Hit at the Comic Strain, as in my *Spaniſh Friar*, why then, I' gad, I am of another Opinion; and he's, to be ſure, a Son of a Whore, and a Block-head, and all that, for his Pains, who has had the hardineſs to deny the Gaiety of my Temper, or the Agreeableneſs of my Converſation.

Crites. I profeſs, Mr. *Bays*, the things that you have communicated here are extreamly curious. Well, I find *Machiavel* can't come nigh you, for all his Politicks ——

Bays. No, I' gad, thank my Maker for't. Why, did you never hear that I have been courted to be Secretary to the Congregation *de propaganda Fide* at *Rome*?

Crites. Not I, I' Faith, little *Bays*.

Bays. Not you I' Faith! Why then I' Faith, Mr. *Crites*, you have heard nothing at all; and to be plain with you, Gentlemen, I had certainly accepted the Offer, if it had not been for the ſake of ſome pretty Female Rogues here in *Covent-Garden*, that cou'd not live without me.

Crites.

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Crites. Well, thou haſt Bowels of Compaſſion I ſee with thy Policy, which few of the Sir *Pols* have. — But, pray Sir, purſue your Diſcourſe.

Bays. Sometimes, Gentlemen, when the living Poets are too many for me, I betake my ſelf to the Protection of the Dead; talk of Old Decrees, and Ancient Conſtitutions, and pretend that all thoſe Paſſages which are imputed to me for Faults, are to be found in venerable Antiquity, as in the caſe of *Almanzor*, who, as I affirm'd, was a Gentleman as well Bred and Born, and of as peaceable and civil a Deportment as *Homer's Achilles.* But if the Scene chances to be alter'd, and ſome prying Hereticks in Poetry give out, that the Ancients are of their Opinion, and that I have miſunderſtood, miſrepreſented 'em, and all that, have made falſe Quotations, and worſe Deductions, I preſently fall foul upon the Old Writers, and poſitively maintain, that there's ſcarce one of 'em in a hundred who was maſter of a refined Genius; and that it is the unqueſtionable Prerogative of Mr. *Bays*, as he is *Apollo's* high Pontiff, to reverſe former Orders, and ſubſtitute what new Articles in Poetry he thinks convenient.

Eugen. No queſtion on't, Mr. *Bays.* But have you any thing elſe behind?

Bays. Ay Sir, I have a certain profound Stratagem ſtill behind; my *Sacra Anchora*, I call it, which is only to be made uſe of upon extraordinary occaſions, and which I was never forced to employ but once in my time, and is as follows: When any young Author has been ſo fortunate in his firſt Undertaking, as to win himſelf the Applauſe of all the World, ſo that 'tis impoſſible for one to ruine his Reputation, without running the hazard of having his Throat cut by all ſorts of Company; I am as forward as the beſt of 'em all, to commend his Ingenuity, to extol his Parts, and promiſe him a Copy of

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of Verſes before his Book, if he honours the World with a Second Edition.

Crites. Very good.

Bays. At the ſame time I privately feel his Pulſe, and examine the Nature and Inclination of the Beaſt. If he chances to be a little *Saturnine*, like my ſelf, I ſet him upon a gay Undertaking, where 'tis the Devil and all of ill Luck, if he does not Shipwrack all his former Credit. But, if he proves a Man of a brisk and jolly Temper, I perſuade him of all Loves to make an Experiment of his Abilities upon ſome ſerious ſolemn Subject, tell him, if he ever expects to be ſaved, he muſt out of hand do juſtice to the *Pſalms* and *Canticles*, which Work he's as uncapable to manage I' gad, as little *David* was to fight in *Saul's* Armour. Thus, Gentlemen, by engaging the Author in a Province, where he has not Stock enough to carry on the Plantation, I never fail one way or other to compaſs my Deſigns, and at long-run to defeat my Competitor.

Crites. Why, Mr. *Bays*, this is like enjoining a Painter, that has a good Fancy at drawing of *Saracens* Heads, and *Groteſque* Figures only, to draw you a *Venus* or an *Adonis*, where he muſt certainly miſcarry. Now I am apt to fancy, you trepann'd the honeſt Tranſlator of *Lucretius* with this profound Piece of Policy; come, confeſs the Truth Man: Did you not?

Bays. You cou'd not have gueſs'd better, Mr. *Crites*, if you had div'd into my *Diaphragma* for the Secret. It was not in my power, you muſt know, either to ſuppreſs the Work, or to diſcommend it, becauſe, to give the Gentleman his due, it was performed beyond all expectation, and what was a mightier matter, it ſuited as pat as might be with the Philoſophy of the Town that was then in faſhion. Now to undermine and ruine him to all intents

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tents and purpoſes, I took theſe Meaſures: I flatter, hug, and careſs him, like an *Achitophel* as I was, after the ſtrangeſt manner imaginable, profeſs all the Reſpect and Friendſhip in the World for him; tell him, that Providence had certainly reſerv'd him for working Miracles in Poetry; and that I had ſome ancient Prophecies by me at home, which declared him to be the very Perſon that was to deliver the immortal Writers of former Ages out of that *Algerine* Captivity they had ſo long labour'd under—

Crites. Well, for Dawbing and Wheedling, I'll let thee looſe to any Poet in *Chriſtendom.*

Bays. That if by his mighty *Feat* he cou'd form thoſe *Iriſh* Atoms of *Lucretius* into ſo regular and well diſciplin'd an Army, cou'd raiſe ſuch Harmony out of a dull unmuſical Philoſopher, how glorious and exalted wou'd his Attempts be upon *Horace?* or, what might we not expect from ſo advantageous, ſo promiſing an Undertaking? And ſo, Gentlemen, with the help of a little Incenſe and Flattery, I ſo cajol'd this *Æſop*'s Crow, that he preſently dropp'd his *Epicurean* Cheeſe out of his Mouth, to ſing one of his unmuſical ill-tun'd Odes of *Horace.* I perſuaded this *Welch* Courſer to leave his ragged unacceſſible Precipices, where there was no coming after him, to try his Strength and Feet upon good plain Carpet-ground, where an *Engliſh* Vinegar-Horſe, I knew, wou'd eaſily diſtance him.

Crites. To deal plainly with thee, little *Bays*, if I were in this injur'd Gentleman's caſe, I ſhould ſee thee hanged before I could forgive thee.

Bays. But the beſt Jeſt is ſtill untold. To remove all manner of Suſpicion from him, and let him ſee I dealt ſincerely, and above board, I gave him my paternal Benediction with this Advice:

Quit not for Public Toils a College-Life,
Nor take that kind of Settlement, a Wife.

The

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The drift of my Meaning in diſſuading him from the Town, and adviſing him to continue ſtill in the Univerſity, was to keep him at as great a diſtance as I cou'd, leſt he ſhould ſet up for himſelf here in the City, and ſpoil my own Trade; and I never car'd what Encouragement he found at *Avignon*, as long as I was the chief Man at *Rome*; for let me tell you by the by, *Parnaſſus*, tho' they ſay it has two Tops, yet I am confident it will but juſt maintain one Monarch, or one Incumbent at a time. In diſſuading him from Matrimony, I pretended to have a great concern for the Young Man's Welfare, and cunningly inſinuated, that it was not convenient for the Health of his Body, to be drain'd and ſuck'd by two inſatiable Leeches at a time, a Muſe, and a Wife.

Eugen. Faith, Mr. *Bays*, you took the right courſe in aſſuming the Character of a Friend upon this occaſion, for had you uſed him ſeverely, perhaps the World might have been inclin'd to ſhow him the greater Kindneſs; as they ſay, for a Man to cry down his Wife, is the infallible way to procure her a kind Keeper; and we have ſeen plainly enough, that the late immortal Sufferers at *Oxford*, fared better for being ſo cruelly treated by the Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſioners.

Bays. That Rule of yours, Mr. *Eugenius*, does not always hold; for I have uſed a Noble Poet of the other Univerſity with all the Ill-nature and Rigour in the World, yet he never had the good Fortune to meet one ſingle Defender to eſpouſe his Quarrel: 'Tis Mr. *Cleveland* I am now diſcourſing of. You know, Gentlemen, how I have treated him in my Eſſay upon Dramatic Poetry, a thouſand times worſe, I'gad, than any of his Presbyterian Friends. I laſh him there for his tall Hyperbole's, his affected Obſcurity, his unworthy Expreſſions, and (wou'd you

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you think it) for his ill Husbandry in tacking together too much Wit: For you must understand, I can sometimes quarrel with a Man for being guilty of too much Wit, as well as for having none at all; and I am certain, that in this frugal Age, which is for retrenching all unnecessary Expences, one single Thought well managed, shall go farther than twenty of 'em cou'd formerly, before we were taught by the Gold-beaters how to extend a Fancy for a Furlong or two. In short, a *Cleveland*ism and a *Catachresis* were with me, Terms full as conversible as—

Crites. Nay, never pump for't Man, as Beef and Mustard, Pork and Pease, Hand and Glove, or Brawn and *Christmas*.

Bays. No, no, as *Protestantism* and *Opiniatrety*, Popery and Infallibility, are with me now. Upon King *Charles* the First's going in Disguise to his trusty Subjects the *Scots*, he has this Passage:

Heaven that the Minister of thy Person owns,
Will sue thee for Dilapidations.

Now, how do you think I ridicul'd 'em? Why, I cou'd never go to my Barber to be shaved for half a dozen Years at least, but I thus accosted him, and all at poor Mr. *Cleveland*'s charges, I'gad: Come *Jack*, (said I) you must repair the Dilapidations of my Face for me, for I am damnably afraid lest my Maker shou'd endite me upon the first Chapter of *Genesis*, Verse 23. for letting his Image run to ruine.

Crites. Well, I see Mr. *Bays*, you can be severe with a Vengeance when you please. Thou art a very *Zoilus* incarnate.

Bays. Likewise, he having the misfortune to cal that Domestic Animal, *Yclep'd* a Cock.

The Baron Tell-Clock of the Night.

I cou'd never, I'gad, as I came home from the Tavern, meet a Watchman or so, but I presently ask'd him, "Baron Tell-Clock of the Night, prithee how "goes

" goes the time? Indeed I have of late Days, since the happy Exchange I made of my Religion, found some compunctions in my Conscience for being so severe and unkind to him, and if he were alive, I am confident I should heartily beg his pardon, and tender him all the Acknowledgments I am capable of.

Crites. Prithee, Mr. *Bays*, how comes this Qualm of Good Nature to seize thee on the sudden. I am afraid all is not well with thee. Come, take heart of Grace Man, and ne'er be dejected at the matter.

Bays. You can't imagine, Mr. *Crites*, how angry I am with my self for treating the aforesaid Author with so much Severity. Time was when no body cou'd have made better sport with him for these following Lines than my self.

Not the Fair Abbess of the Skies,
With all her Nunnery of Eyes,
Can show me such a Beauteous Prize.

But now, hang me up for a Dog if I could say one malicious Thing of him; for what serious Catholick must not find himself obliged in point of Honour to respect that Gentleman, who has made Abbeys and Nunneries to be, if not *Jure Divino*, yet at least *Jure Cœlesti* —— *Si sic omnia dixisset*, he had been without question, the finest Poet in *Christendom*, not excepting *Scribonius* himself, or another of the Society that rung two and twenty thousand Changes upon the Eight Bells of the Virgin *Mary*'s good Qualities. —— And now, Gentlemen, to draw towards an end, for I find by my Watch I have staid an hour beyond my time; I here take my last Farewel of all the Vanities and solemn Impertinencies of the World, and for the future devote my self only to Piety, and Exercises of Religion

In that Verse, *Tot tibi sunt dotes, Virgo, quot sidera cœlo.*

Good

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Good Life be now my Task; my doubts are done,
What more cou'd fright my Faith, than three in one?

Crites. A very Pious Reſolution this, by my Troth, Mr. *Bays*; for, not to mince matters, you ſtand in need of Repentance as much as any Perſon I know of within the Bills of Mortality. There's Libelling, and Blaſpheming, and Fornicating, and a Catalogue of Sins longer than a *Jewiſh* Pedigree to be ſtill atton'd for. But unleſs I am miſtaken in thee, thou art too much a Poet, and a Man of the Town to condeſcend to repent.

Bays, Well, Sir, you may ſay your Pleaſure of me, I cannot avoid it. But ſure you'll give me leave to tell you, I know my ſelf better than any one elſe. I have already made a *Magdalen* of my Muſe, and I think I am too old to fear a Temptation from any other Quarter.

Crites. I'll lay a wager with you however, Mr. *Bays*, that this Bleſſed *Magdalen* of yours proves as rank a Recreant, for all her Confinement, as ever ſhe was. Come, come, I know we ſhall ſee thee upon the Stage e'er long; thou art too good-natur'd, I know, to renounce the Theatre, and giving thy ſelf the Satisfaction of obliging the Ladies.

Bays. That were a very ſhrew'd Temptation, I confeſs, if I had not for good and all, Sacrificed that Fame, that Darling Fame which I formerly prized, to the Service of the Catholick Church; and therefore I ſhall take my leave of you in a piece of Poetry, which I lately writ for my own Conſolation. 'Tis an imitation of one of *Horace's* Penitential Odes, (Pſalms I was going to call it) by which you'll perceive that I am mortified to the World, and have hung my Harp upon the Willows.

Eugen. This is an extraordinary favour upon my word, Mr. *Bays*, and I'll ſtudy how to requite it, for you know what a Reſpect I pay to my Maſter

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Bays. *'Tis true, while active Blood my Veins did fire,*
And vig'rous youth gay thoughts inſpire;
(By your leave, Courteous Reader, be it ſaid)
I could have don't, as well as moſt Men did.
But now I am (the more's the pity,)
The very'ſt Fumbler in the City.

II.

There honeſt Harp, that haſt of late
So often bore thy ſinful Maſter's fate,
Thou a crack'd Side, and I a broken Pate:
Hang up, and peaceful reſt enjoy,
Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmuſical, unſtrung like thee, ſit mourning by.

Crites. A very ſad and melancholy Caſe I'faith.

III.

And likewiſe all ye truſty Bars,
With whoſe aſſiſtance heretofore,
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
I've batter'd (Heaven forgive me) many a door:
Lye there till ſome more able Hand,
Shall you to your old Pious Uſe Command.

[*Bays* pulls his Hat off.

Crites. Very devoutly done, upon Honour, Mr. *Bays*, to pull your Hat off, when you cry'd Heav'n forgive me. Nay, now I have ſome hopes of thee, Dear Rogue. —— What upon thy Marrow-bones? Why, now I ſee here's the Devil and all of Devotion coming forward. Let me ſee, thou art now going to pray for ——

[Bays *kneels.*

Eugen. What ſhould a Poet pray for, but a believing Bookſeller, and an eaſie open-handed Lord, a kind Audience, and a confuſion to all Criticks, ſtore of Claret, and ſuch kind of Bleſſings? But pray don't diſturb him in his Devotions.

IV.

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IV.

But oh kind Phœbus *lend a pitying Ear,*
To thy old Servant's humble Prayer.
Let M-nt-gue, *and* Br-wn *thy anger feel,*
Lash 'em all o'er with Rods of Steel.
And when the Scriblers of their smart complain,
This 'tis, then tell 'em, to profane
J-hn Dr-d-n's Hind *with an unhallow'd vein.*

Bays. And now, Gentlemen, your Approbation of the Business.

Eugen. Why I'faith, Mr. *Bays*, your Ejaculation ends somewhat of the smartest. They had best have a care that are concerned in it. And now because I made you a Promise of requiting your Ode, if you'll stay a minute or two longer, I'll show you a Copy of Verses given me lately by a Friend. 'Tis called, *The Fable of the Bat and the Birds*, and I am glad for your sake, that I have it now about me.

Bays. The Fable of the Bat and the Birds? A very pretty Subject I'gad. I love entirely any thing that comes out of *Æsop's* Mint, therefore pray let us have it.

Eug. *In antient Times (as grave Historians tell)*
'Twixt Birds, and Beasts a dismal quarrel fell.
But whether this from breach of Faith did flow,
Or to Religious Jars its birth did owe,
Or depredations made, concerns us not to know.

Bays. No I'gad it does not, I'll justifie it.

Weighty, you may be sure, the Case was thought,
That such a Universal Tumult wrought.

Bays. Ay, ay, no question on't, the Birds and Beasts were wiser than to fall out for nothing.

Picqueering Parties first began the Fray,
A sad presage of the ensuing day;
At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,
The hour of Fighting set, and both the Leaders nam'd.

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Bays. I am glad on't with all my Heart, for now I hope to hear of Battel and Murder.

The foolish Bat, a Bird obscene, and base,
The scorn and jest of all the Feather'd race;
Or by fantastick Fears and Scruples led,
Or with Ambition mov'd, his Party fled,
Joyn'd with the Beasts, and eager to engage,
With popular Harangues, urg'd on a Feeble Rage.

Bays. This Bat I warrant you was one of the late *Western* Deserters.

As Fortune would, on an ill-fated day,
The Beasts drew out their Forces in array.
The diff'rent Kinds their grudges laid aside,
And for the common Safety all provide,
Ev'n, their old Picques, and warm Disputes forgot,
The Hind *and* Panther *joyn'd upon the spot;*
And by one mutual League of Friendship held,
Prepare for the rough Business of the Field.

Bays. I'gad I commend 'em for't. If I had been Captain of the Army, I had advised the same.

When lo! the Birds in numerous Bands appear,
And with repeated Cries Attack the Rear.
Give a fierce Charge, and back like Parthians *fly,*
To repossess their Patrimonial Sky:
Then straight descending with redoubled Might,
They spend their Fury, and renew the Fight.

Bays. Nay, there was no fighting with 'em say I, if they us'd that trick.

Pale Victory, all Trembling, and Dismaid,
With doubtful Wings the Purple Scene survey'd.
At last, propitious to her Feather'd Kind,
Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field possest,
And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a Feast.
Their slaughter'd Young, the Rachel-*dams deplor'd,*
And many a Widow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her horned Lord.

The

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The Gen'rous Eagle (ſo his Stars ordain)
Chaſes th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain.
Their Gen'ral gone, the reſt like Lightning fly,
A cheap, unfighting Herd, not worth the Victory.
And now the Birds with eager haſte purſue
Through Lanes, and devious tracts the ſcatter'd Crew:
Amongſt the reſt, beſet with Dangers round,
The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found.
'Tis pity, Fame ne'er chronicled his Taker,
But all Records agree they found him in Long-acre ;
Pearch'd on a Pole they brought him to the Bar,
Where the full Houſe ſat talking of the War :
Straight at the ſight a various noiſe began, [ran:
Which thro' the Spacious Hall, and Neighbouring Lobby
Each Member in the Publick Mirth concurr'd,
And droll'd upon the poor Apoſtatizing Bird.
Firſt Parrot S-ttle *open'd wide his Throat,*
Next Cuckow Ph-lips, *always in a Note ;*
And Peacock Ch-tw-d *of the Clergy kind,*
But his Poetick Feet diſgrac'd the Train behind.
And Cr-ch *and* N-rris, *Kites of high renown,*
And Turkey Lee *by his large Gizard known:*
Nay, to enhance the hardſhip of his woes,
Owl D-rfy *clap'd his Wings, and hooted in the cloſe.*
When now their raillery began to ſpare,
(And faith 'twas too too much for one poor Bird to bear.)
The Eagle order'd ſilence in the Room,
And thus aloud pronounc'd the ſhiv'ring Lubbers doom.
Beaſt of a Bird ! thus to deſert thy Friends,
And join the Common Foe for baſe ungen'rous ends,
What Puniſhment can ſuit ſo black a Crime ?
Hear then, and ſtand accurs'd to all ſucceeding Time:
From all our Diets be thou firſt expell'd,
Or thoſe in ſilent Groves, or thoſe on Steeples held.
When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,
To join in Nuptial Bands, and meet the ſmiling year.

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Nay more, to make thee mortifie and grieve,
To Buzzard Sh-dw-ll *we thy places give.*
Him we appoint Historian of our State,
And Poet Laureat of the Woods create.
Out-law'd our Realms, and banish'd from the Light,
Be thou for ever damn'd to steal abroad by Night.

Eugen. I hope Mr. *Bays*, I have now made you amends for your Ode, I don't question but you'll like it, because it's writ in your own Stile. Will you stay now, and hear the Application of the Fable?

Bays. No I'gad, Sir, I thank you heartily; I am not such a Bat neither as you take me for: What not understand the Fable without the Application? 'Tis plain enough without one, and the Author may chance to hear more from me in a short time. No, Sir, I'll have none of your Application, and so Good Night.

PRE-

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Reasons of Mr. *Joseph Hains* the Player's Conversion, and Re-Conversion, *&c.*

PREFACE, TO Mr. BAYS.

I Lately published the Reasons of your Conversion, and, as in good Manners bound, gave you the Honour of of the Dedication. All the Town was very well satisfied with the Justice I allowed you in that Dialogue, unless some few malicious Critics; who, as I have been informed, complained of Partiality in the Case, and quarrel'd with me, for assigning a dozen Reasons of your Change, when one, or two at the most, would have served the turn. Whatever these envious Persons said, does not signifie much; for the better sort thought otherwise, and were pleased to own, that the Conference was managed with all the Fairness imaginable, on your side. This brought your Brother-Convert Mr. Hains *to me, who requested to have the same kind of Office done for himself, to which I readily consented: Now his Motives bear so great a resemblance to yours, that I presently resolved to*

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join them both together; for the very same Considerations, as I have been prevailed with, to bind the White-Chapel *Answer to the* Vox Cleri, *and some other Scriblers of the same comprehending Character, along with the Pious Mr.* Baxter's *Plea for Nonconformity.*

To be plain with you, Mr. Bays, *for the trouble of these two Dedications, I expect no Guinea's from you, no more, than I could expect a Contribution from the Clergy for dedicating a Treatise against Tithes to 'em; or from the Lawyers, for presenting them with a new Edition of* Ignoramus. *I am acquainted with your present Circumstances, and therefore don't desire to put you to any Charges; only I must beg some of the following Favours at your hands: To be cursed duly twice a day over a Dish of Tea; nay, if you think it not too great trouble to you, as often as you pull out your Snuff-Box: To be lashed severely in the next Preface, or damn'd in the next Prologue, or coupled with the Catachrestical Mr.* Cleaveland, *in your next Essay upon Dramatic Poetry: To be invoked Spring and Fall, with all the Devout Ejaculations in* Boileau, *and* Oldham: *To be remembred every Week in your Litany; and if you please, to give me some unlucky Nick-Name out of the Bible, so much the better, for that will be sure to stick by me for ever. Any thing of this nature will oblige me everlastingly to you; but to think to sham me with a bare dry pitiful Beating, 'tis below my Merits, and I'll never accept on't. I hear you threatned to send one of your Sons to give me a little Bodily Chastisement, if it were not below 'em. Truly, Sir, I am heartily sorry, for their sakes, that I am no Livery-Man as yet, or one of the City Common-Council; next Spring it may be, you'll find me advanced to that Honourable Preferment, for I have above Forty of the best Hands in the Parish, in order to it, already. But why, Mr.* Bays, *do you talk only of one Son? Send them both i'God's Name; and rather than fail, appear at the head of them your self. But if you design to ruine me to all intents and purposes, e'en raise the* Posse Comitatus

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tus *upon me; for then the Buſineß will be done effectually.*

And here, Honeſt Mr. Bays, *I take my final leave of you, unleſs you give me ſome freſh Provocation; that is, unleſs you follow Mr.* Hain's *ſteps, and ſuffer your ſelf to be re-converted to the* Panther's *Church; for then I ſhall aſſuredly publiſh the Reaſons of your Return; and according to my uſual Civility, if I find your own Reaſons weak and feeble, deſign or imagine to find ſome new ones for you. Nay, if you but ſpeak the Word, I'll Print an Account of your Re-Converſion, even before you are re-converted; as you know, it has been many an honeſt Fellow's caſe, to have his Execution-Prayer Printed for him, before he came to* Tyburn; *and then you may enquire how the Town ſtands affected to that Matter, and accordingly diſpoſe of your ſelf.*

And now, becauſe the Ancient Family of the Bays, *like that of the* Attici, *is not to be treated after the ordinary common Method of Epiſtles, I here take my farewel of you in the words of* Martial, *to a Perſon much of the ſame Name with your ſelf.*

Quod ſiccæ redolet palus lacunæ,
Piſcinæ vetus aura quod marinæ,
Quod jejunia Sabbatariorum,
Quod Vulpis fuga, Vipere cubile,
Quod ſpurcæ moriens lucerna Teſtæ,
Mallem, quam quod oles, olere *Baſſe.*

DIA-

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DIALOGUE III.

BETWEEN

Mr. *BAYS* and Mr. *HAINS*.

Bays. MY Old Comedian, ſtill alive, and luſty!

Hains. What, the Ornament and Glory of the *Engliſh* Theatre, my honeſt Friend, Mr. *Bays*!

Bays. Dear Rogue, let me hug and careſs thee a while: Well, I gad, Brother Convert, I am as glad to ſee thee ſafe and ſound again here in Town, as a fond Citizen that has loſt his virtuous Spouſe for two or three Days at this End of the Town, is to ſee her brought home in a Coach by ſome obliging Gentleman, and return to her Family Adminiſtrations.

Hains. And for my part, I take as much delight and ſatisfaction to behold the Ingenious Mr. *Bays*, as an *Italian* does to ſee his Miſtreſs at Church, or a long-expecting Cardinal to ſee a *Sede Vacante*.

Bays. But, my Noble Count, where haſt thou paſſed thy time all this while? 'Tis an Age, at leaſt, ſince I had the honour of thy Company. And how, and how do our Friends of the *Cruſca* at *Florence*, the *Ricourati* at *Padua*, and the *Lyncei* at *Rome*? How

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How goes Poetry forward in that refin'd Noble Country? What Sonnets, and Paſtorals, or Theological Diſcourſes, haſt thou brought over with thee? Come, I'Faith, I muſt ask thee as many Queſtions about this Affair, as a ſuſpicious *Spaniard* asks his Wife on the Wedding-Night, or a hot Prieſt does a raw Country Girl at the Confeſſional.

Hains. Nay, not a ſyllable of Theological Diſcourſe, as you love me, Mr. *Bays*; in Poetry, or Buſineſs of that nature, you may command me as far as you pleaſe; but for Divinity I deſire to be excuſed, it never ſuited with my Complexion. To ſatisfie your Curioſity then, I have been travelling abroad in the World to cultivate my Perſon, and acquire a little Experience for the relief of my Old Age.

Bays. Let me conjure thee, Dear Rogue, as thou hopeſt for no Gout, no Palſie, or what is more mortifying, for no barking Lungs, no barking Creditors, and no Small-Beer in thy declining Years, to acquaint me with the Hiſtory of thy Travels; for I am more impatient to hear the Iſſue of it, than a Poet is to hear the Succeſs of his New Play behind the Curtain; or a Gentleman that has employed his Friend to try the Honour of his Lady, longs to hear behind the Hangings how ſhe comes off with the Temptation.

Hains. To make ſhort of the matter, Mr. *Bays*, ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have paſſed the *Streights*, ſhot the *Gulph* of *Lyons*, ſeen the *Veſuvio* and *Mont-Gibel*, dined with the *Bey* of *Algiers*, made the *Giro* of *Italy*, and the *Tour* of *Malta*, ſung before the *Beau Monde* of *Tripoly*, and danced before the *Beglerbegs* of *Tunis*.

Bays. I ſee, you keep up your merry diverting Humour ſtill, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains.

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Hains. I have made seven Bashaws, two and fifty Knights of *Malta*, three *Italian* Princes, fourscore and thirteen Friars, eight Fathers of the Society, with about some thirty *Neopolitan* Barons, as drunk and tipsie as so many Bears. At a Carnival time, Prince *Pamphilio* and my self, Lampblack'd ninety nine Signs at *Venice*; we drank our Mistresses Healths on the two *Corinthian* Horses in St. *Mark's*; we rubbed out all the Milkscores in the *Strada Nova*, and bilked just three hundred ninety nine Coaches precisely, and no more, in *Lombardy*.

Bays. Well, I'll say that for thee, Mr. *Hains*, thou art one of the most accomplish'd ingenious Humorists in *Europe*.

Hains. I plaid upon a Key and a pair of Tongues before the Pope and Cardinals, by the same token that *Innocent* the Eleventh got his Death by over-dancing himself; tho' this is a Mystery which you were never acquainted with before: But then as for the Ladies, Mr. *Bays.* —

Bays. Ay, what have you to say to the Ladies, Mr. *Hains?*

Hains. Why, what with the Agreeableness of my Mein, the Gaiety of my Conversation, the irresistable Charms of my Singing, and the Gallantry of my Dancing, I had the good Luck to charm all the Ladies where-ever I came; Signior *Giusippe*, says one, when will you come, and help me to String my Lute? Signior *Giusippe*, says another, shall we see you at Night in the *Grotto*, behind the Duke's Palace? Signior *Giusippe*, says a third, when will you come and teach me the last Song, which you made for the Prince of *Tuscany*? And so, I' Faith, they *Giusipped* me on amongst them, till I had sworn at least to a dozen Assignations; and knew no more, Mr. *Bays*, where it was best to dispose of my self, than poor

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poor Needle that's exactly placed between two Loadstones, which way to incline it self.

Bays. I warrant thee, Dear Rogue, thou didst wish then with all my heart, that some honest Miracle-monger of a Priest, cou'd have transubstantiated that sinful Body of thine, that thou mightest have been capable of answering half a dozen Appointments at a time. I am sure, had I been in thy case, I had desired the same Blessing as heartily, as ever rising Favourite pray'd for a Plurality of Titles, or a Town-Bully for a Plurality of believing Mercers.

Hains. Well, I was a graceless ill-natur'd Devil, that's certain; I left seven Women of good Condition, languishing for me at *Algiers*, twelve at *Tripoly*, fourteen at *Tunis*, eight and twenty at *Saragosa*, and thirty three at *Naples*. Since my Arrival into *England*, I have been informed, half of 'em are dead, and the rest in a fair way to be translated in a short time —— But, what would you have a Man do in such a case, dear Brother *Squob*? You know, no body's Tabernacle is able to bear such perpetual Skirmishing; and for my part, let me tell you, I do not pretend to be a *Sampson* ——

Bays. Nay, you need not excuse your self, Mr. *Hains*, as to this Point; for to my certain knowledge, a Person acquits himself with Honour and Reputation enough, that can contrive to come off a Saver from one Assignation.

Hains. One of the best Intrigues I have had in my Travels, was with the Grand-master's Mistress in *Malta*; a fine, plump two-handed *Bona Roba*, I Faith, with Eyes as sparkling as Canary, and Cheeks as red as Claret.

Bays. And, how didst thou compass her at last, dear Comedian? ——

Hains.

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Hains. Why, I attacked her ſeveral ways, but to no purpoſe at all; at laſt, I thought a Serenade was the likelieſt way to prevail upon her Affections; and ſo I tranſlated a certain Ode out of *Horace*, which was very ſuitable to the Occaſion, and ſung it under her Window.

Bays. May I pretend to ſo great an intereſt in thee, Dear Rogue, as to beg it of thee.

Hains. With all my Heart, Dear *Squob.* But you are to underſtand, it was firſt tranſlated into *Italian*; but ſince my coming into *England*, I tranſlated it for my own Diverſion into *Engliſh*; and ſuch as it is, you are heartily welcome to.

Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes Lyce. Ode 10. Lib. 3.

I.

Tho' you, my Lyce, *in ſome* Northern *Flood,*
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood;
Or loſt your ſweet engaging Charms,
In ſome Tartarian *Huſband's icy Arms;*
Were yet one ſpark of Pity left behind,
To form the leaſt Impreſſion on your Mind:
Sure you muſt grieve, ſure you muſt ſigh,
Sure drop ſome Pity from your Eye;
To ſee your Lover proſtrate on the ground,
With gloomy Night, and black Deſpair encompaſs'd all around.

II.

Hark! how the threatning Storms ariſe,
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies.
Hark! how the tott'ring Buildings ſhake,
Hark! how the Trees a doleful Conſort make.
And ſee! Oh ſee! how all below
The Earth lies cover'd deep in Snow:
The Romans *clad in White, did thus the* Faſces *wooe,*
And thus your Freezing Candidate, my Lycea, *ſues for you.*

III. *Come*

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III.

Come, lay these foolish Niceties aside,
And to Soft Passion sacrifice your Pride;
Let not the precious Hours with fruitless Questions die,
But let new Scenes of Pleasure crown 'em as they flie.
Scorn not the Flame, which your own Charms infuse,
And no kind Friendly Minute lose,
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuse.
As Men by Acts of Charity below,
Or purchase the next World, or think they do.
So you in Youth a Lover should engage,
To make a sure Retreat for your declining Age.

IV.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good Grecian *Spinstress was of Old.*
She, whilst her Sot his Youthful Prime bestow'd,
To fight a Cuckold's Wars abroad,
Held out a longer Siege than Troy,
Against the warm Attacks of proffer'd Joy:
And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,
At the Expence of Ten Year's Lies and Perjury.
Like that Old-fashion'd Dame, ne'er bilk your own Delight,
But what you've lost i'th' Day, get, get it in th' Night.

V.

Oh then, if Prayers can no Acceptance find,
Nor Vows, nor Offrings bend your Mind:
If all these powerful Motives fail,
Yet let your Keeper's Injuries prevail.
He by some Play-House Jilt misled,
Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed.
Let me his forfeited Embraces share,
Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.
So Kings by their own Rebel Powers betray'd,
To quell a home-bred Foe, call in a Foreign Aid.

VI. *Love*

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VI.

Love, let Platonics *promiſe what they will,*
Muſt, like Devotion, be encourag'd ſtill.
Muſt meet with equal Wiſhes, and Deſires,
Or elſe the Dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.
And I, for all that boaſted Flame,
We Poets, and fond Lovers, idly claim;
Am of too frail a Make, I fear,
Shou'd you continue ſtill ſevere,
To brave the double hardſhip of my Fate,
And bear the Coldneſs of the Winds, and Rigour of your Hate.

Bays. So, Mr. *Hains*, you compaſs'd her at laſt, I don't Queſtion with this all-conſounding Perſuaſive of a Sonnet. Nay, never bluſh for the matter, noble Comedian of mine, for I have been in my time, as great a Virtuoſo for this kind of Natural Philoſophy, as thy experienced ſelf.

Hains. I won't trouble you, Mr. *Bays*, to recount my *Turkiſh*, my *African*, and my *Grecian* Amours to thee; for then you muſt expect to find me as tedious as a Thrice-married Widow, when ſhe lanches out in commendation of her deceaſed Husbands; or one of my own Brothers of the Theatre, that has bound the Poet Apprentice to the Player, when he diſcourſes very pertly concerning the Ancient and Modern Writers, —— But ſtill, dear *Malta*, I ſhall never forget thee.

Bays. Nay, Mr. *Hains*, I muſt freely own, you have a great deal of reaſon to remember *Malta*, conſidering the Noble Rencounter you had there with the Grand Maſter's Miſtreſs: And what ſort of a Place is it, pray?

Hains. Oh! dear Rogue, 'tis the fineſt, happieſt Iſland in the World: The ſweeteſt Air, the richeſt Wine, the braveſt Gentlemen, the moſt obliging well-bred Ladies, that, methinks, I could never be

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weary of discoursing upon so entertaining a Subject, Thou mayst guess, little *Bays*, what plenty of Women they have amongst them there, when I shall inform thee, that there are two or three thousand Bawdy Batchelors always upon the spot: Men of Fortitude and Vigour, that have made a Vow of Chastity, and yet Fornicate in abundance.

Bays. Thank you for that Observation, Mr. *Hains.* for I have always remarked, it has been the Fashion of the World for Men to act just contrary to the Professions they make. Thus your superannuated Old Lady, that's perpetually declaiming on the Vices of the Age, is the fondest, and most violent Lover in Private.

Hains. Thus your Men of Sanctity and Devotion, are the greatest Libertines within Doors; your Men of Complaisance and Civility, the greatest Enemies behind your back; your Men of Latitude and Comprehension, the greatest Persecutors when they get uppermost. Your Ecclesiastical Pretender to Poverty, the rankest Miser; as your Pretender to Wit, and good Breeding is generally the dullest, rudest Animal in the World. All this had been true, Mr. *Bays*, whether you or I had ever observed it, or no; but still dear *Malta* I shall never forget thee.

Bays. Come, Mr. *Hains*, I am confident there's something or other extraordinary in the case, that makes this *Malta* run in thy Head so; prithee Communicate it, for I can keep a Secret as well as a *White-Hall* Whisperer, or a Chamber-maid you have lain with; a Minister of State you have bribed, or a Simoniacal Parson.

Hains. To satisfie your longing, Mr. *Bays*, you must know I was converted to the *Roman* Religion in this Island; and tho I say it, that should not, the manner of my Conversion was a hundred times more strange, and surprizing than ever yours was.

Bays.

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Bays. And did the news of my Conversion arrive to thee beyond Sea? Prithee let me know, what were the Sentiments of your part of the World upon this occasion; for, not to mince matters with you, every body here at home look'd upon it as a Prodigy; I have had half the Scriblers about the Town upon me at once, that have Persecuted, and treated me ten times worse, than the Author of the *Vox populi* has treated *Tobit*'s Dog; and yet I'gad, Mr. *Hains*, seemingly I took no more notice of the Affront, than a Fanatick would do of some half a score alterations in the Liturgy; and was pleas'd publickly to say here in *Will*'s Coffee-House, that it was below the Honour of Mr. *Bays*, to answer these little Pamphleteers, as much, as it is below the Reputation of a Gentleman, to send a Challenge to a Surly Beef-Eater, that turn'd him out of the Presence Chamber at *White-Hall*.

Hains. That was Politickly done, let me tell you, Mr. *Bays*. For had you condescended to answer one, you had lain under an Obligation of answering the whole Herd. And therefore to pretend an insensibility, or neglect of 'em on this occasion, was as cunning a fetch, as it was of Mr. *Horner* in the *Country-Wife*, to publish his disability as to love Affairs, when he design'd to free himself from the Importunities of his old cast Mistress.

Bays. But all this while, Mr. *Hains*, you forgot to tell me how the Story of my Conversion reliſh'd abroad.

Hains. Why to me, that was acquainted with thy Character, and the fickleness of thy Constitution, it passed for no Miracle I can assure thee. I use to judge of other People by my self, and let a Dramatist, little *Bays*, write for any Religion, as much as he pleases, I am confident he no more minds to advance it, than any of the honest drinking Members

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of the House thought to confound Claret by passing the Twelve-penny Act. For a Poet is a true *Swisse*, that never troubles his Head with the Merits of the Cause, for which he's engaged.

Bays. That might be your single Opinion, Mr. *Hains*, I confess. But what said the rest of Mankind to my Conversion?

Hains. I am afraid I shall make thee a little vain, if I divulge it: You are to know the Pope and Cardinals rejoyced exceedingly at the News. The Queen of *Sweden* (that had a particular kindness always for Poets) to testifie her Zeal upon that occasion, gave a fine Entertainment at her Palace; at which the greatest Masters of Musick in the City assisted; nay, so general was the Joy for your Conversion, that I durst almost have sworn, the Congregation *de propaganda fide*, would have order'd a solemn Procession about the Town, to Complement Heaven upon that Score.

Bays. Dear Mr. *Hains*, how shall I be able to make thee any suitable returns for so great an Obligation?

Hains. Now (said they) the Converts in *England* will come faster upon our Hands, than we know how to provide for 'em. Heresie is utterly demolish'd for this Age, that's certain. We have already got Mr. *Bays*, the Poet-Laureat on our side, and he, by his Example, will soon prevail upon the rest of his Profession to turn Catholicks; and when we have got the Poets to defend our Cause, the whole Nation must come in of course. For the People must of necessity judge there's something very convincing, and extraordinary in that Religion, which the Poets so resolutely maintain, as when we see a Man from a lewd Rake-hell, turn Saint on the sudden, we are apt to ascribe it to little less than a Revelation: So they concluded, that by this means the

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the whole Nation wou'd be brought in a ſhort time to declare.

Bays. Well I muſt needs ſay, that if it had not been for this unlucky Revolution, matters wou'd have infallibly ſucceeded, as theſe *Virtuoſo's* did imagine.

Hains. For your farther comfort, Mr. *Bays*, your Book was carried with a great deal of Triumph to the *Vatican*, where it is ſhown to all Strangers, along with King *Harry's* Letter to *Anne Bolein*, and his Treatiſe againſt *Luther*. Beſides, it was the common Diſcourſe of the Town, a little before I left the Place, that the Pope deſign'd to employ a Celebrated Work-man, to Carve a *Hind* and *Panther* in Marble; and, in order to preſerve the Memory of their Immortal Conference, to place their Statues on each ſide the two Famous Horſes in *Monte Cavallo*.

Bays. This mighty honour that you tell me, has been done to my Works, has thrown me into ſuch a tranſport of Joy, that I fancy it would be convenient to take a Doſe of *Diaſcordium* before I go to bed, to prevent a Fever, and all that; pray give me your Advice, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. What I am going about to tell you, will ſave you the Expence of your *Diaſcordium*, and all that. Indeed, the more curious inquiſitive Perſons at *Rome*, that had found out your Character, and manner of Converſation, that had informed themſelves of the Author of the *Religio Laici*, and the *Spaniſh Friar*, were of opinion, that for all your Pretenſions to be a Convert, you deſerved only to be honeſtly damn'd for your pains; for I muſt tell you, Mr. *Bays*, the good natur'd Church of *Rome*, is as little inclined to forgive a Man that has once affronted her, as a Lady of the Town, that grudges to have the leaſt Mite of Conjugal Benevolence beſtow'd elſewhere,

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is to pardon her poor Husband, that she has found Trespassing with one of her Maids in the Garret. And now I have been so free as to acquaint thee with what that part of the World as I resided in, thought of thy Conversion, prithee tell me what they said of mine here in *England*.

Bays. Why, I'faith, Mr. *Hains*, you and I have had the worst luck of any two Converts in the Universe. We cou'd get no body breathing to believe one syllable of our Conversion; as for your self, tho a Missionary from Heaven had come on purpose to attest the Sincerity of your Change, it had never passed: They remembred you palm'd a Count upon the *French* King formerly in your younger days, and so they concluded, that from the same Principle of Mirth and Diversion, you were resolved to palm a Convert upon the Pope and Cardinals in your Old Age. But letting alone such a foolish Disquisition, prithee proceed in the History of your Conversion.

Hains. You are to understand then, Mr. *Bays*, that in coming from *Algiers* (where I had the Honour to Dance before threescore and five *Turkish* Women at a Renegadoes Wedding) to *Malta*, we were becalm'd at Sea, for the space of a Week and upwards; during which time, whether it happen'd through the excessive heat of the Season, or the Iniquity of my Youth, or both; I was troubled with a mighty tumour in my left Arm, which the next Night after threw me into a violent Calenture.

Bays. Poor Rogue, I pity thy condition with all my Heart.

Hains. After some outward and inward Medicines applied to no purpose, at last the Surgeon and Chaplain of the Ship —— no, I beg your pardon, I should have said the Chaplain and Surgeon of the Ship ——

Bays.

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Bays. I don't like that Conjunction, Mr. *Hains*, 'tis a fore-boding Augury, let me tell you. A Chaplain and a Surgeon to a Sick Man, 'tis like a the Conjunction of a hard Jury, and a worſe Judge to a Priſoner at the Bar.

Hains. They came into my Cabin, and in a very mournful Tone told me, We'd adviſe you, Mr. *Hains*, to make up your Accompts with this World as ſoon as you can, you cannot expect to live four and twenty Hours longer in this at the fartheſt; therefore we counſel you to think of Eternity, and prepare your ſelf for another Station.

Bays. That word *Prepare your ſelf for another Station*, when you had no mind to quit your preſent Poſt, was, I don't queſtion, full as mortifying a Summons to thee, my Noble Comedian, as it would be to a young unfighting Tradeſmen of the New-rais'd Regiment of Horſe, to leave his pretty Employment and pretty Wife at home, and be ſent to ſtarve at his own Coſt and Charges in *Ireland*.

Hains. Nay, I muſt confeſs, I receiv'd the News with no great Alacrity of Spirit; for I had leiſure enough to reflect on all my Juvenile Frolicks and Excurſions, and hoped my Stars would be ſo civil to me, as to allow me a longer time to Adjuſt my Accompts. As my good Fortune order'd the matter, there happen'd to be a certain *Calabrian* Gentleman in the Ship, who was going to pay his Devoir to the Grand Maſter of *Malta*, that was his *Couſin-Germain*.

Bays. Now thou reviveſt me, dear Rogue; i-faith, I was going to give thee over for loſt; and then I am ſure, all the *Veneres Cupidinéſque*, all the pretty ſoft Graces of the Theatre, had departed along with thee.

Hains. His Name, which I ſhall never forget, was Seignor *Pietro Leandro*, the ſweeteſt, moſt obliging

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Gentleman that I ever had the Honour to converſe with; he coming to give me a Viſit in this Extremity, in the firſt place asked me what Religion I was of.

Bays. And that, I am afraid, was as difficult a Queſtion for thee to reſolve, as it would be for a Modern Latitudinarian, or Alteration-Man, to anſwer, what Church he's inclin'd to, the Eſtabliſh'd, or the Fanatick.

Hains. Sir, (ſaid I) for your comfort, you'll find me of what Religion you pleaſe; I am at your Service, recommend me to what Perſuaſion you think convenient. My Soul's, as to that Affair, a clean Sheet of Paper, a meer *Tabula raſa*; therefore, Sir, you may impreſs any Characters in the World upon it; *Mahumetan*, *Jew*, or *Pagan*, 'tis all a caſe to your poor diſtreſſed Servant.

Bays. And what ſaid your Noble *Calabrian* to all this, I prithee?

Hains. He ſhook his Head, and ſeemed as much ſurprized at the Confeſſion I made him, as the Ordinary of *Newgate* is at an old *Sabbath-breaker's* Hiſtory of his Debaucheries; at laſt, he asked me what Profeſſion I was of, and in what Religion my Parents had educated me? To this I reply'd, that in my preſent Character, I was Secretary to the *Engliſh* Embaſſador who was bound for *Conſtantinople*, that I had ſerved the Stage in Quality of a Player, and Prologue-maker ſome twenty Years: That if I belong'd to any Religion, it was to the Reformation, but to what Branch of it, I no more knew, than a new comer to *London*, Mr. *Bays*, knows what Ward, or Alderman's Juriſdiction he lives under.

Bays. I ſhall certainly die, with laughing at this Pleaſant Paſſage; but pray continue the Diſcourſe.

Hains.

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Hains. That I had the Charity to believe, my Father took care to get me Baptized when I was an Infant, (the only time when he was capable of managing me) but that by reaſon of my continual Buſineſs in the World, I never had time to conſult the Pariſh-Regiſter for better Information. That I cou'd have ſaid the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments by Heart about Forty Years ago; and that, thanks to my Almanack, I had moſt of the Names of the Saints, and the Apoſtles, ſtill very freſh in my Memory.

Bays. Pray proceed.

Hains. At this, my Gentleman put on a ſweeter Countenance than before, and ſmiling told me, Sir, there are ſtill hopes of your Recovery, if you can but put your ſelf into a ſober poſture of Contemplation for an Hour or two, and heartily believe in St. *Paul.*

Bays. What Anſwer did you give him, Mr. *Hains?*

Hains. I told him, I could heartily believe in St. *Paul*, or any other Saint in the Kalendar, that wou'd undertake to cure me. Why then (ſays he) I have a certain Medicinal Earth in my Trunk, that goes by the Name of St. *Paul*'s Earth, we call it in *Italy*, *La terra di Santo Paolo*; and it grows in a remarkable Grotto in *Malta*. You have no more left you to do upon this occaſion, but only to apply it to the Tumour in your Arm, and afterwards to believe in St. *Paul*'s Merits, as heartily as you can.

Bays. I am as impatient to hear the ſequel of thy Story, as a Country Lady at the Play-Houſe, is to know what Fortune a rich Heireſs, that was Married in the firſt Act, will meet with in the fifth.

Hains, Seignor (ſaid I) leave me alone to that, I warrant you I'll believe as throughly, as firmly, as implicitly, and as ſubſtantially, as any Perſon in *Chriſten-*

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Chriſtendom. Never queſtion the extent of my Faith, Seignor, ſaid I; for upon an Extraordinary Affair, I can make it travel as far as old dreaming Monk, or an old penitent *Magdalen.* Upon this, he fetches me ſome of this Miraculous Earth, then bids me apply it to the place above-mention'd, and then without fail to follow the other Preſcription; for without that, ſays he, it won't ſignifie a Braſs Farthing.

Bays. So now, I can imagine thee, my Noble Count, raiſing thy ſelf upon thy Pillow, with thy Eyes lifted up, and a great deal of Devotion in that ungodly Countenance, applying this ſanctified Earth to thy unſanctified Arm.

Hains. At parting, cries the Gentleman, I don't queſtion to ſee you whole and luſty again, within theſe two or three Days at fartheſt; and then I may take occaſion to diſcourſe more particularly, about the Principles of the Chriſtian Religion, and ſettle you, if poſſible, in the Romiſh Perſuaſion: But above all, (and then he ſhut the Door upon me) don't forget to recommend your ſelf to the Merits and Interceſſions of you know who.

Bays. Well, I muſt needs ſay that for the *Italian* Gentlemen, they are as deſirous to make a Convert to their Church, as ——

Hains. As an *Algerine* is to make a Captive, or a Rook a good eaſie Cully. They never think they have entertain'd a Stranger heartily, unleſs they can intoxicate him with their Superſtition into the Bargain; as your Country-Gentlemen never think they have made a Man welcome in their Houſes, unleſs they ſend him home Dead-drunk. 'Tis their Intereſt, Mr. *Bays*, that carries them on to this Charitable Performance; for the converting of one ſingle Heretick, will give them Credit in the Confeſſional, for a whole Year's running on Tick in Gaming, Swearing and Whoring. *Bays.*

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Bays. Nay, now you begin to be Satyrical, Mr. *Hains*, I muſt deſire you to quit this Digreſſion, and purſue your Story.

Hains. When the Gentleman had left me, I made uſe of his Earth according to his Preſcription; but how to advance that unactive, feeble, phlegmatick thing within me, my Faith, that, Mr. *Bays*, that was the ſevereſt Mortification. For my own part, I had never made uſe on't before, but only to believe a Plot in a Play, an Aſſignation at Night, the Honeſty of my Wife, the Credulity of a Cit, or the Promiſes of a Courtier. Well, for all I could do, (and I play'd more Tricks with it I am ſure, than a Fortune-teller does with a raw fooliſh Girl about a ſtoln Silver-Spoon) I cou'd not prevail with it to comply with my deſires, till my Diſtemper began to abate ſomewhat, and then as my Pain ebbed out, my Faith flowed in; ſo that by break of Day, I had very little Pain about me, but a ſwinging deal of Faith.

Bays. This is certainly the ſtrangeſt Story, I ever met with in my Life, and richly deſerves to find a place in the next Edition of *Clark's Mirrour*, *Beard's Theatre*, or *Wanly's Wonders of Man*.

Hains. Juſt as the Gentleman promis'd, within two Days I was ſo perfectly recovered, that I fancied my ſelf in a condition to perform Feats of Activity before the beſt Aſſembly in *France*, or *Italy*. I met him one Morning very early on the Deck; Seignor, (ſays he) I ſee your Body is in plight good enough, there needs no more Queſtions about it. But pray inform me, In what Condition do you find your Faith? Very brave, and luſty, anſwer'd I, and in a fit Tune to digeſt all the amazing Stories in the Univerſe.

Bays. Stranger and ſtranger ſtill, I profeſs.

Hains.

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Hains. Why then, continued he, you and I must talk about some Serious Points of Religion, that very nearly concern you; I must nick you, Dear Friend of mine, in the Critical Minute, otherwise I shall be in danger of losing you. No, by no means, answer'd I; never attack me fasting, while you live; I made a solemn Promise to my Relations in *England*, never to meddle with Religion, till my Appetite was well gorged. After Dinner, you may discourse me as long as you please.

Bays. Well, thou art a Person, Mr. *Hains*, of the most singular, peculiar, and most uncommon Constitution of Body in the whole World, I believe.

Hains. After we had dined, he follows me into my Cabin: Signior *Giuseppe*, (says he,) (for by this time he had learnt my Name out) I am come to lay hold on your Promise. *Imprimis*, What is your Opinion of the Pope's Infallibility? The Lord knows, said I, I have but a very indifferent Opinion of it; and yet I cannot help it for the Heart of me; for if I could but once arrive to be Master of so much Grace, as to be persuaded in that Point, I'de just believe as the Pope believes, and all the Business would be over.

Bays. If I had had the Management of thee, Mr. *Hains*, I had as soon have persuaded thee to swallow that Article, and twenty more of the same bulk; as a *Covent-Garden* Beau makes a straggling Citizen's Daughter in the Park believe she's handsome, and only made for Enjoyment; or a Poet, by a little glittering Eloquence in a Dedication, makes any Noble Lord about the Court, believe he's witty, and valiant, and every thing besides.

Hains. When he saw the Infallibility was too gross a Pill for me to swallow, he accosts me with another Doctrine of his Church; that twas ten times worse, I mean Transubstantiation: He then enqui-

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enquired of me whether I believed a Corporal, or a Virtual Preſence in the Euchariſt? I told him, that the Stage having employ'd all my Thoughts, I underſtood nothing of thoſe things that he mentioned. Then he fell upon the Invocation of Saints, and the great Benefit of Images, and began very ſeriouſly to explain 'em to me. All this while, I minded him no more, than a Fanatic-Parſon does a Diſcourſe of Charity, or Forty-One; a Courtier a Learned Harangue about the Fathers and Councils; or, (as you ſay) a Poet minds Truth in the Dedicatory Epiſtle.

Bays. This was very rude and uncivil, I proteſt to you, Mr. *Hains*, to make ſuch unhandſome Returns to the Gentleman, that only deſign'd the Saving of your Precious Soul.

Hains. Seeing that this Method did not meet with that Succeſs as he expected; Seignior, (cries he) you were utterly ſpoil'd in the Building, therefore I muſt e'en carry you to the Dock, take you to pieces, and refit you again; for at preſent you are a very unſerviceable leaky Veſſel, ſcarce fit for an *Algerine* to ſail in. I muſt Man you with ſome Thirty Catholick Tenets, that ſhall preſerve you from being boarded by any Infidel or Proteſtant Privateers. I muſt give you the Church's Infallible Compaſs to ſteer your Courſe by, when you have no Scripture Moon-light, or Star-light. Above all, I muſt furniſh you with a new Rudder of Faith, for your old one has been battered to pieces in the Play-Houſe; with a good ſubſtantial Anchor of Hope, with Sails of Contemplation, the Pump of Confeſſion, and Pitch you and Tar you all over, with the *Italian* Doctrines of Ignorance, and Obedience.

Bays. Very courteous and civil, i-gad. But why Mr. *Hains*, did you give the Gentleman all this pains and trouble?

Hains.

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Hains. Only to make my self a little Mirth and Diversion: For thus, I remember, I once kept a City-Merchant, that had a Lac'd-Band which reached from Shoulder to Shoulder, two hours by the Clock, in one of the Coffee-houses about the *Exchange*, to explain the meaning *Chevaux de frize* in a Gazette; and I shall never forget, he told me they were Horses bred in *Frize-land*, that were Bullet-proof. At another time, I kept a Grocer a full quarter of an hour in the street, to tell me which was the neareſt way from *Fleet-ſtreet* to the Sun-Tavern in *Piccadilly*, whether down the *Strand*, and ſo by *Charing-croſs*, or through *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*, tho' the poor Fellow told me his Spouſe ſent him out for a Midwife, and for all I know, I made him loſe an Heir Apparent to a dozen pound of Raiſins, as many Silver-Spoons, *Stow*'s Survey of the City, and *Speed*'s Chronicle.

Bays. Well, I ſee you muſt have your Frolicks, Mr. *Hains*; but pray, what was the Reſult of this Affair between you?

Hains. I made very ſmall, inſenſible Advances into Popery, little *Bays*; tho' the Gentleman took as much Pains every day to expound it to me, as a kind Keeper takes to inſtruct a young Country-Girl of his own breeding up, in *Aretine*'s Poſtures; or a new Author takes to teach a dull, heavy Player, the right Accent of all his Witty Paſſages in his firſt Comedy: He was a Week, at leaſt, before he could make me comprehend one Article and half of his Religion; and I dare ſwear, had the Ship we were in, moved no faſter than I did, we had continued in the *Mediterranean* to this very moment.

Bays. I ſhall never forgive thee for this inexcuſable Stupidity, Mr. *Hains*; thou art as reſtiff an Animal

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Animal as a tired Carrier's Horſe, or a ſuperannuated Matron of threeſcore and three.

Hains. At laſt, ſays my Friend *Leandro*, being I ſuppoſe, by this time, fully convinced what a difficult Province he had undertaken; Seignor *Giuſeppe*, you and I take Articles in the Catholic Religion much after the ſame rate as the *Spaniards* regain their Towns in the *French* Acquiſitions. I am Dog-weary of this ſlaviſh Employment already, for I'd ſooner engage to teach a Poet Mathematicks, or the profound Myſtery of keeping ready Money always in his Pocket; to teach a nimble fluttering Monſieur the Art of Thinking, a Sea-man the Rules of Civility, a *Dutch-man* Sobriety, an *Iriſh-man* Good Manners and Diſcretion, an *Italian* a Cure for Jealouſie, than to be bound to inſtruct you piece-meal in all the Doctrines of Holy Church.

Bays. Did he turn you over then for loſt, Mr. *Hains*, when he gave you this ſevere Reprimand?

Hains. No, you ſhall hear: I have only one thing more to truſt to, (continues he) and if that fails, then farewel for ever. When we come aſhore at *Malta*, I deſign to carry you to St. *Paul's Grotto*, where he ſhelter'd himſelf ſome time, after he was ſhipwrack'd upon that Iſland. Unleſs my Expectations mightily deceive me, when I have got you there, and advanced two or three convincing Arguments upon you, I ſhall ſee you become a good truſty believing Catholick by wholeſale.

Bays. Well, I am glad with all my heart to ſee your Gentleman has his ſureſt Cards ſtill to play; for to ſay the truth, I began to deſpair of the Game.

Hains. As ſoon as we landed, my pious well-meaning Friend, before he went to pay his Complements to the Grand maſter, or look after any of his Concerns, carries me along with him to this celebrated *Grotto*. This was the place, ſaid he, (and I re-

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I remember it faced the Sea-ſhore) which St. *Paul* honour'd with his Preſence immediately after his Shipwrack.

Bays. — *Hanc* Tharſi *magnus Alumnus*
Speluncam ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit,
Aude Hoſpes contemnere opes, & te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo ———

I hope you can forgive me this ſudden Rapture, Mr. *Hains*, for I am all o'er poſſeſs'd with Ecſtaſie and Admiration.

Hains. That immortal Converter of the *Gentiles*, added he, during the ſhort Reſidence he made here, impreſs'd that miraculous Virtue on the Earth of this Cave, that it cures all manner of Tumours and Inflammations. You your ſelf, by comfortable Experience, have found the Efficacy of it, ſuffer your ſelf therefore *Amico meo cariſſimo*, to be conquered by ſo irreſiſtible an Argument, and don't diſdain to increaſe the Triumphs of this Victorious *Miſſionary*.

Bays. Thou hadſt been a meer unpardonable Infidel, if this had not prevailed upon thee. And what, did not St. *Paul's* Earth convert thee at laſt?

Hains. I was going to ſay, Sir, I am afraid, if St. *Paul's* Earth will bring me over to the *Roman* Church, that his Epiſtles will draw me out of it again. But the Gentleman reaſſuming his Diſcourſe; tho', ſays he, a hundred thouſand Cartloads are every Year carried out of this Cave to be diſtributed about in *Italy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, *Germany*, *Poland*, and other Catholic Countries, (for out of the Precincts of the Church, this Earth has no manner of Operation) yet the place is neither larger nor wider than it was ſixteen Centuries ago. I looked round about me, and ſaw, to my great Aſtoniſhment, it was one of the leaſt and loweſt *Grotto's* that I had ever ſeen in my Life. A Box in a Tavern is capable of holding a greater number of People; half a dozen

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dozen brawny, over-grown, drinking *Dutch* Divines wou'd cram it up. So then I bluſh'd, hung down my Head, gave the Gentleman my Hand, and told him, I was his moſt humble Servant ——

Bays. *Tuque dum precedas*, Io Triumphe,
Non ſemel dicemus, Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimuſque divis
Thura benignis.

Hains. For your farther ſatisfaction, ſays he, there are a thouſand worthy Perſons in the Iſland, Men of Honour and Virtue, that can atteſt the truth of what I have communicated to you. In ſhort, 'tis too palpable and notorious a thing to be an Impoſture; you your ſelf will ſee an hundred Evidences of it before you leave the place; and, can you think then, my illuſtrious Seignor, that the Religion of this Country (which I can aſſure you is only Catholick) is diſpleaſing to Heaven, ſince it is daily countenanced by ſo continued, ſo palpable, ſo manifeſt a Miracle. The *Terra Sigillata* that comes from *Stalimene*, is not to be named in the ſame Month with this; it has converted more Infidels and Hereticks to the Church, than all the Fathers of the Society ſince the Days of St. *Ignatius*, and by Methods more gentle, more peaceable, and ſuited to the Spirit of Chriſtianity.

Bays. That I muſt needs own. But I wonder in my heart, that we never heard or read of this Miraculous Earth in *England* before. It had been worth K. *James*'s while, I am ſure, to have ſent all his unbelieving Peers to this Iſland, to be transform'd here into true Muſſulmen. This ſame Buſineſs, Mr. *Hains*, ſticks a little with me I confeſs.

Hains. Why, Mr. *Bays*, couldſt thou read over, and tranſlate, and conſequently believe the Hiſtory of St. *Xavier*, (for otherwiſe, why didſt thou print it)? and, canſt thou with any Face ſtartle at my

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ſingle Miracle? Oh thou Uncircumcis'd, Infidel Play-wright! This 'tis to ſwallow the Legend of *Garagantua*, and boggle at poor *Tom Thumb*. Thou ſerveſt thy Faith juſt as a Merchant in Town ſerves a declining Tradeſman, giveſt it credit at firſt for a Hundred pound, and afterwards wont truſt it for a a ſingle Farthing.

Bays. Don't be angry, honeſt Mr. *Hains*, lay aſide your Paſſion, and I promiſe you upon my word, I'll be guilty no more of ſuch a Treſpaſs.

Hains. Well, ſaid I, to the Gentleman, I heartily beg your pardon for the Trouble I have given you, and render you ten thouſand thanks for the double Cure you have wrought upon an unworthy, graceleſs Foreigner. I now believe Church and Councils, Canons and Decrees, Pope and Tradition, and every thing in the World beſides. My future Acknowledgments ſhall teſtifie the Sincerity of my Heart. Seignor, anſwered he, no more of this; your frank Confeſſion has abundantly recompenſed me for the Pains I have taken. Then he informed me, into how charitable and good natured a Church I had fled for Sanctuary; acquainted me with what Latitude, what Elbow-room, what Liberty of Conſcience ſhe allow'd to poor Sinners, at what eaſie Chriſtian rates ſhe offered Abſolution, that tho' ſhe obliged her Converts to part with a few fooliſh Senſes, yet ſhe was never ſo unmerciful or Un-Lady-like as to contradict the ſweet Dictates of Fleſh and Blood, with a great many more *Arcanas* of the ſame importance; ſo that when he left me all alone in the *Grotto*, to paſs an hour or two by my ſelf in Prayer and Meditation, I fell a weeping, and crying, as hard as I could drive.

Bays. Nay, I think you'd make me weep too, Mr. *Hains*, with this pathetic, moving Narration, but that I have no Moiſture left me in my old decaying Tenement

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Tenement to part with. Dear Seignor *Leandro*, I ſhall never forget thee. But pray, Noble Comedian, tell me what occaſioned you to weep ſo plentifully?

Hains. Not the old Story of *Alexander's* Sorrow, becauſe I had no more Worlds of Religion, no more *terra incognitas* to conquer, but a ſad melancholly Story of a Sage, and venerable Hermit.

Bays. *For Charity, replyed the Matron, tell*
What ſad Miſchance the Hermit Sage befell:
Hains. *Nay, no Miſchance, reply'd the Savage Dame,*
But too much Vigour, and too fierce a Flame,
And Love too ſtrong, and ſomething elſe without a Name.

To make ſhort work of my Tale: This Hermit I am diſcourſing of, had very honeſtly, and according to the Letter, lived up to his Vow of Chaſtity, till he was near threeſcore Years of Age: Knew no more for what Noble Ends a Woman was created, than the young ignorant *Perſian* Prince in the Play; ſo you may imagine, he had in this time amaſſed together a vaſt prodigious Stock of Love, which like ill-managed Hay that had not cocking and ſpreading enough, broke out at laſt into a Flame, and threw him into a very violent burning Fever.

Bays. And no more than what he deſerved, like an old penurious niggardly Hunks as he was, to keep his Talent about him for ſo long a time uſeleſs and unemployed.

Hains. The Phyſicians being ſent for to preſcribe what Medicines they thought moſt convenient and ſuitable for their Patient, after they had acquainted themſelves with all the Circumſtances of his Indiſpoſition, they came to his Bed-ſide, and told him, there was only one way in the World for him to ſave his Life, but that they queſtioned whether a

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Gentleman of that nice ſqueamiſh Conſcience wou'd ſubmit to follow the Preſcription.

Bays. Show me that Man, Mr. *Hains*, that won't ſacrifice all the Vows and Conſiderations in the World, rather than ſacrifice the beloved Principle of Self-preſervation, and I'll give you leave to make me your Bondſlave.

Hains. Sir, ſaid they, you are a Man of a ſanguine jolly Complexion, and ought to have conſulted the intereſt of your own Body ſo far, as to have drained it upon occaſion, when you found Nature over-charged with ſuperfluous Humours. To be plain with you, Sir, you have fooliſhly made a Vow of Chaſtity, and, what is unpardonable in a Perſon of your Vigour, you have as fooliſhly obſerved it. There's nothing in the Univerſe can ſave you but a Woman; take one into your Bed, and manage her as you ſee fitting; you'll need no Directions in the caſe, only follow the Impulſe of Nature, and you may live as long as a Patriarch.

Bays. Well, commend me to ſuch honeſt Doctors as theſe, while you live, I'll maintain it, they were in the right.

Hains. The poor Gentleman conſidered a while with himſelf what he had beſt do. If he followed the Doctor's Advice, he treſpaſſed upon his Oath; and if he declin'd it, he muſt certainly die. At laſt, the Principle of Self-preſervation, as you very well obſerve, prevail'd upon him; ſo he ſent for a freſh juicy Girl of Fifteen to paſs away the Night with him. What they did together we cannot tell, for both the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors leave us in the dark as to that Point. But 'tis agreed on all hands, the Nymph carried ſomething about her that was both a *Sudorific* and an *Opiate*; for, ſhe did firſt of all put the pious Hermit into a gentle Sweat, and afterwards caſt him into a gentler Slumber.

Bays.

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Bays. I'gad, Mr. *Hains*, it happened juſt as I imagined.

Hains. The next morning the Phyſicians came to ſee how matters ſucceeded with their Patient, and found him weeping very plentifully on his Pillow. They enquired of him then how he found himſelf, and whether the malignity of his Diſtemper was abated or no; Gentlemen, ſaid he, I took your Counſel, and muſt needs own the preſcription was very natural and eaſie; it has perfectly recovered my health, only I cannot chuſe but weep to think what a Stupid, Senſeleſs Block-head I was, to deny my ſelf all along ſo ſweet a Satisfaction as I enjoy'd laſt Night, and that I never had the grace to Experiment the Pleaſure before now, when I am not in a Capacity of enjoying it much longer.

Bays. Nay, I confeſs, the peeviſh Old Fool had occaſion enough to bemoan his Condition, but I don't underſtand, Mr. *Hains*, why the remembrance of his Miſcarriage ſhould ſet you a weeping.

Hains. This it is to tell a Story to a Man, that is not capable of making an Application. If I muſt then be forced to make out every thing to you, I wept becauſe I turn'd *Roman* Catholick no ſooner.

Bays. Thanks to you for your Comment however, Mr. *Hains*, for I am as much in the dark now as I was before.

Hains. To condeſcend then to the weakneſs of your Apprehenſion, you muſt know, I have broke many an honeſt Aſſignation in my time, Mr. *Bays*, purely out of a Principle of Conſcience (wou'd you believe it?) and becauſe I looked upon that ſame Buſineſs, you know what I mean, to be a very crying Sin. The truth on't is, I have had my failings, and back ſlidings now and then, as well as others before me; but then my Conſcience certainly ſtared me in the Face for it next Morning, and put me

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into such a fright, that I could not recover my self in a day or two. Now, the Church of *Rome*, Mr. *Bays*, utterly stifles such uncivil mortifying Scruples as these, makes it at most but a Venial Sin, and if you go to the Confessional (where 'tis as great a Pleasure for a Man of a fruitful Imagination to Rehearse the Scene, as it was almost to Act it,) there's some Ecclesiastical Weapon-Salve always to be had, that will make you whole in a moment. Now it was this consideration, Mr. *Bays*, *viz.* that I was so unfortunate as to be Proselyted to so kind a Church in my Old Age, when I was not in a condition to use her Favours long, that made me consider of the poor Hermit: And both these considerations together made me weep so heartily, as I have told you.

Bays. Oh fie, Mr. *Hains*! who would expect to hear such a light unbecoming Passage drop from a Person of your Years. I'll take care to give you such a temptation no more; now prithee what didst thou do at *Malta* after thy Conversion?

Hains. To show my self a true obedient Son of the Church, and that I understood the Privileges of my Place, I immediately entred into a Pious Intrigue with the Grand Master's Mistress, as I have already acquainted you.

Bays. And didst thou lie with her at last, Noble Comedian? where I pray, and how often?

Hains. Oh! *you'd take care to give me such temptations no more.* Thank you, Mr. *Bays*, for that I'faith, I don't use to tell Tales out of School — Shortly after this, our Embassadour dying, Sir *William S—ns* by Name, I lost the long-expected opportunity of seeing *Constantinople*, that I had so earnestly desired.

Bays. Prithee what great Advantages could you propose to your self, Mr. *Hains*, by going thither?

Hains.

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Hains. I had read among some of my Authors that a Celebrated Musician and Poet of *Thrace*, his name was *Orpheus*, formerly danced his Savage Country-men into good Manners, and Religion. Now I was in hopes of doing much the same Feats as my *Thracian* Predecessor did; that is, of dancing the Grand Seignor and his Divan out of their old Brutality and Non-sense, into the Christian Persuasion. Or, if that Device fail'd, I desired to mutter some Exceptions against the *Alcoran*, amongst the Women of my Acquaintance there; and at the same time to make some new plausible Glosses and Comments upon their Law, which would have certainly rais'd a Schism in their Churches at long run.

Bays. That would have done very well, I confess, for I know, Mr. *Hains*, you love mischief with all your Heart. But where did you steer your Course after this unlucky Disappointment.

Hains. I took the first opportunity was offer'd me, to Ship my self for *Italy*. The first Port we touched at, was *Leghorn*, where I desired to be set ashore. From thence I took a Journey to *Florence*, to renew my Acquaintance with the Great Duke, whom I had the Happiness to know formerly in *England*. He received me with that Address and Magnificence, which is peculiar to the *Italian* Princes; made me Operator (as I may so say it) in the *English* Tongue to his Son, allowed me a Coach and Six, and to maintain all this Grandeur, besides his private Largesses, assigned me Fifty Crowns a Month duly out of his Treasury.

Bays. Well, thou art a fortunate Fellow, that's certain. At the same time, Mr. *Hains*, was I a drudging at Controversie here in *England*, and writing for the Cause; yet none of these Blessings lighted upon me,

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Hains. Some time after this, I begged leave of the Duke to go and visit the *Limina Apostolorum* at *Rome*, and satisfie my self with the Curiosities of that Ancient City. He granted my Request, and sent me thither with all my above-mention'd Splendor, and Gallantry; with abundance of Recommendations to Cardinals, Princes, and most of the eminent, considerable Persons in and about the Town.

Bays. If you were not my Friend, Mr. *Hains*, I could envy you for all this Happiness.

Hains. It happened just at my arrival to *Rome*, that a certain *English* Peer, who is now in durance, changed his Religion, and designing the week following to make a solemn abjuration of it in the Pope's Chapel. Hearing of my Conversion, he desired me to bear him company in the Ceremony, and assured me, he'd take it for a particular Favour. I soon consented, because I had not as yet renounced my former Heresie in publick. So on the Day appointed, my Lord having a large Wax Taper in his Hand, stuck all o'er with Diamonds, in Honour of the Virgin *Mary*, knocked at the Chapel Door for Admittance, which was readily granted. After him comes Mr. *Joseph Hains*, the Comedian, with little Devotion in his Looks, and a less Farthing Candle in his Hand, of some twenty four to the Pound, and nothing near so thick as an ordinary Tobacco-pipe.

Bays. How, Mr. *Hains*! Did you design to affront 'em in their own Quarters?

Hains. Pray Sir listen. I knocked at the Chapel Door, but the Fellow judging the Merits of my Piety by the Merits of my Candle, as 'tis generally the way in *Italy*, refused to let me in. Then I rapped at the Door again, and as loud I'gad as a blustering Sea-mans Widow at the Navy-Office, or a bilked Client at a sleepy Lawyer's Chamber at the *Temple*.

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Temple. At last, through the Interceſſion of my Noble Companion, who told 'em plainly, he'd abjure nothing without me, they condeſcended to admit me into the Chapel, but firſt demanded, why I brought along with me ſo ſmall a Candle.

Bays. I expect to hear what anſwer you cou'd make 'em.

Hains. Says one of them, who ſeem'd to be the Principal Man amongſt 'em, *ex Candela tua judicaberis*, and quoted St. *Cyprian* for the Saying; for a Candle, continued he, is an Infallible Teſtimony of a Man's Devotion, the whiteneſs of the Colour, ſhews the purity of the Heart, as the bigneſs of the Light ſhews the bigneſs of the Illumination within; and therefore, a great deal of Devotion can no more find its way without a great Candle, than a great Ship can ſail without a great Maſt. He had run on, I believe, in a Speech an hour long about the Excellency and Virtue of great Candles, but that I interrupted him, and ſaid, Sir, all this I acknowledge to be true; I deſign'd you no Affront or Diſreſpect; what I have done, proceeds only from a Principle of Humility, and a true Senſe of my own Meanneſs, that the Exiguity (if I may ſo call it, my moſt Reverend Father) of the Oblation might bear a juſt proportion to the Exiguity of the Offerer.

Bays. That excuſe, I ſuppoſe, atton'd for you, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. At this he relented ſomewhat; and ſo we proceeded to the Buſineſs in hand, where we abjur'd *Lutheraniſm*, and *Calviniſm*, and *Zuinglianiſm*, and every *Iſm*, in the World, as I know of, except *Chriſm* and *Paganiſm*. But I remember, the good-natured Prieſt, that railled me ſo ſeverely about my Farthing-Offering, made be abjure ſmall Candles into the bargain, as well as Hereſie: For, ſays he,

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we have a Proverb at *Rome*, that a little Faith, and a little Candle, are always Tallies one to another.

Bays. But prithee, Mr. *Hains*, (for I know you to be a sagacious discreet Person) give me your opinion of *Rome*; how do you like the Ceremonies and Customs of it? did not the Religion of the Place strike a wonderful Awe and Terrour into thee?

Hains. To say the truth, Mr. *Bays*, I like the Women, the Painting, the Musick, and the Company one meets there, well enough; and the Religion too, provided you give it another Name; call it Acting, or Shewing, or Rehearsing, or Playing; and not Religion.

Bays. What mean you by this, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. I find, Poet *Squab*, I must take the same Method with you, as your Country Parsons do with a dull heavy Parishioner, and help the weakness of your Apprehension with a Simile. At an Inn in a small Village in *Italy*, I asked my Landlord, whether they had a Barber in the Town. *Ay Sir*, says he, *we have got a Carpenter.* A Carpenter! answered I, what do you mean? I have no great occasion at present to have my Head chopp'd off, my Beard will serve the turn. *Sir*, cries the Inn-keeper, *he follows the Calling of a Barber, but was originally a Carpenter. In short, (as our learned Priest has distinguished upon him) by Profession he's a Carpenter, but a Barber by Vocation.*

Bays. Very well, and did you send for him?

Hains. The Fellow came, and began to fall briskly about his Work, but put me to so much pain, that I was forced to desire him to forbear. *Stop Friend, let me ask you one civil question before you proceed any farther. Do you call this Flaying or Shaving? If you call it Flaying, 'tis pretty tolerable. But if you call it Shaving,*

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Shaving, why then, my Friend, 'tis the Devil all over. Even ſo Little *Bays.*

Bays. Even ſo, Little Count.

Hains. If you call the Religion of *Rome* Acting, or Showing, or Rehearſing, or any thing of that Nature, 'tis well enough: But if you call it Religion, Mr. *Bays*, I don't know what to ſay to it. But you know my Talent lies another way, the greateſt Correſpondence I kept there, was amongſt the Ladies, and I muſt needs own they are the moſt Courteous, Affable, Condeſcending Creatures in the whole World.

Bays. I'faith, dear Rogue, we were told here in *England*, that you had an Amour with the Queen of *Sweden.* Come, we are amongſt our ſelves, and you may confeſs the truth without any danger; didſt thou ever paſs a Night or ſo with her Majeſty, Mr. *Hains?*

Hains. Oh ſtrange, Mr. *Bays*! I thought you had not forgot the Old Saying, *De mortuis nil niſi bonum.* Indeed, there paſſed a kind of a civil Commerce between her Majeſty and my ſelf. I have ſome forty *Billet doux* of her own Hand-writing ſtill by me at home, beſides a Gold Medal, and two or three other ſmall Tokens of her Kindneſs, which I wou'd not part with for all the World. But I wonder, Mr. *Bays*, that a Man of your Character and Gravity, wou'd put ſuch an uncivil queſtion to your Friend: Nay, they reported here in Town, that I lay with the late Pope, and half the Cardinals, but neither I nor you, Mr. *Bays*, can ſtop the Peoples Mouths if they have a mind to talk. They ſay it is their Birth-right, and Property, and they won't part with it.

Bays. I have experienced that truth in my time, as well as your ſelf, Mr. *Hains*, and I could give you ſeveral melancholy Inſtances of it, if I pleas'd. But leaving

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leaving the Cenſorious World to it ſelf, if you have any diverting Story to impart to your humble Servant, prithee communicate it.

Hains. Ay, with all my Heart, Mr. *Bays*, and I'll chuſe you out one; that ſhall ſerve to acquaint you once for all, how obliging the Females, in that Sunny part of the Globe generally are. One Afternoon as I was walking from my Lodging, to pay a viſit to the Embaſſadour, I chanced to ſee a very pretty Woman in a Bookſellers Shop. Having no extraordinary Buſineſs upon my Hands at that time, I thought it not amiſs to trifle away an hour or two in civil Converſation with her.

Bays. Very good.

Hains. So I ſtept into the Shop, ſending my Company away before me, amongſt whom was a certain Young Gentleman that I ſuppoſe you may know, for he has writ a very pretty *Latin* Copy of Verſes upon *Arlington* Gardens; and to colour the matter, asked her; Madam, pray have you got Seignor *Palladio*'s Book of Architecture? 'Tis a thick Quarto, Printed at *Bologna*.

Bays. Well, for the Contrivance, and good Management of a Deſign, thou haſt not thy Fellow; but pray go on.

Hains. Sir, ſaid ſhe, my Husband is not in Town, he's gone as far as *Freſcati* to take a little Country Air. Madam, ſaid I again, I have no manner of Buſineſs with your Husband, I know him not; but pray Madam, have you got Seignor *Palladio*'s Book in your Shop that I enquir'd for. Sir, ſays ſhe, upon my word he's dangerouſly over-gone with a Conſumption, and all the Doctors in Town deſpair of his Recovery.

Bays, This Lady, Mr. *Hains,* as far as I can conjecture, had a mind to play at Croſs Purpoſes with you.

Hains.

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Hains. No, no, ſhe had a mind to play at ſomething elſe, as you'll perceive by and by, but that's your miſtake now, as well as it was mine. I made bold to enquire for the Book once more of her Ladyſhip, and ſhe told me ſhe had it in the Shop, then pointed with her hand to the place where it was, and bad me reach it down.

Bays. Nay, now I cannot imagine where the Buſineſs will end for the heart of me.

Hains. To ſave my ſelf the trouble, ſeeing a Boy in the Shop, I ſpoke to him to take it down for me. When preſently the Lady pulling her Snuff-box out of her Pocket, *Pietro*, ſays ſhe, go carry my Snuff-box to Seignor *Orſino*'s (and he lived about a Mile off on, the other ſide the Water) and deſire him to fill it with the beſt Snuff he has. When the Boy was gone ——

Bays. Ay, when the Boy was gone, Mr. *Hains*, what follow'd then?

Hains. Prithee don't be too haſty, Mr. *Bays*, Sir, ſays ſhe, this Seignor *Orſino* ſells the beſt Snuff in *Rome*, without diſparagement to any one elſe. All the Grandees, and Perſons of good condition about the Town buy of him, and I fancy, Sir, you, as well as all other well-bred Ingenious Gentlemen, are a great admirer of Snuff.

Bays. But what became of your Book all this while?

Hains. After her little chat about Snuff was over, I asked her again for the Book. Sir, ſays ſhe, you may reach it down, if you pleaſe to give your ſelf that trouble. Then I enquir'd the price of it, and ſhe told me, that her Husband about a Week before he went into the Country, and at her requeſt (for ſhe did not pretend to underſtand the Myſtery of her Trade) had written down the loweſt price of every Book in the waſte Leaf before the Title Page. I told her,

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'twas just three Crowns, and tender'd her the Money on the Counter.

Bays. Well, prithee dispatch your Story, for it begins to be tedious.

Hains. She gave me my Money back again, and taking me by the Hand, Sir, says she, the Book is at your Service; 'tis our Fashion here in *Rome* to present a Stranger with a trifle of this nature, to engage him to be a Customer to us. I thanked the Lady very heartily, and told her I was going to the *English* Embassadours, and so could not conveniently carry the Book away with me at that time, only desired her to lay it up safely for me, till I should call for it as I came that way again.

Bays. So, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. Lay it up for you, cries the Lady: Come, Sir, you shall see how carefully I'll dispose of it. With that, she pulls me by the Hand after her, runs up stairs into her Bed-Chamber, and lays the Book directly under her Pillow.

Bays. Now I'gad, the Plot begins to thicken, with a Witness.

Hains. With no Witness you should have said, Mr. *Bays.* I then laid the Lady's Head upon the Pillow, and when I had so done, I ran down the stairs as hard as ever I could drive.

Bays. No, no, you did not, Mr. *Hains*, you are a Man of too much good Breeding I am sure, to leave a fair Lady in the lurch; you and she, I don't question between you, laid a Foundation for something upon your Famous Book of Architecture. But my noble Comedian, what said she to you at parting?

Hains. Thou art my singular good Friend, Dear *Squab*, and I can deny thee nothing. Seignor *Giuseppe*, says she, (for you may imagine by this time we grew pretty intimate) you *Tramontani* are the most

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moſt indocible, ſtupid, unthinking, undivining Animals in the whole World. A Lady takes as much Pains to make you comprehend her Meaning, as a Creditor, when he tells you a Lamentable Story of his Wife, and five Children, to make you underſtand, he wants a little of your Money; and tho' we make the matter never ſo obvious, yet you ſtand gaping and ſtaring, as if we were diſcourſing to you in *Arabic* all the while. In fine, I'd rather undertake the Penance of maing a meer dos'd Philoſopher underſtand his own Nonſenſe, than one of your Phlegmatick Gentlemen beyond the Hills, underſtand a Lady's virtuous thought at firſt ſight.

Bays. Nay, the Reproach was juſt, and pertinent enough in all conſcience; for a Man of Gallantry, like your true well-bred Spaniel, ought to fall upon the Game with a Wink or a Nod, without giving his Maſter the trouble of crying out to him. But under favour, Mr. *Hains*, theſe noble Frolicks of yours, I am afraid, made fine work at the Confeſſional.

Hains. Troth, Mr. *Bays*, I never underſtood the great Virtue or Neceſſity of that Pagan Inſtitution; unleſs it were, that the Prieſts (a Pox take 'm) ſhould know where the greateſt Fornication and Adultery in the Kingdom was ſtirring, and who were the ableſt Dealers. But this way of proceeding, as I take it, utterly diſcourages Trade, and ruines the Growth of thoſe Noble Manufactures. As for my ſelf, I bleſs my Stars, I took wiſer Methods in that caſe, than the reſt of Mankind generally do; and inſtead of making it a Puniſhment to my ſelf, ſo contriv'd the Matter, as to make it ten times a greater Plague to my Confeſſor.

Bays. Prithee tell me now, honeſt Mr. *Hains*.

Hains.

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Hains. Why, ſometimes I wou'd go to the Confeſſional, and pretending to a great deal of Simplicity, banter the old Gentleman with ſuch a Story as this: Reverend Father, I had a horrible Dream laſt Night, about the *Cham* of *Tartary*, and the Great *Mogul*. What was it, Son, cries he? I dreamt, that thoſe two puiſſant Monarchs laid their Heads together to ruine and undermine the Chriſtian Religion; and that in order thereunto, they deſigned to ſend a huge over-grown two-handed Elephant to *Rome*, under pretence of ſhewing his Tricks at a Fair; but that the real Deſign was, to corrupt Mr. *Schelſtrat* the Pope's Library-keeper, to put the *Vatican* on his Back, ſome dark Night or other; and ſo to bilk his Lodgings, march away with all the Books and Regiſters in the Library, and leave us in everlaſting Confuſions. Therefore, dear Sir, I would deſire you of all loves to go immediately to the Conſiſtory, and acquaint them with my Dream, that they may take Mr. *Schelſtrat* into Cuſtody, and to prevent ſuch a Tragical, Unchriſtian Deſign from taking effect, place a continual Guard of Soldiers about the *Vatican*.

Bays. This was the right way indeed, to torment your Spiritual Director: But did you always ſerve him thus?

Hains. No, dear Squob, for I ſhifted the Scene every Month at leaſt. At another time, I wou'd think of all the lewd, diſmal, wicked things in the World, and diſcharge them into his Boſom. I would tell him, that ſuch a Night I lay with ſuch a Princeſs, the next with ſuch a Counteſs, the third with ſuch a Nobleman's Lady or Daughter; then name the time, the place, the poſture, and every Circumſtance. As for example, ſometimes we did it on a Bed, ſometimes under a Haycock, ſometimes on a Couch, and ſometimes on a Chair, with the back turned

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urned to the Wall; and all the while I trembled like a repeating School Boy on a *Friday*; or a new Member at his firſt haranguing about the Liberty of the Subject, in the Houſe; till the poor Prieſt at the bare recital of theſe Romantick Adventures, look'd as pale as a Hypochondriack believer of Phantoms, with reading a Story or two out of the *Sadducſmus Triumphatus*, or a frolickſom ſet of Porters in a dark Cellar, by the melancholy light of burnt Brandy.

Bays. Thou art an Original in thy kind, upon my word, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. After I have amuſed him enough with this kind of Ribaldry, to cloſe up all, Sir, ſays I, there ſtill lies upon my Conſcience ſome thing which I have not yet diſcovered to you, but is of ſo ſinful, and tremendous and tranſcendent a nature, that I dare ſcarce utter it, as wicked as I am. Now the blundering Confeſſor expects to hear of a Nun raviſhed on an Altar, a Pix plunder'd of the Wafer, or ſome ſuch dreadful paſſage as that. But, Sir, ſays I, to undeceive him, laſt *Wedneſday* I ſtole a conſecrated Bell from one of St. *Anthony*'s Pigs, and coin'd it into Copper Farthings. Such a day, Sir, I pinn'd a Fox's Tail on a Monk's Cowl; or for want of a better convenience, piſt into the Holy-Water-Pot, or untruſs'd on Conſecrated Ground. *Sunday* was a fortnight, Sir, between the hours of four and five, as I was walking through ſuch an Ally, I paſs'd by an Old civil Gentlewoman, ſitting in her Elbow-Chair by the door, and very devoutly reading, *The Spiritual Carduus-Poſſet, for a Sinner's Belly-ake*; and I, like a graceleſs Raſcal as I was, ſtole away her Spectacles from her venerable red Noſe, and have ſince converted 'em to the profane uſe of Lighting my Tobacco by the Sun-ſhine.

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Bays. Ha! ha! ha! honeſt Mr. *Hains*, I ſhall moſt infallibly ſpoil my ſelf, with laughing at theſe pleaſant Conceits. But did you never acquaint your Eccleſiaſtical Dragoman with any of your true Intrigues, your true Miſtreſſes Names.

Hains. No, have a care of that, Dear Squab, ever whilſt you live, I don't love to have my Game beat up by a Stranger, or be diſturbed in my own Quarters. Truſt a Prieſt with your Miſtreſs's Name; truſt a Parliament-Man with a Deſign againſt *Magna Charta*, or the Ribbon-Weavers with an Invention to promote the Woollen-Manufacture; truſt your Eſtate with a Lawyer, or your Good Name with a dealer in Lampoons.

Bays. But, my Noble Comedian, how came you to eſcape a good round ſwinging Penance now and then for your Frolics; methinks if I had the management of thee, I ſhould ſoon make thee weary of theſe Extravagancies.

Hains. Why I heartily thank 'em, out of their abundant Zeal and Charity, ſometimes they preſcribe me a Hundred *Pater-Noſters* a Day, that go down juſt like ſo many Hundred Ounces of chopt Hay with me, and no better. I am too old i'faith now, to ſay a Hundred *Pater-Noſters* in a Day, for any Prieſt in *Chriſtendom*: Tho' if a Man ſubmitted to the Performance, the Puniſhment were not very great; for the trouble lies, like in your making of Rhymes, Mr. *Bays*, more in the Fingers, than the Head.

Bays. Nay, now I lay aſide all hopes of ever taming you.

Hains. Sometimes they adviſe me, Mr. *Bays*, to ſubdue and mortifie my wicked Body with a Diſcipline; but as wicked as it is, I ſee no reaſon why my Body ſhould ſuffer for the Tranſgreſſion of my Soul. Sometimes they recommend Faſting to me for

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for a very wholsom thing; but alas! Fasting never agreed with my Constitution. Once indeed, and never but once, I was sent on a Pilgrimage barefoot to *Loretto*; but such a Penance as that, is a meer Pastime, and nothing else, to a Man that knows how to sanctifie an Affliction.

Bays. Sanctifie an Affliction? What mean you by that, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. Why, to make the best of a bad Market, to view only the comfortable side of a thing, and pass it off with a Jest, and a fit of Laughter. And thus I remember, I relieved my Taylor at *Rome*, when he was ready to sink under the weight of a certain heavy Misfortune. He came to my Lodgings one Morning, and in a very doleful tone told me he was undone. In the name of Theft, and Pety-larceny, said I to him, what's the matter? *Sir*, said he, *some three nights ago, being got in my Stilts, and all this.* Your Stilts, you Rogue, and all that, leave your canting, and tell what you mean. *An't please you, Sir*, crys the Taylor, *having got drunk, I took up with a common Wench in the Streets, and have met with a Clap.* Is that all, you Son of a Bodkin and Thimble you, to make all this noise and pother about? Down upon your Marrow-Bones, you Rascal, say your Prayers, and bless Providence for your good luck, for now you'll pis Needles for nothing.

Bays. And did the Fellow then, take this Drollery of yours in good part?

Hains. Take it in good part, little *Bays*? Why he fell a grinning immediately upon it, and looked Fifty *per Cent.* better, than when he first came into the Room. Nay, he was so far pleased with the Quibble, that he asked my Advice very soberly, whether he had best cure himself, or let his Distemper run upon him; for, Sir, says he, very pru-

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dently in the caſe, after I have once cured my ſelf, Sir, the Jeſt will be quite ſpoil'd.

Bays. But prithee tell me, Mr. *Hains*, what Remedies you us'd to make your *Loretto*-Pilgrimage eaſie, and diverting to you.

Hains. Provided you'll never ſteal 'em from me, I will. Sometimes, Mr. *Bays*, when I over-took a Covey of young ſilly Country-Girls upon the Road, I ſet up for a Fortune-teller, and talked of the Planets, and twelve Houſes; and pretended I was a Perſon of great Skill and Dexterity in that Myſterious Science. Preſently all of 'em were mightily inquiſitive to know their Fortunes. Dear Conjurer, cries one, for God's ſake tell me what kind of a Husband am I to have? Why, ſays I, ſtaring her full in the Face, and ſqueezing her by the Hand, he has red Hair, and his Name is *Belſhazzer*. Dear Conjurer, ſays another, can you tell me when my jealous Mother-in-Law will go the way of all Fleſh? 'Tis impoſſible, anſwer'd I, for *Erra Pater* himſelf, if he were alive, to reſolve ſuch a Queſtion as this, unleſs he knew the Party; beſides, to ſatisfie you once for all, I never meddle with ſuch Matters; the Stars that I have to deal with, have nothing at all to do with Church-Yards or Burials. Marriages, you know, are all made in Heaven, and a Man of Art may as plainly read 'em there, as his A, B, C. If you pleaſe, to conſult in that Affair, I am at your Service.

Bays. Very pretty, I proteſt.

Hains. I had no ſooner ſpoke the words, but a pretty bluſhing Damoſel plucked me by the Sleeve, and told me ſhe had ſomething to communicate, but did not care to let her Companions hear it. When they were at ſome diſtance, worthy Sir, ſays ſhe, I have two Suitors of the ſame Age and Fortune, that daily preſs to Marry, and I don't know

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know which of them to chuſe for the heart of me; ſometimes I love one beſt, and the next hour I love the other beſt. Could you adviſe me, Dear Conjurer, what to do in this Perplexity?

Bays. And, what Anſwer did the Seven Planets return to this profound Queſtion?

Hains. Sweet Heart, ſaid I, this is a very nice Buſineſs; but however, I'll put you in a certain way how to make your Choice to the beſt Advantage. You muſt riſe every Morning preciſely at Four, and go to your Window in your Smock; then you muſt bow towards the *Eaſt* twelve times exactly, and no more; afterwards turn to the *Weſt*, and bow ſix times. This you muſt do for the ſpace of fifteen Days without fail; during which time, you are not to ſpeak one ſyllable to either of your Lovers. You muſt likewiſe all this while, waſh your Hands and Face four times a day, and dreſs and undreſs your ſelf as often.

Bays. I wonder how thou couldſt banter a poor innocent Creature ſo?

Hains. When the time is expired, place a Candle juſt in the middle of your Bed-chamber, and that exactly about Two in the Morning; then take your Lovers Names written in two ſeveral pieces of Paper, and ſtanding with your Face towards the Chimney, throw 'em over your left Shoulder: Afterwards, proſtrate your ſelf upon the ground, and repeat twenty *Ave Maries*: Him, whoſe Name lights next the Candle you muſt Marry, but be ſure you tie him faſt the *Sunday* following; you'll have a dozen Children by him, that I can tell you for your comfort, and one of them will live to be a Cardinal.

Bays. But what other Diverſions did you meet upon the way, Noble Count?

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Hains. Sometimes it was my fortune to meet a ſullen Herd of Religious Coxcombs, that would be wrangling as heartily about the Priority of their Country-men in the Almanac, as two young ſober Sparks of each Univerſity, uſe to diſpute about the Merits of the Theatre, and King's College-Chapel. I remember, I once encountred a *Millaneſe* and a *French-man* very zealouſly engaged in ſuch a Diſpute: One ſtood up for St. *Carlo*, the other vindicated St. *Francis de Sales*. When they were pretty well warm'd with the Controverſie, and ſome angry words had paſſed between them ——

Bays. And that was no ſmall ſatisfacton to a Perſon of thy Temper, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. I took my *Millaneſe* aſide, and told him, *May the Indignation of St.* Carlo *light heavily upon thee, if thou doſt not revenge his Quarrel.* Then wheeling about to the dapper *French-man*, I whiſper'd him in the Ear, *Stand up for St.* Francis *whatever you do, don't ſee him affronted, he'll remember you for't another day.* With that the Noble Champions, without any more Ceremony, fell to Fiſticuffs; and battered and tore one another's Countenances very furiouſly.

Bays. To thy great comfort, no queſtion on't.

Hains. When they had ſpilt Blood enough in all conſcience, about ſo meritorious a Quarrel, I interpoſed between 'em, as in Duty bound, and ſaid to them, *Come, Gentlemen, you have done enough for your two Friends, they'll reward you for it without queſtion in the next World; let me have the honour to reconcile you now, and at the next Tavern, you ſhall ſhake hands over a Bottle of Wine, and be Friends.* And thus, Mr. *Bays*, I had the good fortune to engage ſome two and fifty pair of Pious Combatants in my Pilgrimage to *Loretto*.

Bays. Nay, as you ordered Matters, Mr. *Hains*, the Pilgrimage carried but very little Penance with it.

Hains.

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Hains. One remarkable Paſſage happened in my way thither, which I cannot chuſe but relate to you, 'tis ſo very comical and diverting. Going through a certain Country-Village, between the hours of Ten and Eleven in the Morning, I ſtep'd into the Church, as they were juſt going to act the Decollation of the Baptiſt.

Bays. How happen'd that, prithee?

Hains. You muſt know it was St. *John's* Day, and the ſober devout People of the Pariſh had built a Stage of Deal Boards in the Body of the Church, for the better convenience of repreſenting the Tragedy. It was my good luck to come in, juſt as they were beginning the Show. There was an ill-looked ſurly Butcher they had pitched upon to act *Herod's* part, he had a gilt Paſt-board Crown upon his Head, that glittered finely by the Candle-light; and as ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf in an old venerable Wicker-chair that ſerv'd him for his Throne, the Fiddles ſtruck up, and the Damoſel began to ſhake her Heels.

Bays. With the help of a little Imagination, my Noble Comedian, thou couldſt fancy thy ſelf then in a Booth at *Smithfield*, or *Sturbridge* Fair.

Hains. After the Dance was over, King *Herod* with a great deal of Majeſty came to the Damoſel, and in the following Rhymes (which the Curate of the Pariſh compoſed upon that occaſion, and I have ſince tranſlated) thus complemented her:

Well, haſt thou danc'd Illuſtrious Maid?
I like thy graceful Motion;
Ask what thou wilt, and by my Soul
'Tis all at thy Devotion.

Then the Young Girl went and whiſpered her Mother *Herodias* in the Ear. After they had concerted the Matter between 'em, ſhe fell down upon her Marrow-bones, and pointing at an old grave Farmer

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that repreſented the Baptiſt, ſhe thus delivered her

If, Sir, you ſpeak your real Senſe,
And don't your Hand-maid flatter,
I humbly beg upon my Knees,
The Baptiſt in a Platter.

The Butcher looked about him as ſternly as one of his *White-Chapel* Brethren, or as one of *Elkanah*'s paſſionate bluſtering Hero's; and taking a turn or two about the Stage, to vent his Royal Choler, made this Anſwer:

Fair cruel Maid, recal your Wiſh,
Or, let me break you of it,
I'd rather Abdicate my Crown,
Than ſacrifice my Prophet.

The Young Girl continued ſtill in her Petition, according to her Mother's Advice, who ſometimes winked, ſometimes held up her hand, and ſometimes nodded at her:

If thus, Dread Sir, you break your Vows,
The Ladies will forſwear you;
Or, ſhould they ſtill your Favours court,
Faith I'll ne'er Dance before you.

That Reflexion touched the Butcher to the Quick, you may ſuppoſe; ſo he bit his Thumbs, and paus'd a while; but recollecting himſelf at laſt, and being inform'd what the Caſuiſts uſe to ſay in thoſe Matters, he made this Defence:

Forſwearing is a weak Pretence,
O never, never ſpeak it:
A wicked Oath, like Sixpence crackt,
Keep not, but rather break it.

Not to be tedious in my Story, Mr. *Bays*, when the Butcher, or King *Herod*, call him which you pleaſe, found that the Damoſel was inflexible, he was forced to conſent to his Decollation; at pronouncing of which Sentence, there were more weeping Eyes in

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in the Church; than there were at the firſt acting of Mr. *Lee*'s Proteſtant Play, *The Maſſacre of* Paris. But however, to make the Baptiſt amends, theſe civil People ſuffered his Repreſentative, the honeſt Farmer, to die with all the Punctilio's and Decency of a good Chriſtian; ſo he went very demurely to a fat Tun-bellied Prieſt that ſtood in a corner of the Stage, and confeſſed his Sins to him.

Bays. That was ridiculous enough, I muſt own; but prithee, how ended the Farce?

Hains. What followed was ten times worſe; for the two Soldiers that had executed him in Effigie, ran up and down the Church, raving and crying like Mad-men; at laſt, they threw themſelves down at the Confeſſional, with Looks full of Sorrow and and Contrition; aggravating the cruelty of that barbarous Murther, and humbly requeſted their Spiritual Guide to aſſign 'em ſome remarkable Penance for the expiation of their horrid Guilt. So the Prieſt e'en took 'em at their words, order'd 'em to go bare-footed to *Loretto*, and I had the honour of their company thither all the reſt of the way.

Bays. Well, and what obſervable Paſſages did you ſee at *Loretto*?

Hains. Why, I ſaw a Million of Pious, Lunatic Fools there, of all Ages, Sexes, and Countries; and if begging of *Idiots* were the faſhion of *Italy*, I had made my Fortune for ever. There I ſaw the Celebrated Cell, that they ſay has travelled ſo many Leagues in the Air; and the famous *Madona* of St. *Luke*, who has Pictured the Virgin like a *Black-Moor*. At the *Annunciata* in *Florence*, they ſhow you a Picture of her drawn by an Angel, but 'tis meer vile daubing, like this at *Loretto*; ſo for my part, Mr. *Bays*, I am as much prejudiced againſt any Painting that's ſaid to be done by an Angel or an Evangeliſt, as I am againſt a Book that is ſaid to be written by a Perſon

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Perſon of Quality in the Title-Page. After I had ſtared about me for ſome two or three Days, and viewed all the Rarities of the Place; with half a dozen honeſt Female Pilgrims in my company, I ſet forward for *Florence*, and on the way thought of a certain famous Story in Sir *Henry Blunt*'s Travels.

Bays. What was that, Mr. *Hains?*

Hains. He tells you, when he was at *Conſtantinople*, he ſaw a *Turkiſh* Prieſt ſell one of his believing Chapmen the Merits of two Years living in a Hermitage, for a Buſhel of Rice, and as much *Engliſh* Cloath as wou'd ſerve to make a *Janizary*'s Coat: Nay, would you believe it, Mr. *Bays?* The honeſt *Mahometan* Theologue threw a Pilgrimage to *Mecca* into the Bargain. This was fair play for you now, Poet *Squab*, was it not? And if the Catholic Prieſts would but uſe the ſame Civility toward their Cuſtomers, it would prevent all this beating of the Hoof to *Loretto*, and ſave as much Leather of Pilgrims Toes in a Year, as would ſerve to bind both the *Polyglott* and the *Councils*.

Bays. Dear Comedian, let me conjure thee to make none of theſe vile Reflections, for thou art as full of 'em as a new Author is of his Similies, or an *Iriſhman* of his *Iniskilling* Miracles. But if you pleaſe, purſue the Hiſtory of your Travels.

Hains. After I had glutted my ſelf with *Florence*, I humbly requeſted the Great Duke to give me leave to come for *England*, not at all queſtioning to meet with conſiderable Preferment there, partly for the Merits of my Converſion, and partly for the Letters of Commendation, which I brought along with me from Princes, and Dukes, and Cardinals, and Abbots, and the Devil and all of good Quality. But alas! Mr. *Bays*, I found my ſelf exceedingly miſtaken; I could not prevail with one ſingle Creature at Court, to believe a Syllable of my Converſion,

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ſion, and paſs'd as unregarded every where, as a broken Projector, a fall'n States-man, or a begging Scholar.

Bays. Nay, you and I, Mr. *Hains*, may ſhake hands as for this particular; I have writ for the Church, and tranſlated for the Church, and flatter'd for the Church, and libell'd for the Church; nay, I have own'd my ſelf in Print, a Rogue, a graceleſs Rogue for the Church; and yet, Mr. *Hains*, the Church never conſidered me.

Hains. When I came into any company at Court; Mr. *Hains*, ſays one, how do you like the Plays and Opera's in *Italy*? Mr. *Hains*, ſays another, what think you of their *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*? But not a word of, Mr. *Hains*, how do you like their Sermons and Religious Exerciſes? or, Mr. *Hains*, what think you of the Pope and Cardinals?

Bays. At the ſame time that I did all theſe conſiderable Services for the Church, the other Party that I deſerted were continually on my Bones. They baited my *Hind* and *Panther* with a City-Mouſe and a Country-Mouſe, and were ſo malicious to my Noble Beaſts as to ſurprize 'em Napping, and ſo the two Mice got the Victory. Another nameleſs Scribler dated my Converſion in a Brandy-ſhop, and hired two unmerciful Bullies of the Town, Mr. *Crites* and Mr. *Eugenius*, to toſs me in a Blanket from *Greenwich* to *London*, and afterwards from St. *James*'s Park to *Will*'s Coffee-houſe.

Hains. But this was not all: Cries one, Mr. *Hains*, when will you ſend Cardinal *Howard* the four Half-Crowns you borrow'd of him; cries another, Mr. *Hains*, when do you think of returning the Pope the Riding-Coat and Tobacco-Box he lent you? Fie for ſhame, Mr. *Hains*, cries a third, that you would pawn the Queen of *Sweden*'s Guitarr at a *Bordello*, and run away with that little *Engliſh* you had been teaching

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teaching the Prince of *Tuscany* two Years? In short, there was never a Prince, or Duke, or Lord in *Italy*, but they said, I plunder'd him of a Watch, a Snuff-box, or a Tooth-picker.

Bays. That was very severe indeed, Brother *Hains.*

Hains. What vexed me most was, That the very Cits put their Affronts upon me: Just after the Revolution, when there were strict Orders issued out to search the Houses of Papists, or reputed Papists; do you mind me, Brother *Bays*, I met the Constable with his Guard of Myrmidons about him in the Street, some two or three Doors from my own House: *Good morrow, Mr. Constable*, said I, *what mighty Business are you going upon this Morning?* I am going to search the *Roman Catholicks* Houses for Arms, answer'd he. *I am very glad, I' Faith then, I met you so luckily*, said I, *for you shall go immediately with me, and search my House.* Search your House, Mr. *Hains!* for what, I prithee? *Why, don't you know*, said I, *that I am a Papist, Mr. Constable?* Pray, Mr. *Hains*, said he, let me go about my Business, and don't disturb me. *Why, I have seen the Pope Man, and lived these two Years in* Italy. No matter for that, Mr. *Hains*, I know you well enough. *I have din'd a hundred times with Cardinal* Howard, *and at the Jesuits College.* I can't help it, Mr. *Hains*, but pray don't be troublesome. *Why, don't you take me for a Papist, Mr. Constable?* Lord, Mr. *Hains*, why will you Banter one so, and make me lose Time here? At-last, Mr. *Bays*, this uncivil, unmannerly, unbelieving Beast of a Constable, gave me a Bottle of Wine at the Tavern, to trouble him no more about this Business.

Bays. My own case, I'gad, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. Lord! thought I with my self, what a degenerate, profligate, scandalous Age do we live in, that I cannot pass for a Papist, or at least for a reputed Papist?

Bays.

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Bays. I have the very ſame complaint to make, if you knew all, Brother *Hains*; nay, the Rabble would not do me that Chriſtian Favour as to break my Windows.

Hains. I then reſolved to go to an honeſt Juſtice of my Acquaintance, that lives at the other end of the Town ——

Bays. What, to get a Warrant, Brother *Hains*, for that Infidel of a Conſtable that uſed you ſo ſcurvily?

Hains. No, Mr. *Bays*, to diſcourſe the Point with him ſoberly, and know what Advice he could give give me upon the Matter. When I had opened my caſe to him, and ——

Bays. Told him, I ſuppoſe, what a baſe Trick the Conſtable ſerved you.

Hains. The Devil take the Conſtable for me, how he runs in thy Head! Really, ſays he, Mr. *Hains*, your caſe is extreamly mortifying and ſad; 'tis, as I take it, a very lamentable afflicting caſe: Should you abjure all Religion, Mr. *Hains*, why then you would have the ſame Reputation in the World ſtill, as you have at preſent; now to revenge your ſelf upon the World, you muſt be of one Religion or other, that's certain.

Bays. Very well.

Hains. Conſidering the preſent Circumſtances of Affairs, ſays he, I am of Opinion the Proteſtant Religion will ſerve you the beſt of any; and conſidering you are a Poet, Mr. *Hains*, I ſhall only make uſe of two Arguments to reduce you to it: The firſt is Intereſt, which a Poet ought always principally to mind; now the Proteſtant Religion, Mr. *Hains*, will qualifie you again for the Play-Houſe, or for the Guards, or for any other Employment about the City. The ſecond is the Faſhion, which the Poet likewiſe ought to obſerve as religiouſly, as he does his

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his Intereſt. Theſe two Points, Mr. *Hains*, (for I won't urge any more upon you) I ſhall leave you to conſider, while I am taking a Turn or two in the Garden, and then expect your Anſwer.

Bays. And prithee, what was it, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. When the Juſtice came into his Parlour, I told him, Sir, I have carefully and deliberately conſider'd your two Arguments, and I find by my Pulſe, that one of them would have ſerved the Turn. If you'll pleaſe now to give me the Oaths, you'll oblige me for ever. He did ſo, and within a fortnight after, I teſtified my Re-converſion in a Prologue publickly on the Theatre.

Bays. Oh thou puſillanimous, abject, little Creature! thou Second Part of Renegado *Sclater*! How I deſpiſe and laugh at thee? You ſee I keep up to my Principles ſtill; ſo farewel, my Re-converted Comedian.

Hains. Nay, Brother *Bays*, don't be ſo haſty. I don't queſtion, but to reduce you with the Juſtice's two Arguments before we go. Firſt of all, ſet the fear of Intereſt before your Eyes; you have been as true to that Principle, I am ſure, as a City Uſurer to his wicked Principle of not lending.

Bays. No matter for that, Sir, I have ſacrificed that Principle long ago.

Hains. Secondly, conſider the Faſhion, Mr. *Bays*, which they ſay you have dutifully followed in all the Turnings and Windings of the Government, from your Panegyrick upon *Oliver Cromwell*, down to your Panegyrick upon the Prince of *Wales*.

Bays. I am too far ſtricken in Years to follow the fooliſh Faſhions.

Hains. If this won't do, Mr. *Bays*, conſider your Family.

Bays. That's nothing to you, Sir, my Family may ſhift for themſelves.

Hains.

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Hains. Come, I know that ſticks with thee, Poet *Squob*, thou art afraid of turning again, leſt the Cenſorious World ſhould laugh at thee for it; 'twill be but two or three days Wonder at fartheſt. A Lampoon, a Ballad, a Dialogue, or ſo; and what's that? thou art inured to thoſe things, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. No, Sir, you loſe your Labour.

Hains. 'Tis but leaving *Will*'s Coffee-houſe for two or three Days, and then ſaying, that Mr. *Baxter*'s Winding-ſheet of Popery has opened thy Eye-ſight. Beſides, who knows but ſome Noble Peer or other may reſtore thee to thy Poet Laureat, and Hiſtoriographer Royals Place again, upon thy Re-converſion, and you need fear no drubbing in this caſe; conſider of that, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. You are reſolved, I ſee, to torment and plague me worſe than you did the Conſtable.

Hains. Beſides, all the World knows, thou haſt ten times more Merit and Title to the place, than the preſent Uſurper. Then write a Panegyrick, which thou canſt do as faſt as Hops upon black and green Gowns, and the Clergy, all the World ever will forgive thee. Burn thy *Hind* and *Panther*, and then the *Religio Laici*, and the *Spaniſh Friar*, will come in play again. But if King *James* ever come in, I'll give thee a Note under my Hand and Seal to return to the *Roman* Church; nay, rather than fail, I'll bear thee company my ſelf.

Bays. Will you let me go, Sir, I ſhall be in a Paſſion anon ——

Hains. But, what will you do for your Suſtenance, Man? How'll you ſpend your time?

Bains. What's that to you? Perhaps I'll write Tragedies for the Diverſion of the Town, Political Eſſays for the Diverſion of Stateſmen, Amorous Diſcourſes for the Diverſion of the Ladies, a Treatiſe of Criticiſm for the Diverſion of Young Authors, a

Treatiſe

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Treatiſe of Old Age for the Conſolations of Gray Hairs, and ——

Hains. A Treatiſe of Patience for the Conſolation of the *Jacobites.* Nay, Mr. *Bays,* if I can't Convert thee from Popery, I'll at leaſt Convert thee from the plague of Writing. You are to underſtand, Poet *Squob* ——

Bays. Don't *underſtand,* or *Squob* me, Mr. *Hains;* I ſhall ——

Hains. Nay, I have you faſt, you ſha'n't go, I'faith, —— That at the Place of the *Farneſe* at *Rome,* there's a celebrated piece of *Carracchio's,* wherein there's Pictured the Pope and Emperour, ſeated in their Thrones. And firſt comes a Counſellor with this Label in his Mouth, *I adviſe you two.* A Courtier, *I flatter you three.* Then a Husbandman, *I feed you four.* Then a Lawyer, *I rob you five.* Then a Soldier, *I fight for you ſix.* And, laſtly, comes a Phyſician with his, *I kill all you ſeven.*

Bays. Wilt thou never have done, thou everlaſting Plague, thou ——

Hains. Even ſo, Mr. *Bays,* we Gentlemen Authors write for the Gentlemen Printers: The Gentlemen Printers print for the Gentlemen Bookſellers: The Gentlemen Bookſellers ſell to the Gentlemen Readers. But at laſt comes the *Chriſtmaſs* Pies, the Tarts, the Trunks, the Banboxes, the Paper Kites, the Coffee-Houſes and Grocers Shops, and immediately conſume what the Gentlemen Readers bought, the Gentlemen Bookſellers ſold, the Gentlemen Printers printed, and the Gentlemen Authors wrote. —— Now I'll let you go, Mr. *Bays,* but chew the Cud a while upon this melancholly Obſervation, and write if you can.

Novus

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Novus Reformator Vapulans, or the *Welch* Levite Toſſed in a Blanket, &c.

THE PREFACE.

IT was the celebrated Saying of a certain Dutch *Miniſter at* Rotterdam, *That to drink Mum in a Morning was the ſame thing in effect, as to put on one's Night-cap in a Morning. The Gentleman's meaning, I ſuppoſe, was this, That Mum was an heavy, dull ſort of Liquor, that diſpoſed People to be ſleepy afterwards; and of this Nature, according to ſome Perſons, are all ſtupid Treatiſes, and all inſipid Pamphlets. To read a Page or two of 'em is literally and really all one with putting on one's Night-cap; they are true* Opiates, *and ought to viſit the World at firſt in the very ſame place, in which they generally take their farewel of it,* viz. *In a Drugſter's Shop. But I, that could read over the late famous Sermon of the Vicar of* Bray, *who, to his Honour be it ſpoken, ſtill keeps up the Reputation of his Place, and does not in the leaſt degenerate from the Noble Virtues of his great Predeceſſors; and what was a greater Tryal*

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both of my Patience, and the ſtrength of my Conſtitution. I that could read over Mr. N--rris's *Eſſay about the Vanity of Humane Learning, which he dedicates to a blind Lady, with* Ichabod, *the Anſwer to the* Vox Cleri, *the* Mundus Muliebris, *the Weekly Obſervator, the Rector of* Exeter's *Caſe penn'd by himſelf, the* Latin *Tranſlation of* Milton's *Paradice, all the late Plays, and other numberleſs Compoſitions of the ſame Stamp and Dignity, and all this without the leaſt inclination to take a Nap; thought my ſelf ſecure from the ill influences of one ſingle Sermon, tho' it were never ſo well ſtored with* Opium, *and therefore made no difficulty at all of giving it a peruſal. What gave me the greater Curioſity to examine it at my leiſure hours, was to ſee whether it deſerved the mighty Character, that abundance of People about the Town were pleaſed to confer upon it. For to my own knowledge ſeveral Perſons commended it for a piece of great Eloquence and Ingenuity, that have not Senſe enough to diſtinguiſh between the No-Language and No-Rhetorick of* Baxter's *Everlaſting Reſt, and the ſolid beautiful Reaſoning of the Whole Duty of Man. And again, it paſt univerſally in* Dick's *Coffee-Houſe for a Diſcourſe of great Piety and Sincerity, amongſt an Herd of Men, who have no other way to ſhew their concern for the Proteſtant Religion, but by railling at the Prieſthood all the World over; or their Zeal for the preſent Monarchy, but by perpetually aſſerting the Depoſing Power; Men that without the greateſt aſſurance imaginable, can make no Pretenſions either to Piety or Sincerity; and who before this time, could never endure any Publick Harangue that was guilty of having two ſuch unpalatable Ingredients in it.*

One would indeed wonder, if he could condeſcend to wonder at any particular Paſſages in ſo ſtrange an Author, to find ſo tedious and impertinent a Digreſſion about Pluralities and Non-Reſidence, and other Clergy-ſins, in a Sermon that was purely Calculated for a City Auditory, and deſigned for another end; unleſs the Author was reſolved before-

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before-hand to bilk his Text, viz. *The discountenancing of Pride. A Man that is altogether unacquainted with this Pindarick way of Preaching, would no more expect to find a long Catalogue of Levitical Enormities in a Discourse of that nature, than to meet a formal Harangue against Flattery in a Book of Heraldry, or a sober Reproof of Perjury in a Plot-mongers Narrative: Or lastly, a Caution against Simony in a* White-Chapel *Treatise. I remember I knew a certain frugal Gentlemen some years ago, who was only Master of one Simile, and that serv'd him upon all occasions: So with him a Man smoak'd like a Dragon, and drank like a Dragon, and eat like a Dragon; in fine, slept, walk'd, fought, rode, joked like a Dragon, and did every thing else you can name like a Dragon. After the same manner there are several Persons in the World of great Malice, but barren Inventions, that are tolerably well stored with one sort of Satyr and Invective, and this they very judiciously apply to all Subjects, and use before all Companies; tho' for the most part it comes as ill-favouredly and odly into the Discourse, as* Charon *and his Boat into* Michael Angelo's *Piece of the last Judgment. Our Author is one of this Number. I dare engage (for the Reader must understand I am no Stranger either to his Person or Character) that if he were to Preach before Civilians, Soldiers, Tarpawlins, Citizens or Courtiers, at the* Temple, *the* Spittle, *or* Wappin *or* White-Hall; *nay, were it at a Country Feast, or at the Head of a Drum, or an Alderman's Burial; this same Clamour about Pluralities and Non-residence would make up the better part of the Entertainment with him. He treats his Prelates with as little of his good Breeding, as* Jo. Hindmarsh *does his Authors; and can no more forbear to rail at his Superiors, whenever they fall in his way, than a Barber at those Gentlemen that Trim themselves by their own Looking-glasses; or the City-Porters at the first Projector of the Penny-Post Office. This surely Brutal Principle is partly owing to the sowreness of his Constitution, and has been since improved and advanced into*

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an habit, by that just ill Usage and Universal Contempt that his own Arrogance and insupportable Temper have drawn down upon him.

I would not willingly be thought guilty of so much Impertinence, as to pretend to advise a Man of his invincible and stedfast Obstinacy; or otherwise, I would counsel him, if ever he designs to plague the Bookseller with any more of his Productions, and withal would pass incognito, *to lay aside his celebrated Talent of censuring and railing, for a while, and speak just as other Men do when they have a mind to appear in Publick: For this I can tell him for his Comfort, he will be as effectually disguised in his Civility and good Manners, as an* Alsatian *Bully is by washing his Face, and putting on a clean Cravat. Indeed, as he has order'd matters, I am afraid this Conduct will be somewhat too late for him to use in the Pulpit; he has drawn an heavy Rent-charge of Scandal and Railery upon himself, which now every body expected at his hands; and the Town will no more relish any of his Doctrine without a good lusty Invective against the Clergy to recommend it, than they'll endure to hear a Mountebank's tedious Cant, without the preceeding Diversion of a Farce, or a Man of Sense would do Penance in* D--rfy's *Company, without the Amends of his Singing. His Shoals of Prentices, blew Aprons, and other Auditors of that Noble Figure, are a severe sort of Task-masters; if they should ever hear that he has Apostatiz'd from Calumny, and suffer'd himself to be perverted and debauched into Civil Language, away they would go and abandon him for a Reprobate: Nay, if he should go about to disappoint, or rather to cheat 'em of never so little of their accustomed portion in Slander and Rackbiting, they would as certainly leave him, as they do the House where they are denied a Full-pot, and Eleemosynary Tobacco. For in short, he has used them to this fulsom Diet, and now he is bound in honour to furnish his Table with it still, which I confess he can do at a cheaper rate than any of his Brethren; People go on purpose to hear him for*

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for the ſake of that Defamation and Ribaldry he conſtantly provides for them, as the Sparks of the other end of the Town viſit B--rgeſſe's *Conventicle to be diverted with tall Metaphors and everlaſting Grimace; ſo that a Sermon of his would no more paſs without the uſual Ragouſt of reviling and reproving, than a* Smithfield *Show without a Ghoſt or a Devil; and if he has ever a mind to change his Stile, he muſt at the ſame time reſolve to change his Country.*

The truth on't is, both the Author and his Sermon are of ſo low and inconſiderable a Character in the World, that if it were not for the two following Reaſons I had never troubled my Head either with the one, or the other. He is pleaſed to ſay, p. 8. *of his Sermon,* That to let a Man go unreproved in his Sins, is to flatter him: *Now, becauſe I would not lie under the ſevere imputation of flattering our Author, (for I had much rather the World ſhould think me guilty of all the ſeven deadly Sins, than of that ſingle Scandal) I was eaſily prevailed upon to give him a Chaſtiſement, and that too in as publick a manner as his Crimes deſerved. In the next place he had unhappily, I can't tell how, deceived ſome Ignorant People into a great Opinion of his Probity and Learning, and I was reſolved to undeceive them. If he ſeriouſly deſign the diſcouraging of Vice, and the promoting of Piety, why then does he amuſe his Auditors with things that have no relations to 'em; nay, things that in all probability will render the reſt of his Doctrine of no effect? Or why does he buſie himſelf in a Province where he's no more concerned, than our preſent unweildy* Elephant *of a Laureat in any of the City Dancing-Schools? To pretend to reform Men's Manners, and yet inſtruct 'em to rail at their Paſtors with a better Grace, is as ill contrived a piece of Stupidity, as to encourage a Boy in his Books, and yet at the ſame time to tell him, that his Maſter is either a Raskal or a Blockhead. Will his mighty bellowing againſt Non-reſidence oblige the Tradeſmen to a cloſer Attendance of his Shop, or make him viſit the Tavern leſs? Will his condemning of Pluralities make the*

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Chirurgeon leave prescribing of Physick, or deter the Shoemakers from invading the Corn-cutter's business, or fright the wicked Coffee-Man from dealing in Cherry-Brandy and Usquebagh? Will his arraigning the Clergy for removing from a poor to a rich Benefice, have that effect upon the Mercers, and Lace-Men, as to keep 'em in the City, and hinder them from exchanging Pater-noster-row *for the* Piazza's *in* Covent Garden? *Or lastly, Will the perpetual reproaches that he bestows so liberally upon his Ecclesiastical Governors, persuade the Republican Party to Sacrifice their Old Seditious Principles, and talk with more respect of a Monarchy for the future? And now after all, if he has no farther designs in his Head than to be advanced to the next vacant Curacy or Reader's place, since by his insufferable behaviour he has lost all his expectations elsewhere; I can only tell him he's exceedingly out in his Politicks, and that he has taken as rude and unmannerly a course to get himself preferred, as the City Marshals by keeping a horrid noise with their damned Drums at People's Doors, to make 'em remember their Christmass-Box. For my own part I must needs declare, that I look upon want of Preferment to be the chief, if not the only reason of our Young Reformer's inveighing so zealously against the rest of his Brethren: Whatever the matter is, I could never entertain any great opinion of that Man's Sanctity, let his Life be never so Austere, and his Pretences never so Specious, that places the better part of his Religion in Libelling and Traducing his Superiours: Besides, 'tis a true observation, that no one rails at Pluralities so strenuously, as he that cannot arrive to one single Benefice; as we see no Member of the House falls upon the Court Party with that Heat and Vigour, as the Man that designs to be made a Minister of State for his pains: And 'tis an usual thing for those that are forced to trudge it a Foot in the Dirt, to wish the Devil had all those Persons that ride by in their Glass-coaches.*

He

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He quotes Ariſtotle's *Rhetorick*, pag. *the* 17th, *for that memorable Saying of his, That* Riches make Men haughty and inſolent, *(tho' it ſeems, Poverty has had the ſame Effects upon himſelf;) and thus, a St.* Bernard, *or a St.* Auſtin's *Name have been uſed in a Country-Pulpit, to prove that Patience is an excellent Virtue, or to juſtifie any of the moſt common received, notorious Truths. But however, with Reverence be it ſpoken, a Man that will give himſelf the trouble to read his Sermon, would no more ſuſpect that he was acquainted with* Ariſtotle's *Rhetorick, than that Mr.* H--rris *or Mr.* P-wel, *or any of the Modern Play-writing Actors are acquainted with* Ariſtotle's *Criticiſms upon Poetry. There's a continued vein of vicious Language and Reaſoning that runs through all the Diſcourſe; and were it not, that the whole Sermon from the beginning to the end, is of the ſame Piece and Contexture, I would cull out ſome of the moſt remarkable Pieces in it, for the Reader's Diverſion as well as his farther Satisfaction. But now I think better on't, we were not to expect any ſuch thing as Rhetorick from our Author; for* pag. 6. *he very gravely rebukes all thoſe Miniſters, that* come to Church to make Speeches, and to preach Themſelves, and turn the Church into a *Theatre*, and the Pulpit into a *Roſtrum. We know well enough for whom this ſurly Reproof was meant, but for this once let it fall upon our Author's deareſt Friends, the Fanatick Divines, for I am certain they deſerve it beſt. Thoſe that now and then go to hear 'em, know that they make Speeches, and fine ones too, if the Hour-Glaſs may be allow'd to be Judge; and that they Preach Themſelves, eſpecially towards the End of a Quarter, when the People are to be re-minded of their Contribution-Money; and that to Mr.* Betterton's *loſs, by their ſeveral ridiculous Poſtures and Actions, they turn the Church into a Theatre; and where's the wonder? for their devout Forefathers uſed to turn them into Stables. I muſt confeſs, I am no paſſionate admirer of any*

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formal set Discourses, where one meets a great deal of good Language, but very sorry Sense or Thought at the bottom; and yet I cannot endure to see a Noble Subject labour under the weight of Barbarous Expressions, nor can I possibly bring my self to be of the same opinion with the generality of the Non-conformist Ministers amongst us, who either out of Ignorance or Design, lard their lean Sermons with the most fulsom Metaphors, and the meanest Words they can meet; or if they have none of these ready to their hands, make no more scruple of coining new ones of the same quality, (such as Nothingness, Self-savingness, *&c.) than the Modern Soldiery of stamping one of their Pewter-Buttons into a Farthing. To think that the Christian Religion is profan'd by good Language, or that clean Eloquence in a Discourse of Piety, is as insignificant as (if I may borrow a Simile from the* Apocrypha) *a Scarecrow is in a Garden of Cucumbers, is a gross ridiculous piece of Superstition; and can only be excused by the sottish* Reveries *of the Capuchins, and other doting Orders in the Church of* Rome, *who place the greatest part of their Devotion in being nasty and slovenly, and fancy they dishonour God Almighty by wearing a clean Shirt.*

I have dwelt the longer upon our Author in the Preface, because I was resolved to allow him but a very small share in the Dialogue. His two Companions, Mr. Pryn, *and the blustering Theologue of* Colchester, *as they are too well known by their Works, to put any one to the expence of writing their Characters, so they were Persons of better Sense and Malice, and consequently more likely to entertain the Reader with their Conversation. When I was talking of the most memorable Occurrences that lately happened, I could not forbear to enlarge a little about the Merits of the Comprehension, and when my Hand was in there, to bestow a Visit upon my Old Friend of* White-Chapel. *No sensible Man I presume will be angry with me, if I have not treated him with that Respect and Decorum that ought to be used towards Persons of his Function and Station:*

For

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For if this sort of Stile is Criminal, it must be remembred, that he gave the Occasion; and that I have only copied from his Answer to the *Vox Cleri. It would raise any Man's Indignation, that is not altogether composed of those two very bad Monosyllables, Phlegm and Schism, to find him there so barbarously insulting upon the Ashes of the late blessed Royal Martyr, and insinuating, that the* Immortal Portraiture *is a spurious piece; but to our comfort be it observed, that he has past the same Censure upon St.* Ignatius's *his Epistles. In the same Book, with his usual good Manners and Breeding, he scurrilously reflects upon two as eminent Men as we have in the Church, who are as much above his little Invectives, as they scorn the little Tribute of his Panegyricks: And he likewise abuses two other great Ornaments of our Nation, after another way; that is, with a great deal of his nauseous thredbare Flattery, in hope, I suppose, of being preferr'd by them. But this, in my* Opinion, *is the most Scandalous, and if I may so call it, the most Uncanonical* Simony *any Man can be guilty of. For my own particular, I must needs confess, That as* Augustus *was pleas'd to say of King* Herod, *That he would rather chuse his Hog, than his Son: So in relation to the above-mentioned Dr. I would rather chuse to be his Adversary, than his Friend. As I was his Adversary, I could only lie open to the feeble Efforts of his Malice, which can injure no body: But if I were so unfortunate as to be thought his Friend, I could not promise my self to be secure from his Panegyricks, which as they may render a Man's Reputation suspected, so they are the most dreadful terrible things in the whole World.*

If I have done any thing for which I am to beg the Reader's Pardon, 'tis for suffering so considerable a Trifle to sleep so long in my hands. Not to conceal any of my Infirmities from the World, I am sometimes, possessed with the Spirit of Lazineß, as well as other People, especially when 'tis my fortune to light upon a dull Subject; and then I use to retard and delay the Affair, as naturally, as a Lawyer does an unpaying Client's Cause. But of all things in the World,

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World, I ſhould never deſire to be forgiven for purſuing my Argument with much Severity, if I had done it, as indeed I have not. For beſides, that ſome Parties, as well as Perſons I could name, deſerve no Quarter at an Enemy's Hand; ſo a weak impotent Performance, is full as inexcuſable in Raillery, as it is in the buſineſs of Love: And an Adverſary, let his Character be what it will, is like a Nettle; if you touch him gently, he certainly pricks and ſtings you for your Civility; but if you ſqueeze him hard, 'tis ten to one you hear no more of him.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE IV.

BETWEEN

HICK ----, and *DAVID*, and *PRYN*'s GHOST.

Pryn. BLESS me! Whereabouts am I? Have I miſtaken my way, or no? Well, I am reſolved to enquire of the next Man I meet, that I may be ſatisfied: See, here's one comes, but he's a *Levite* I perceive by his Garb; and they are a ſort of People I never much fancied in all my Life, no more than the reſt of my Profeſſion. I'll venture however to accoſt him, —— Reverend Sir, your humble Servant. If your Occaſions are not very preſſing, I wou'd deſire the Favour of you to ſatisfie me in a certain Scruple that troubles me.

Hick. A very odd formal Fellow this! Satisfie you in a certain Scruple, do you ſay? Come then, diſpatch honeſt Friend as ſoon as you can; diſpatch, I ſay, out of hand. For ——

Pryn. Nay, Sir, 'twill be ſoon reſolved, there is no great difficulty in the Queſtion, I can aſſure you.

Hick. Prithee Friend don't banter me with any of your *Aſſure me's*. I tell you my Name is *Hick*—

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of *Colchester*; and therefore don't amuse me with any tedious flourishes, at your peril. If you have any Scruple about the Legality of the Spiritual Courts, why here's my *Naked Truth* for you: or if your Scruple has any relation to the Liturgy, then make use of my *Ceremony-Monger*.

Pryn. No, I thank you Sir, 'tis nothing of that nature,—— In short, Sir, I wou'd only request you to inform me where I am, and what is the Name of this Place?

Hick. Sure this old-fashion'd Gentleman designs to put a Trick upon me, but I'll soon cure him of his Jesting Humour. Why really honest Friend, this Question of yours, as you told me, carries no great difficulty with it; but what wou'd you say to me now, if I should give my self the trouble to beat you most immoderately, if I should pull you by your worshipful Nose, or bestow a Perpetual Almanack upon your Bones, before I go?

Pryn. I deserve no such usage from your hands. Upon my Sincerity, Reverend Sir, I mean you no harm by my Question. 'Tis not my way, to impose upon any Man. I am really ignorant of the Name of this Place, and must once more desire you to tell me where I am. I find, I must give my Levite good Words. 'Tis a huge thundering two-handed Theologue. [*Aside.*]

Hick. Stay, let me consider a little. By that sanctified Aspect, and formal Band, he should be none of those Persons that use to make sport with People in the Streets. 'Tis certainly some *Scotch* Minister or other, that lost himself in a Vision last Night, and is not yet recovered. Well Sir, I believe your Intentions are honest, and that you had no Design to put the Doctor upon me, as the Saying is. You must know then, you are in *London*; but I profess, I wonder in my Heart how you cou'd be ignorant of it; You are a Stranger to the City, without question. *Pryn.*

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Pryn. No, Sir, that is your miſtake. I have a great deal of reaſon, I am ſure, to remember it. I lived the better part of my Life in this Place, and can never reflect upon it, without the moſt ſenſible Concern in the World. If you were acquainted with my Name and Hiſtory, you'd ſay the ſame.

Hic. Why this is ſtranger and ſtranger ſtill. Cou'd you paſs the better part of your Life in this Town, and yet not know the Name of it? Not to uſe any Ceremony with you, honeſt Friend, in my opinion you muſt be either drunk or mad, chuſe which you pleaſe.

Pryn. Neither, Sir, I am the Ghoſt of *William Pryn*, formerly Utter Barriſter of *Lincolns-Inn* yonder, a Man that made no inſignificant Figure in the World. I preſume a Perſon of your Years and Gravity, cannot be unacquainted with my Writings and Sufferings here. Judge you then, whether I have not reaſon enough to remember this City; only the new Buildings, and ſtrange Alterations every where ſo ſurprized me at firſt, that I cou'd not poſitively determine where I was.

Hick. And are you the Ghoſt then of *William Pryn* of happy Memory? I profeſs I am raviſhed with joy to behold you. How can I ever thank my Stars ſufficiently, for furniſhing me with ſo favourable an Interview! Tho' I have ſome Buſineſs of great moment and conſequence that calls me to the other end of the Town, yet I am reſolved to ſacrifice it for this time, to enjoy the happineſs of your Learned Converſation. —— Well, Mr. *Pryn*, I muſt needs own, you have reaſon enough in all conſcience to remember this ſinful wicked Town; Here, unleſs the Chronicle miſinforms me, you loſt a pair of Ears, to the Indignation of a cruel perſecuting Archbiſhop: Here you encounter'd with Prelacy and Superſtition, and here

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here you erected an everlasting Trophy upon the demolishing Abomination of High Places. 'Tis impossible for me to tell you, what an exceeding pleasure I take in seeing you; and I am inclin'd to flatter my self, that my Company wou'd not be altogether disagreeable to you if you were better acquainted with my Character.

Pryn. You'll extreamly oblige me, dear Sir, if you will be pleased to give me a Relation of your Life. But may a Stranger make so bold as to request this Favour at your Hands?

Hick. As I told you before, *Hick* — is my Name, and *Colchester* is the place of my Habitation. I have in my time wrestled with a mighty Prelate as well as your self, and delaimed as heartily against the Exactions of *Doctors Commons*, as ever you did against the illegal Oppressions of the *Star-Chamber*. 'Tis true, the Books I have wrote for the Common Cause, are not as yet arriv'd to a Cart-load; but then, give me leave to tell you, they are full as tuant, and as well stored with Invectives as any of yours. I have as great an Aversion to Episcopacy as your voluminous self, and never failed to bellow against the Ceremonies and Discipline of the Church as often as I had an Opportunity to do it. Indeed, as to the Point of Sufferings, I must own my self inferiour to you, tho' that was none of my Fault. A short Imprisonment, a Suspension, and the Formality of making a Recantation, (which I had the Grace to disown the very next moment) were the utmost of my Punishment; but then as for a hearty, through-paced Inclination to the Cause, I cannot prevail with my self to allow you the Precedence.

Pryn. I am glad to meet with a Person of my own Complexion and Humour: But, Sir, now we are here between our selves, is it not unnatural and odd for

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for a Man of the indelible Character, to rail at his Brethren of the ſame Profeſſion? Does it not ſound ill in the World, for a Son of the Church, and one that gets his Bread by the Church, to rail openly at his Mother, and endeavour to undermine her Settlement? You know what the Satyriſt long ago obſerved, *Parcit cognatis maculis ſimilis fera.* Now as for my ſelf, I was a Lawyer, and we Lawyers, as all the World can tell you, could never ſet our Horſes with the Clergy. We look upon you as a Generation of Men, that have eſtabliſhed a diſtinct Intereſt from that of the Civil Government; for whenever you find any Extremities from that Quarter, you preſently betake your ſelves to the Sanctuary of your Spiritual Kingdom. Beſides, not to recount Quarrels we have to your Civilians, and the Managers of your Eccleſiaſtical Thunder, we hate all your Tribe for ſpoiling ſo many good Law-Suits as you do; by preaching up thoſe old, muſty Doctrines of Love and Unity, and promoting ſo many References and Arbitrations amongſt the People, to the grief and prejudice of all the poor Suffering Sons of *Cook* upon *Littleton.*

Hick. I never expected ſuch a Reprimand from Mr. *Pryn:* If you were but tolerably acquainted with my Hiſtory, I am ſure you would never tax me with the guilt of propagating Peace and Unity in my Pariſh. Indeed, if a Pious Endeavour to ſet all Mankind together by the Ears, is the way to advance Peace and Unity in the World, I will willingly ſubmit to all the Scandal of your Imputation. But is it poſſible, Mr. *Pryn,* that you are ſo far altered from what you were formerly, as to reproach me with following your own Copy, that is, with railing at the Diſcipline and Ceremonies of the Church, and ſiding with the Fanatick Party?

Pryn.

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Pryn. No, no, Heroick Sir, you have quite miſtaken my meaning; I only made bold to tell you, that it looks a little unnatural methinks, to ſee a Clergyman expoſe the Miſcarriages of the Men of his own Order; but at the ſame time, I was very far from quarreling with you in the leaſt, upon that ſcore. You may take my word, (and you have no reaſon to think that any of the Dead would be guilty of Flattery) that I heartily careſs and thank you for the good Services you have done us; for I was always of Opinion, that there is no way ſo effectual to ruin the Church, as by engaging ſome of her own Members to carry on the Deſign.

Hick. You ſay right, 'tis indeed the ſecureſt way in the World to bring about ſuch an Undertaking; for when any of the Laity beſtow their Invectives very liberally upon the Church, the People are apt to ſuſpect, that Devotion and Honeſty have very little ſhare in the matter; but that either a Principle of Malice, or ſome particular Pique or other, has imbitter'd them againſt the Clergy: But now tis a different caſe with thoſe of my Function; if we reproach our Brethren with their Ignorance, we purchaſe our ſelves the Reputation of Learned, Able Men; if we accuſe them of a Perſecuting Spirit, we are preſently extolled for Perſons of Moderation; if we rail at them for their Immoralities, O what a ſober Primitive Miniſter is this, tho' perhaps he takes off his half-dozen Bottles of Claret before he goes to Bed. If we keep a great pother about Pluralities and Non-reſidence, why here's a true Labourer in the Vineyard for you; and if we tell our People, that Ceremonies are but Fooliſh, Impertinent Things, and meer Human Inventions, the Congregation immediately cries us up for Paſtors that have the Power of Godlineſs, and are diſingaged from all the Prejudices of Superſtition and Will-worſhip.

Pryn.

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Pryn. I find, Dear Sir, you are not to learn your Trade from me; you are infinitely above any of my poor Inſtructions.

Hick. 'Tis true, the diſcerning Part of Mankind are too wiſe to be ſhamm'd after this rate; they are ſenſible, that 'tis either want of Preferment, or ſome private Grudge that makes us take up the Cudgels againſt our Brethren; but then their number is too ſmall, and conſequently too contemptible to be regarded; and you know, 'tis our Buſineſs to gain the Hearts of the Mobb, and not to angle for Wiſe Men. I am ſure, I have abundantly found the benefit of this Conduct; the People every where take me for an Oracle, and what is ten times more ſurprizing, they are ſuch invincible Fools, as to cheat themſelves into a Belief of my great Zeal and Sincerity. Thus I have ſo far compaſſed my Deſigns, that the Church is generally diſreſpected for my ſake; and that, I need not tell you, is no ſmall advance towards its ruin. At the ſame time I am obliged to tell you, that I received no inconſiderable Aſſiſtance in this Affair, from a ſort of Men who are ſtiled in the Modern Language, Sons of Comprehenſion; who, if they had been permitted to have purſued the Reformation they deſigned, had certainly ruined the Eſtabliſh'd Church; which thing you know, the Diſſenters have been zealouſly driving at this laſt Century.

Pryn. Sons of Comprehenſion do you ſay? I can't imagin what you mean by the Word. Is it then a ſpick and ſpan new Faction in the State, or an old one newly furbiſh'd up? What do theſe Men deſign, or to what Church do they pretend to belong?

Hick. Why truly, honeſt Mr. *Pryn*, they all of 'em give out, that they are zealous Members of the Eſtabliſhed Church, and yet no Men ever contri-

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bused more to the Ruin and Deſtruction of it than they have done. Their buſineſs in ſhort was this; to remove ſome of thoſe Ceremonies that were Eye-ſores to the Brethren ever ſince the Reformation; to caſtrate the *Liturgy*, to abdicate the *Apocrypha*, to enervate the Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline, to reduce Epiſcopal Juriſdiction into narrower Bounds, and extend that of the Inferiour Presbyters: In fine, to leave it to the Diſcretion of the Miniſter, to read as few or as many of the Publick Prayers as he ſhould judge convenient.

Pyn. Well, I find Miracles are not ceas'd amongſt you here in this World; but who could ever imagin that any of thoſe Gentlemen, who ſome Years ago defended every Ceremony of the Church, with ſo much Pains and Zeal againſt the Attaques of their Adverſaries, ſhould be ſo ſtrangely altered on the ſudden, as to part with them freely, and thereby give an occaſion to the ill-natured World to conclude, that they were all this while in the wrong, and their Enemies in the right?

Hick. Nay, I cannot forbear Laughing, as often as I think of the Conceit: Some of them were well-meaning Men, and hoped by theſe Alterations to bring over the moſt conſiderable part of the Diſſenters to Church. Others found their Intereſt in this Conduct; for ſince the late Revolution, the Court, you muſt underſtand, ſeem'd to favour thoſe Perſons who were for advancing the Comprehenſion. Laſtly, Others (in which number I reckon my ſelf) were willing to be revenged of the Church for its ill uſage of 'em formerly, and now had as favourable an Opportunity as Men could poſſibly wiſh, to effect their Deſign. Thus you ſee, that Indiſcretion in ſome, Ambition in others, but in the moſt a Spirit of Malice or Revenge promoted the Affair. It would take up too much time to tell you with

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with what intrigue and vigour this Bleſſed Work, as 'twas commonly call'd, was recommended to the pious care of the Convocation that was convened for this purpoſe. One County petition'd to have *Tobit's* Dog laſhed out of the Church; another preſented their Grievance againſt *Bell* and the *Dragon*. Some were earneſt to have the *Athanaſian* Creed diſcarded; ſome were for purging the Service of Matrimony from Obſcenity; others deſired to have a new Set of Collects, becauſe the old ones were worn thread-bare with continual wearing; ſome thought the Prayers too tedious, others thought them too ſhort. One quarrelled at the Croſs in Baptiſm; a ſecond found out down-right conjuring in the *Litany*; a third made his Exceptions at Kneeling at the Sacrament. Nay, rather than ſtand out, ſome were willing to play at ſuch ſmall Game, as to pick Faults with the Kalendar, and ſo deſired to have St. *George* and the reſt of his dreaming, uſeleſs Brethren, turn'd out of their Freehold there.

Pryn. 'Tis very ſurprizing, I confeſs, what you have told me.

Hick. All this while, Comprehenſion was the Word in City and Country. Comprehenſion was ſtill the Burden of the Song in Taverns, and Comprehenſion fill'd up all the idle, impertinent Converſation of the Coffee-Houſes; 'twas almoſt as bad as Treaſon to ſpeak the leaſt ill word of the Comprehenſion. Nay, would you believe it? the very Butchers on the other ſide *Aldgate* had got the word amongſt them, and made excellent ſport with it; if they happen'd to meet with a ſurly, moroſe, ill-bred ſort of an Ox, that was not over-forward to have any Alterations made in his Body, and to let a Reforming Knife ſtrip him of his Ceremonious Hide; Knock him down, cry'd the whole Fraternity of 'em, daſh out his Brains, cut his Throat

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there; 'tis a Prelatical Ox, he won't ſuffer himſelf to be comprehended in a Halter.

Pryn. If I were not a Ghoſt now, in ſpight of my Gravity, and the Severity of my Temper, I could half kill my ſelf with Laughing at theſe Stories.

Hick. I remember, I was once at a Merry-Meeting at *White-Chapel*, where you are to know, this ſame Buſineſs of the Comprehenſion was very zealouſly ſet on foot; and the Maſter of the Houſe who gave us the Entertainment, repreſented the whole Myſtery of the Comprehenſion in a Bowl of Punch.

Pryn. I have frequently converſed with ſome *Dutch* Divines in the other World, who were often talking of the great Virtues of Punch; and ſo I am altogether a Stranger to the Compoſition of that Liquor: But pray inform, how 'twas poſſible to repreſent the Comprehenſion in it?

Hick. Liſten then. Says our Friend, Come Gentlemen, you know I promis'd you a Bowl of Punch; which that I may make *Secundum Artem*, as our Doctor has it, and that you who are my Acquaintance, may be likewiſe able to do the ſame at any other time, pray take notice of the following Preſcriptions. *Imprimis*, Here is a Gallon of poor Paſſive Church of *England* Water; a dull, unactive, unedifying Element, the Lord knows, and good for nothing of it ſelf, till there's an Union or Alliance made between it, and ſome other noble diſſenting Ingredients. Into this, do you mind me, Gentlemen, I pour one Half-Pint of good, ſharp, Independent Lime-Juice, and afterwards add one Pound of Superfine, Addreſſing *Penſylvanian* Sugar. Now, ſays he, lend me the Sieve of Election, and the Ladle of Accommodation, and you ſhall ſee what a Noble *Sherbet* I have made you.

Pryn.

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Pryn. There's more Dexterity and Art, I perceive, to build one of theſe Bowls, as you call it, than a Man would at firſt imagine: I find, he muſt be a Maſter of his Trade.

Hick. A Pox on't, cries our Friend, this Fooliſh, Inſignificant Church of *England* Water is too ſtrong as yet for the Independent Lime-Juice, and the *Penſylvanian* Sugar; and therefore to correct, or rather to deſtroy the unpalatable Reliſh of it, to all intents and purpoſes; I muſt, ſays he, according to our Learned Doctor's Method, pour in two Quarts of Luſty and Potent Presbyterian Brandy. Now give me, continues he, yonder well-grown Anabaptiſt Toſt, a Toſt of Years and Diſcretion, a Toſt that can anſwer for himſelf, and ſo forth. But firſt of all, let us gently rub him over with the Nutmeg of Affability, and then dip him over Head and Ears in this Regenerating Liquor. 'Tis done, Gentlemen, the Town is our own; but Lord, (cries he) how it rejoices my Heart to ſee, how this Powerful Presbyterian-Brandy Inſults and Rides upon the poor Paſſive Hierarchical Water? Pray Gentlemen, come and ſee this goodly Sight, quickly, quickly, here; ſo we all peep'd into the Bowl, and laugh'd till we were ready to burſt our Hoops aſunder with the Conceit.

Pryn. Nay, I cannot diſcommend you for it; 'twas a Scene of Mirth enough to divert the moſt Heavy, Phlegmatick Creature in the World.

Hick. As a certain Spark in the Room very well obſerved, we only wanted a Conſort of the Sweet-Singers of *Iſrael*, to have ſung ſome Spiritual Latitudinarian Hymn or other, to the Tune of *The Gods and Goddeſſes*, and our Entertainment had been Compleat; but we ſupplied that Defect in a manner, by the choiceneſs of our Healths: For firſt, we drank a good Health to the *Scotch* Covenant;

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then we remembred our Friends at *Amsterdam*, and all our Trusty Fellow-Labourers near the Lake of *Lemane*. After this, we made a step to t'other side of the Globe, and there visited the Poor Churches in *New England*. Lastly, we concluded all with Health, Wealth and Prosperity to all the Sons of Comprehension, and all the Daughters of Latitude in *Christendom*.

Pryn. Well, but I forgot to enquire of you, whether the Dissenting Party gave any great Encouragement to this Project of the Comprehension; for unless they promised to come in, as soon as these Alterations were made; to what purpose was all this Trouble taken? They could not be so vain, as to imagine that this Conduct could be very acceptable to their own Side; and therefore unless they had Moral Assurances of bringing over the Dissenters, I think they reckon'd all this while without their Host, not to take notice, that they made themselves cheap and contemptible into the Bargain.

Hick. What some few of the topping Leaders amongst the Dissenters might promise to do, in case such Alterations were assented to, I cannot resolve you; but as for the Generality both of the Pastors and the People, I don't believe they would have budg'd a foot for the matter. Perhaps, to two or three of their chief Levites, a Bishoprick of Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, with a very few Amendments, might have become palatable enough; but as then such choice Blessings could not be distributed to all; and besides, were few in number in comparison of more inconsiderable Places. So there's all the reason in the World to conclude, that but very few would have quitted their Station.

Pryn. I am clearly of your Opinion; for Interest you know, is the great Business of all Mankind.

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The Fanatick Divines, for their part, follow their own Intereſt with as zealous an Application, as any other Perſons; and I am aſſured, that if they found no Advantage in the Comprehenſion, they would never comply with it.

Hick. 'Tis very apparent, that their Intereſt adviſed them to continue where they were; and I wonder why the other Party were ſuch Blockheads, as to believe that they ſhould be ever prevailed upon to ſacrifice their old beloved Principle; 'twas endeavouring to Hedge the Cuckow, even according to the Letter. Can you, Mr. *Pryn* believe, that a Man of any tolerable Diſcretion would ever leave his Congregation, where he reigns as abſolute as the *Mufti* does at *Conſtantinople*; where he Hangs, Draws, and Quarters, as he thinks convenient; where he commands the People's Conſciences, and conſequently their Purſes; where he can melt them into Tears as often as he pleaſes; where he's careſſed and treated every day, with as much Ceremony, as a young Heir is at the firſt Moment when he comes to his Eſtate: Can you believe, I ſay, that he would quit all theſe mighty Advantages, to come to a Church where he is not ſecure of meeting half this Reſpect and Veneration; where his tall Metaphors and impertinent Harangues will make no impreſſion; where his Theatrical Grimaces will be all exploded; where he muſt renounce his ex-tempore Talent, and put himſelf to the ſevere expence of talking intelligibly; unleſs there were a certain Proſpect of a larger Revenue to make him ſwallow all theſe Mortifying Conſiderations? No, no, Mr. *Pryn*, the diſſenting Miniſters are Maſters of more Diſcretion, than for the ſake of a fooliſh Compliment or two, to relinquiſh their real Intereſt, and quit ſo advantageous a Poſt as they are already placed in.

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Pryn. What you have obſerved of their Divines, may I ſuppoſe, be as reaſonably concluded of the Laity. As Matters were ordered in my time, and I believe they are not alter'd ſince, the Merits of the Separation were but very ſuperficially examin'd by the People; for moſt of 'em conſidered, that being of that Party help'd 'em to a good Trade, and what was more tempting, helping 'em to the reputation of Sanctity, with certain hopes of a Saintſhip into the Bargain; and ſo what wonder is it, if they continued firm to the Intereſts of that Church, where there was a good Trade, and a good Reputation, and a good Saintſhip beſides to be had at ſuch reaſonable penniworths? Beſides, there's a certainty of a titillation, which only thoſe who have experimented it can deſcribe, in refuſing to ſubmit to whatſoever is publickly eſtabliſhed. Men love to indulge their own Humours, and can't indure to have the Government preſcribe any Rules to 'em. In fine, 'tis the only ſign of Diſcretion and a mature Judgment with ſome Perſons to diſſent from all Mankind, and carve for themſelves; I had almoſt like to have forgot, that when we meet in corners to Worſhip, it looks as if we were the little Flock of the Elect, that the heat of Perſecution had driven into thoſe Retreats; but then all this mighty Zeal and Devotion that is kept alive by ſweating and crowding, and being everlaſtingly bored by our Neighbour's Elbows, would certainly evaporate and expire in a large Church. So upon the whole matter, I find no Ground to believe that the People wou'd ever have been inclined to leave their old way of Worſhip, in caſe their Miniſters had forſaken them, and therefore 'tis I confeſs a ſurprizing thing to me, that the Church of *England* ſhould ever attempt to new model their Conſtitution, when they could

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could propoſe ſo little benefit to themſelves from doing it.

Hick. They expected, you muſt underſtand, to have proſelyted the whole Body of Diſſenters, tho' you and I have ſufficiently obſerved what an unpracticable ill-grounded *Chimæra* it was, and it would appear a thouſand times more impoſſible to be effected, if we ſhould take a full view of the other Separatiſts, as Quakers, Independents, Anabaptiſts, and ſo forth, whereas we have only been talking about the Presbyterians. But however impracticable the Deſign be, yet thoſe Perſons who were engaged in the Affair, either believed it to be very feaſible, or elſe they would have perſuaded the World that they thought it ſo. For in order to receive this vaſt number of People they expected, they were contriving how to enlarge the Church-Porches before-hand; by the ſame Token that I cou'd never hear any mention made of that Project, but it immediately put me in mind of a certain remarkable Saying of *Diogenes.*

Pryn. What was that I pray?

Hick. As the Story goes, that itinerant Philoſopher came by chance to a damn'd little raskally Town in *Rhodes*, with a huge ſwinging pair of Gates to it, ſo he ran to the Market-place, and cries as loud as ever he was able, *Good People, lock up your Gates, ſhut 'em I ſay immediately, for fear your Town ſhould take a frolick and run out of them.*

Pryn. So you imagined then that if the Church-Porches had been widen'd, the Congregation wou'd have preſently run out at the Doors, did you not.

Hick. Why truly, Mr. *Pryn*, I did, and I don't queſtion but that if the Comprehenſion had ſucceeded, I had been found a true Prophet as to this particular. Tho' I wiſh the Deſign had taken Effect, becauſe I pray for the Church's Deſtruction, and

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and don't know any way so effectual to have produced it as what I am discoursing of; yet I cannot forbear to rail at the Blindness and Indiscretion of those People who laboured so mightily to bring an unavoidable Ruin and Scandal upon themselves. To quit a firm Establishment, and throw up the Fences of a well compacted Discipline, in order to get a little fulsom popular Applause for a moment, and oblige some of *Johannes de Nubibus*'s wise Relations, was in my opinion as gross a piece of Stupidity, as it would have been in *Sampson*, if he were now alive, to cut off his Hair wherein his strength depended, and for no other Design than to wear a Perruque, and qualifie himself for keeping company with the *Beaux* of *Covent-Garden*.

Pryn. So it was; but how came the Business to miscarry at last?

Hick. Tho' we had several Persons of great Interest and Authority that join'd with us, and besides the late turn of Affairs seem'd very favourable to put this Design in Execution, yet the Major part were of a different Opinion. They pretended, that it was below the Dignity of the Church to alter Establishments for the sake of those People, who had taken care to give the World invincible Assurances of their being contented with nothing but a throwing up of the whole. That a Faction within the Church (which they apprehended might arise in case the Comprehension succeeded) was infinitely more dangerous than the Schism without. That if some Concessions were made in Favour of one Party, as soon as that was done, another Party might demand to have the like Indulgence shewn to them, and perhaps with as much Reason, or at least with as much Pretence. In fine, that those Alterations might have very Ill Effects with the Members of their own Communion, and oblige them to seek

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that Steadineſs and Conſtancy in another Church, which they could not find at home. Thus our Plea was over-ruled at laſt, and that hopeful Project which had employed ſo many Sucking, Sermon-printing Authors to recommend it to the World, came unfortunately to nothing, to the great Mortification and Diſappointment of ſeveral Perſons who had amuſed themſelves with no ordinary expectations for their good Services in promoting it. But Sir, if you pleaſe, we'll wave this Subject, which gives me abundance of uneaſie Thoughts as often as I reflect upon it.—— And now, honeſt Mr. *Pryn*, let me deſire you to inform me, what mighty Concern it is, that has drawn you from the peaceful Manſions of the Dead to reviſit the World, was it only to indulge your Curioſity, or is there a private Intrigue at the bottom?

Pryn. Nothing of that nature upon my Word. I was deſirous to know whether Prelacy was aboliſhed, and conſequently the whole Train of Superſtition baniſhed and diſcarded; how Affairs ſtood with the ſober godly part of the Nation; and laſtly, what were the crying prevailing Sins of the Age. This was the true and only occaſion of my Journey, and I need not tell you, how far you wou'd oblige me by giving me a full Account of all theſe Matters.

Hick. Alas, Mr. *Pryn*, you are come in a very unlucky Moment! I am ſorry that I have nothing of Conſolation to entertain you with. Prelacy was never the Darling of the People ſo much as at preſent; it is too far own'd and ſupported by the Government to be ever undermin'd or ruin'd. Nay what is the moſt miſerable caſe of all, it has ſo conſpicuouſly deſerved of the Proteſtant Intereſt in general, as well as of the particular Liberty and Property

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perty of the Subject, that we cannot attack it with the leaſt colourable Reproach or Calumny.

Pryn. How! And is it impoſſible then to trump the old Card of Popery, and ſo forth, upon them?

Hick. Why, truly, Mr. *Pryn*, 'tis even ſo. We muſt take our everlaſting farewel of that Argument, it will do us no farther Service I can aſſure you. It has been the perpetual cry of the Saints, you know, ever ſince the beginning, that when ever a favourable opportunity ſhew'd it ſelf, the Prelates and all that Party wou'd immediately lift themſelves in the Service of the *Man of Sin*.

Pryn. I remember it very well, by the ſame Token, that this Aſperſion did our Cauſe no inconſiderable Service in the Late Wars, when we traduced 'em all for being *Babyloniſhly* affected; by Virtue of which Scandal we made a ſhift to get an Archbiſhop Sacrificed on *Tower-hill*, and the whole Fraternity totally extirpated.

Hick. What you ſay is indeed very true. But alas! I cannot think upon it without conſidering at the ſame time how unfortunate we their Poſterity are, who cannot preſume to perform ſuch glorious Exploits. The only thing we can do, is to make a little Clamour about Prelatical Perſecution; but even this Pretence vaniſhes and makes no Impreſſion, as ſoon as People reflect upon the Rigor and Iron Yoke of *Presbytery*; when by the Pious Efforts of the Parliament in Forty Three, it was advanced to the Chair. But as I hinted to you before, we muſt take our Everlaſting Farewel of our old dearly beloved Topick of Popery, for, we cannot mention it without reproaching our ſelves to the higheſt degree, and doing them the greateſt Honour in the World.

Pryn. Though I muſt confeſs I have an incurable Hatred to Epiſcopacy, as I believe all Perſons have that

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that are deeply tinctured with my Principles, yet I cannot forbear to acquaint you, that if what you ſay is really true, it would oblige me to abate a great deal of my old Severity and Prejudices againſt them.

Hick. The late King, you muſt underſtand, was a zealous Bigot for the Popiſh Religion, and endeavour'd by all the ways in the World to introduce it into the Kingdom; and as this Deſign was not to be executed, conſidering the poſture of Affairs at that time, without making uſe of an unlimited Arbitrary Power, and carrying the Prerogative to greater heights than any of his Predeceſſors had done; ſo the only Obſtacle he met with, both in regard to Popery and the Diſpenſing Power, was from the Eſtabliſhed Church. Not a ſingle Pamphlet appeared, either from the *Savoy* or St. *James's*, but immediately all its little Artifices were laid open, and all the Arguments anſwered with that perſpicuity of Thought, that Beauty of Language, that Variety of Learning, and above all, that Reſpect to the Sovereign then in being, that I, even I, who am a profeſſed Enemy to the whole Tribe, and hate them as heartily as the Apothecaries hate the Chirurgions that intrench upon their Trade; yet cannot forbear to do them this undeniable Piece of Juſtice. Nay, would you believe it? Seven of the Prelates choſe a voluntary Impriſonment, rather than contribute the leaſt either to the introducing of Popery, or the Slavery of their Country; ſo that that Religion had in a manner abdicated a long time before its Monarch. All this while the Diſſenters ——

Pryn. —— Ay, what did they do? for you know they uſe to ſmell Popery at as great a diſtance as ——

Hick. As they ſay, a certain Peer's Horſe can ſmell Fire.

Pryn.

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Pryn. And besides, hate Popery, and all its wicked Works, as Mortality.

Nich. As an itinerant begging Levite does Pluralities, or a griping Old Cit does a Lecture against Oppression. Why, all this while, Mr. *Pryn*, the Dissenters sate as mute as a new Sea-Chaplain in an Engagement; and notwithstanding there were every day fresh Advances made in behalf of the Romish Religion, yet they seemed to apprehend the danger of Popery no more, than *Noah* and his Family did the Conflagration, when they were blow'd up in the Ark.

Pryn. You have certainly a Design to amuse me with Impossibilities, for in my time, I am sure, the Dissenters were another sort of Men; rather than not find Popery somewhere or another, they would then find it out in *Christmas* Pies and Plum-porridge; and rather than not quarrel with Idolatry, they could then quarrel with the Will-worship of *May-poles*.

Nich. Upon my word, Mr. *Pryn*, 'tis every Syllable true what I have told you; you need not entertain any such ill-grounded a suspicion of me, as to imagine that I would slander them in the least. To resume my Discourse, I don't know of one single Sheet of Paper that was written either by any of their Divines, or so much as a Lay-Elder against the common Adversary; nor did I ever hear of the least inclination they shew'd to oppose Popery by way of Discourse, unless it were a certain Minister of that stamp here in Town, who as often as he mentioned King *James* in his Prayers, very honestly prayed that he might become the Terrour of *Rome*.

Pryn. What! that a Popish King might become the Terrour of *Rome*! O incorrigible Sot! And, why not as well that he might become the Scourge of

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of *Constantinople?* Nay, why did he not carry his ridiculous Banter farther, and Pray as follows? *viz.* May he fall foul upon the Skirts of the Great *Mogul*, and confound the Devices of the *Cham* of *Tartary*. May the *Bey* of *Algiers* truckle to him, and the mad King *Madagascar* be his most Humble Servant. May his *West-India* Plantations never fail to send his Subjects the best Tobacco, and his *East-India* Factories never fail to send them the best Spices to put in their Bottle Ale. All this Stuff might have been as pertinently pray'd for, as that a Popish King might become the Terrour of *Rome*. And was this all they did?

Hick. You shall hear: Instead of encountering our profess'd Enemies, who were every day gaining ground upon us, the Dissenters employ'd themselves in nothing else but charging the Church of *England* with a Spirit of Persecution, tho' what they suffered was between Friends, I may say it, rather upon the score of an open plain Conspiracy, than for their Religion; and besides, was not to be named in the same Year with what the Episcopal Party had without any pretence of Equity, suffer'd under their Dominion formerly.

Pryn. These indiscreet Proceedings gave admirable Sport and Entertainment to the Priests, without question. But pray proceed:

Hick. Shortly after this, the late King for Reasons obvious and evident enough, was pleased to issue out a Free Toleration to all his loving Subjects of what Persuasion soever; and tho' the Dissenters, if they had but half the understanding of an Humble-Bee, might have easily perceived the drift and meaning of that Indulgence, yet they either really were, or what is full as stupid, pretended to be altogether insensible of the Design. You cannot imagine how dutifully they swallowed this Bait, tho' it scarce served

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ved to cover the Hook. Every Gazette was so crouded with the fulsome Addresses, that a Man, unless he had a particular Intereſt at Court, could ſcarce prevail to get a ſtray'd Horſe, or a deſerting Prentice into the Advertiſements. You'd almoſt have ſworn, it had rained Complements for a Twelvemonth together, as *Livy* ſays, it rained Stones before the *Punick* War; and ſuch indeed theſe Complements were, for they proved as fatal to the deluded Prince, as the Brick-bats did to St. *Stephen*. No young flattering Coxcomb ever deſired his Miſtreſs after ſo prodigal a rate, no hungry Poet ever ſquander'd away ſo much nauſeous Flattery and Rhetorick upon a liberal Patron, as they did upon the miſtaken Monarch for his no Gift of Toleration. In ſhort, if they had had all *Arabia* in their hands, it would not have furniſh'd them with Incenſe enough upon this occaſion: By their frequent correſpondence with the other Party, they were got into their Dialect, and ſo talked of nothing elſe but Oblations and Sacrifices. And what were theſe Sacrifices? even thoſe goodly things called Lives and Fortunes. Tho' by the by, Mr. *Pryn*, they ſacrificed them as really, and as much, according to the Letter, as the *Roman* Prieſts do their Saviour in the Sacrifice of the Maſs.

Pryn. You have perfectly aſtoniſhed me with your News. Oh the Degeneracy of this profligate Age! Their Forefathers, I am ſure, were Men of another Kidney. They cou'd ſcarce be brought to acknowledge the Lawful Rights of Princes; and here their graceleſs unworthy Sons pay a ſervile Adoration to a confeſs'd Arbitrary Power. —— Well, I find, I muſt make all the haſte I can to the other World, to converſe again with the Hero's of the laſt Age; for I have not patience enough to tarry a moment longer in this.

Hick.

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Hick. Nay, nay, Mr. *Pryn*, prithee don't be ſo eager. If you'll liſten a while, you'll ſee the Diſſenters are not a pack of ſuch reprobate Creatures as you concluded them at firſt to be. The Saints you know may ſometimes have their Back-ſlidings, and who can help it: but then the Saints, by virtue of a ſmall Repentance, may ſoon recover their Reputation again in the World. To be ſhort, Mr. *Pryn*, the Diſſenters as they are no Raskals, ſo they are no Fools; they knew better things, than to ſtand by a Diſpenſing Monarchy when it came to the trial; they believed, and ſtill believe no more of the *Jure Divino* of King-ſhip, than they do of the *Jure Divino* of the Alcoran; and tho' they made ſo many ſpecious repeated Promiſes of ſacrificing you know what, yet to their immortal Honour be it ſpoken, when they came to conſider coolly and ſoberly of the matter, they found there was rank Popery in the Word. Indeed, if a Man had not known them, and their Principles ſomewhat better, he might have been apt to think the ſame thing of them, as the Gentleman did of a certain Rake-hell of a Levite, whom he found very ſtrenuouſly declaiming againſt Leudneſs, *viz.* that they had been in earneſt: but alas, Mr. *Pryn*, they deſigned nothing in the World but a Jeſt, a meer Jeſt, when they made ſo many ſolemn Vows of their Sincerity and Allegiance; and if their Conduct in the late Reign was a little obnoxious to Cenſure, and ſo forth, yet by their Behaviour under this, they have made a ſufficient Atonement for it. Since the late Revolution, they have aſſerted the Depoſing Power with as much Freedom and Vigour, as ever they did between Forty One and the Reſtauration. The Rights of our Sovereign Lords the People, are publickly maintained; and there's ne'er a Pulpit-Thrummer of that Character here in the Town, but as often told his

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Congregation, That Kings are accountable to the Subject for every Miſcarriage; as he has whiſper'd to the Women, that unleſs they riſle their Huſband's Pocket's to pay the Miniſter, they are to exthing but Fire and Brimſtone in another World.

Pryn. Why this makes me ſome amends, for what I told you before.

Hick. What is more, Mr. *Pryn*, all the bold publick ſpirited Pamphlets that viſited the World in the late bleſſed Times of Liberty and Property, have been lately re-printed, and cried about the Streets; and Scandal, God be thanked, is as much in faſhion every-where, as Flattery and Diſſimulation at the Court, or Cheating in the City, as Whoredom in *Venice*, and an Inſenſibility for one's Religion in *Holland*. Secret Hiſtories are as ready Money to the godly Bookſellers, as a ſecret Reſerve of Claret to the Vintner. The Covenant begins to regain Credit with the World; and a Commonwealth, or what is the ſame, a Precarious Monarch, is not talked of ſo diſreſpectfully as formerly. Nay, rather than want Scandal to furniſh our Cuſtomers with, we have travelled as far as *Scotland*, to provide our ſelves of ſo precious a Commodity; and now we have enough upon our hands to ſupply all the Markets in *Chriſtendom*. Not to be tedious with you, Mr. *Pryn*, the Diſſenters are the very ſame Men, as to this particular Concern, as ever they were; and tho', as in Intereſt bound, they pretend to have the greateſt Veneration imaginable for their preſent Majeſties, yet to keep them in awe, and make them mindful of their Stewardſhip, they treat their Royal Predeceſſors with as little Ceremony, and as much Freedom, as a Man would a common Porter, or a Scavenger in the Streets. Their private Failings and Infirmities have been expoſed to the World, as publickly as the Votes of the Houſe; and

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and what never fails to be done upon such Occasions, they have lost nothing at all in the Relation.

Pryn. That I believe. And now, Sir, let me tell you, this latter part of your Discourse has as it were revived me, if a Ghost may be allowed to use such an Expression. The truth on't is, I have in the other World heard most of the things you have been pleas'd to relate to me; but then the Account of Affairs that we have below, is so very uncertain, and withal reported so differently, according to the particular Genius and Inclination of the Relator, that one cannot tell whom to believe, or what News to depend upon. This was partly the occasion why I impos'd upon my self this troublesom Journey; and I shall always reckon my self indebted to my good Stars, for giving me the Opportunity to satisfie all my Doubts, from the Conversation of so worthy a Person as your self; whose Sincerity I have no more reason to question, than I have to deny the great Obligations of your Civility to a Stranger.

Hick. Oh fie, Mr. *Pryn!* I must desire you to forbear these Compliments. I vow to God, you'll make me blush now, if you advance 'em any farther upon your humble Servant.

Pryn. Indeed I must needs own, it rejoyces me exceedingly, to hear that our Old Friends have not Apostatized from their Ancient Principles and Tenents about Government; but what troubles me at the same time is, that they have dropt the Old Pretence and Charge of Popery; which is, to my knowledge, the best Jewel they have in their Crown. Their Ancestors, I am confident, wou'd sooner have renounced their *Magna Charta*, and *Hopkins* into the Bargain, than have parted with so advantageous, and so popular a Calumny. I remem-

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ber thoſe Bleſſed Times, and the Remembrance of 'em is the greateſt Entertainment I have to relieve all my Penſive Moments in the Shades below; when every thing in the World that was diſpleaſing and offenſive to the Brethren, went under the Name of horrid, abominable, Popiſh Superſtition. Organs and May-Poles, Biſhop's Courts and the Bear-Garden, Surplices and long Hair, Cathedrals and Play-Houſes, Set-Forms and Painted Glaſs, Fonts and Apoſtles Spoons, Church-Muſick and Bull-baiting, Altar-Rails and Roſemary on Brawn; nay, Fiddles, Whitſun-Ale, Pig at *Bartholomew*-Fair, Plum-porrige, Puppet-ſhows, Carrier's Bells, Figures in Ginger-Bread; and at laſt, *Moſes* and *Aaron*, the *Decalogue*, the *Creeds*, and the *Lord's Prayer*—

Hick. Paſs'd all for Antichriſtian Carnal Devices, Rags of Popery, Things of Human Invention, ſet up by the Man of Sin to ſcandalize the Saints, and pervert the Unſtable.

Pryn. You ſay right; and ſo was every thing you can name, except a Black Sattin-Cap.

Hick. Becauſe it ſavoureth of Gravity.

Pryn. A Sack Poſſet.

Hick. For lo! it encourageth the Miniſter in his Miniſtry.

Pryn. A Sir-Loin of Beef.

Hick. Becauſe the Saints are, verily, *Groſs Feeders.*

Pryn. A long Cloak.

Hick. Becauſe, like Charity, it covereth a Multitude of Sins.

Pryn. A long Prayer.

Hick. Becauſe Widows and Orphans are not palatable without 'em.

Pryn. A long Allegory.

Hick. For behold it is very refreſhing to the White Aprons. Likewiſe, except Long Ears, Mr. *Pryn*. There I think I have bobbed you. [*Aſide.*

Pryn.

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Pryn. An *Extempore* Sermon.

Hick. Becauſe *Extempore* Nonſence, is more excuſable than ſtudied Nonſence.

Pryn. An Ordinance of Both Houſes.

Hick. Becauſe a King is virtually included in them.

Pryn. A Fat Capon and a Bag-Pipe.

Hick. Becauſe the one is a *Geneva* Diſh, and the other a *Scotch* Covenanting Inſtrument. Laſtly, Mr. *Pryn*, to ſum up all the Evidence together, becauſe we wou'd not loſe time; except Committee-Men and Lay-Elders, Battel and Murder, Free-Quarter and Famine, Sequeſtrations and Decimations, Compoſitions and Monthly Exciſe: And all this was but neceſſary and requiſite; in order to humble the Prophane, to mortifie the Ungodly, and pull down the Pride of the wicked Malignants; that ſo being ſequeſtred from the Vanities of this World, they might have nothing elſe to mind, but how to lick themſelves whole in another.

Pryn. Then, my Dear Friend, we carried on the Bleſſed Work of the Reformation, as far as Zeal inſpired with Intereſt cou'd carry it. We Reformed the Almanacks, New-Chriſten'd the Feſtivals, Un-Sainted the Apoſtles, ſet the Chimes to Pſalm-Tunes, and gutted the Bible of the Service-Book and Apocrypha. A Crown, a Croſs, an Angel, and Biſhop's Head cou'd not be endured, ſo much as in a Sign. Our Garters, Bellows, and Warming-Pans wore godly Motto's; our Band-Boxes were lined with wholſom Inſtructions, and even our Trunks with the Aſſembly-Men's Sayings, Ribbons were converted to Bible-Strings.

Hick. And ſo were Graces to Long Prayers, and Churches to Stables.

Pryn. Nay, in our Zeal we viſited the Gardens and Apothecary's Shops. So *Unguentum Apoſtolicum*

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was commanded to take a new Name; and besides, to find Security for its Good Behaviour for the future. *Carduus Benedictus*, *Angelica*, *St. John's-Wort*, and our *Lady's Thistle*, were summoned before a Class, and forthwith ordered to distinguish themselves by more Sanctified Appellations. Thus by the Plausible Appearance of our great Piety, and our zealous Performances in rooting out Popery and Superstition, we got an absolute Ascendant over the Hearts of the People, and managed them just as we pleased. But, alas, these Golden Times are clearly gone, and I am afraid we are to expect 'em no more.

Hick. I told you before, Mr. *Pryn*, 'tis to no purpose to charge the Church of *England* with any Popery. What they did in the late Reign, has made such an effectual Impression upon every body, that so ridiculous a Calumny is never to be used, at least as long as this Generation is alive. Besides, to tell you the truth, the People are somewhat Wiser in this Age, than to take every thing for Popery, which a Formal Thing in a little Band, and a black Cloak, calls by that Name.

Pryn. Why then we must bethink our selves of some other Expedient. I remember a pleasant Story of a Fellow in my time, that had a Show at a Fair; so the Business in hand required a little Show: says the Master of the Booth to the Fellow that managed Affairs behind the Curtain, *Why don't you Snow there?* Sir, says the Fellow aloud to him, all the White Paper's gone: *Why then you Blockhead*, cries the Master, *Snow in some Brown Paper.* And therefore, Mr. *Hick*---, since the old Clamour about Popery will no longer be serviceable to us, let us Conjure up something else, to promote our Cause.

Hick.

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Hick. That's well enough considered. And who so fit to draw up the Indictment against the Prelatick Party, as the experienced Mr. *Pryn*? Your Talent, I am sure, lies in Scandal; and unless the other World has alter'd you for the worse, you are not unprovided of Malice to encourage you to do it.

Pryn. What think you then, if we shou'd tax 'em with Ignorance, and Want of Learning?

Hick. It wou'd do very well, I confess, if you cou'd but persuade the Booksellers to burn all the Books and Sermons they have Printed within these Twenty Years; for those are like to be so many Speaking Evidences against us: And then you must be sure to clap a Pad-Lock upon most of the Conventicles here in Town; for if our Enemies should take occasion to peep in there, 'tis ten to one, but they'll return the Charge back again upon those that began it: There's first of all Mr. *Burg--ss*, yonder in *Covent Garden*, must be desired to hold his peace; for you can't imagine how strangely People talk of him, for the Freedom he uses in his Pulpit; and particularly, saying, a *Sunday* or two ago, *That our Saviour was the Second Edition of God Almighty's Will, with Amendments.* Then we must likewise silence poor Mr. *Mayow*, at *College-Hill*; he that in the days of yore held a Brew-House *in Commendam* with a Conventicle; by the same token, that the Ungodly rail'd at him for keeping Pluralities; not knowing, that the Saints ought to have *Grains* of Allowance given 'em. And lastly, zealous Mr. *Timothy Crusoe* must be serv'd after the same manner; a plain unaffected Preacher, 'tis true, and one that values himself as much upon the score of his being unacquainted with Fathers, as a jealous *Cheapside*-Cit hugs himself for being unacquainted with any of the borrowing Courtiers. He was haranguing

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the other day about the late Rapes, and told his Auditory, That *ſo manifold and ſundry were the Rapes committed in and about the Town, that it looked as if the great Enemy of Mankind the Devil, had ſown the City with Rape-ſeed.* This has ſunk his Reputation ſomewhat in the World. There are ſeveral others in the ſame Predicament with theſe; but it would be as troubleſome to enlarge upon their Characters, as to acquaint you all with the variety of Night-Caps, Flannel Shirts, Waſtcoats, Doublets, and Upper Coats a certain Noble Peer wears in the Winter.

Pryn. I find by what you have told me, it will not be ſo very convenient to muſter up the Charge of Ignorance. But what ſay you now to the old Imputation of Debauchery and Prophaneneſs.

Hick. I am afraid, Mr. *Pryn*, this ſame Buſineſs will do us as little Service as the former, 'tis a two-edged Sword, and cuts either way. We ſtill call our ſelves indeed, the ſober godly part of the Nation; for the ſame Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, as the Kings of *England* ſtile themſelves, Kings of *France*, *viz.* becauſe our Forefathers were ſo: But they, a ſhame take 'em for it, wore their Hypocriſie to Rags, and and ſo their Sons were cheated of their Inheritance. And have only the Name to boaſt of. A Pious Siſter can now paſs by a Church, even when the Organ is playing, and yet fall into no Fits, or be diſcompoſed at the matter: And a moody Brother can ride his Horſe by a *May-pole*, and yet the inſenſible Beaſt never ſtarts, or offers to throw his Maſter; even ſinging of Pſalms in private Families is as much out of Faſhion, as paying of Debts with the Men of *Alſatia*; a Man may go through the *Poultry*, or any of the moſt ſanctified Streets about the Town a hundred times, and hear none of the comfortable Poetry of *Sternhold* and *Wiſdom*. Lay-Elders ſend their Daughters to Dancing-Schools, and their Sons wear

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long Hair, and ſet up for Sparks of the Town. 'Tis a ſad obſervation, Mr. *Pryn*, but a very true one, That as a Miſer generally begets a Prodigal, ſo a Saint begets a Rake-hell.

Pryn. Alas, I am ſorry to hear it, and is there then ne'er a publick ſpirited Son of Thunder in the whole Tribe, that has Courage and Hardineſs enough to laſh the degeneracy of the Age, and awake People to a Senſe of their Duty.

Hick. No, Mr. *Pryn*, ſince you left the Earth, we have been deſtitute of ſuch brave, fiery, reſolute Patriots. There is indeed one Mr. *Stephens*, a *Poultry*-Author, that has very lately attempted ſomething of this Nature, but through his too Zealous management of the Affair it happen'd to miſcarry. He propoſed to the Parliament, to have the beginning or pledging of a Health, puniſhed with the ſame Penalty as he ſets upon Swearing, which is the preciſe Sum of Twenty Shillings, and in caſe of diſability, to have thoſe Notorious Offenders put in the Stocks and Whipt. So likewiſe for any one that ſhould preſume to keep an Organ in a Publick Houſe, to be fined 20 *l.* and made uncapable of being an Aledraper for the future. But, Mr. *St*— did not think this Puniſhment was ſufficient for 'em, ſo he humbly requeſted to have 'em Excommunicated into the bargain, and not to be abſolv'd without doing Publick Penance.

Reflections upon the Miſcarriages of the Navy. Printed by J. Harris.

Pryn. And did ſo Pious a Project as this come to nothing, do you ſay?

Hick. 'Tis very true, Mr. *Pryn*, it was nipt in the Bud. Not to be tedious with you, there are none of the Diſſenters that make any tolerable Pretence to their Ancient Auſterity but the Quakers, and even they begin to decline by degrees from their Primitive

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dye Institution. They still make a shift to retain their distinguishing Garb, their little Cravats, broad-brim'd Hats, short Hair, and Coats without Pockets before; but as for the rest of the Separatists, they have clearly lost all their Ear-marks; you may meet with twenty and twenty of 'em in the Streets, and yet not be able to distinguish 'em from the Prophane part of Mankind, by any exteriour Appearances. And to say the truth, their Forefathers are to be blamed for it; they wore their Hypocrisie, as they say a *Welsh-man* wears a Shirt, till it drop off from their Shoulders; they did not leave Hypocrisie, but Hypocrisie left them.

Pryn. Well, I should utterly despair of ever hearing that Presbytery wou'd make a Figure again in the World, unless it were for some comfortable News that I have learn'd of a *Scotch* Ghost in the other World. He inform'd me of the miraculous Turn of Affairs in that Kingdom, how Episcopacy was abolished, and Christianity in its *puras naturalibus* set up in the room of it; and what is yet more material, how the Covenant, the Covenant of blessed Memory is looked upon as Obligatory. So I am in good hopes our dear Brethren there will cross the *Tweed*, one of these days, to remove the accursed Thing, to propagate the Cause, and establish the great Works of Righteousness and Truth.

Hist. Take my Word for't, Mr. *Pryn*, that Turn of Affairs, as you call it, in *Scotland*, is not so much for our Advantage as you imagine. For my part, I'm so far from thinking it will contribute any thing to our Interest, that on the other hand, I fear it has broke the Neck of our Reputation, or rather of our Juggling. They have carried on the Reformation in that Kingdom with so much Heat and Rigour, not to call it Cruelty, that although their Brethren of the same Persuasion here in *England* have made a horrid

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horrid noise about the Persecuting Spirit of the Established Church, and daily talk of Moderation, and giving Quarter to those of a different Religion; yet 'tis the Breath foolishly spent, for every body believes they won'd Copy from their dear Brethren of *Scotland*, if ever they shou'd arrive to have the Power in their Hands. Such an ill favour'd Accident as this happen'd in the late Reign: The Jesuits were willing to wipe off some of the most popular Scandal from Popery, so they prevail'd with the King to grant Liberty of Conscience to all his Subjects, and then they fell a magnifying the Charity and Bowels of the Church of *Rome*, after a wonderful manner. At the same time those of the Society in *France*, were playing the Devil at the Expence of the poor *Hugenots*; so it was a very comical Scene to observe, with what flourishes the Priests recommended Love and Unity, and Forbearance to us here at home, when there daily came over such shoals of *French* Refugee's to contradict every Syllable they said; and 'tis no small Diversion to our Enemies without doubt, to hear our Dissenting Parsons talk of Peaceableness and Gentleness, and the Lord knows what, when our Streets are crouded with so many of the Episcopal Clergy of the other Kingdom, whom the Presbyterian Moderation has forced to seek their Bread in another Climate.——Stay, who comes here, 'tis one of my own Cloath I perceive. I'll say that for him, he's a brave lusty well-built Fellow. But he mutters with himself, like a bilked Coach-man, or disappointed Projector, and looks as fierce and furious as if he had some strange Design or other upon *Daniel* and the *Revelations*.

David *appears.*

David. What to be thus ridicul'd and affronted, for the sake of an Innocent Well-meaning Sermon!

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to be croſt and toſt from *Doctors-Commons* to *Fulham*, and at laſt to have an Eccleſiaſtical Padlock ſet upon my Mouth, 'tis hard, nay barbarous, nay Paganiſh and Unchriſtian.

Pryn. What does the Fellow mean, I wonder.

David. When Sins do once begin to grow to an head, and to become in Faſhion, they are to be roughly and ſeverely dealt withal. An ordinary concern in ſuch a caſe, is no better than Silence, and Silence in ſuch a caſe, is no better than down right Flattery. And to hold our Peace in ſuch a caſe is all one, as to cry aloud, Peace, Peace.

Page 8. of his Sermon.

Pryn. That is as much as to ſay, 'tis all one to ſpeak, and to ſay nothing. This young Sir *Roger*, I perceive, beſides his other laudable Qualities, has a pretty Talent at quibling.

David. But People will ſay, Alas poor Man! Theſe Times will never bear it. But to theſe I anſwer, Theſe Times will, and muſt, and ſhall bear it, if I ſay the Word. Iniquity, let it be diſtinguiſhed by what Title it will, ſhall feel the Severity of my Indignation, and Prelates ſhall learn by my Example, what Vices to laſh, and what Sins to Preach againſt.

Pag. 9.

Hick. Bravely reſolved, I proteſt: He's one of us, I perceive, Brother *Pryn*, I'faith I long to be acquainted with him.

David. To think that a little fooliſh Admonition wou'd prevail with me ſo far, as to make me neglect my Duty, and the Salvation of Souls! 'twas meer ſtuff. No, I'll roar againſt Sin louder than *Euroclydon* in the *Acts*; I'll beſtride the *Dragon* upon *Bow*, and from thence denounce Perdition and Deſolation to the whole City.

Hick. Nay, now I begin to melt. Something within whiſpers me, that this young *Boanerges* and I were

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were caſt in the ſame Mold. 'Tis a tough, brawny, fighting Carle I warrant him, he'd make you nothing of a dozen Porters or Water-men at a time. I wiſh I had him at *Colcheſter* to read Prayers, and fight my Battels for me.

David. All Mankind is my Dioceſs, and every particular Sin ſubject to my Viſitation: Before the Courtiers I'll preach againſt falſe Promiſes, and no Payments. Before the Town-Ladies, againſt hiring a Friend to join 'em with ſome noted Gallant in a Lampoon, and carrying their Patch-Boxes and Pocket Looking-Glaſſes to Church. Before the Foot-Guards, againſt building of Sconces, and rubbing out of Milk-ſcores. Before the *Beaux* of *Covent-Garden*, againſt Lam-blacking of Signs, and bilking Hackney-Coaches. Before the Poets ——

Hick. If you can get into the Church, I ſuppoſe, otherwiſe not.

David. Againſt ſtealing from one another, flattering their Patrons, and ſhamming their Bookſellers. Before Porters, again Whipping the Snake, and ſquandering away their precious Time at *Putt*, and *All-Fours*.

Pryn. Juſt of my own Humour and Inclination, I vow. I can ſcarce forbear interrupting him.

David. Thus *I'll diſcharge my indiſpenſable Duty, without all fear or favour*, [p. 10.] I'll reprove the Lawyers for prolonging their Law-Suits; the Phyſicians for prolonging their Cures, the Vintners for ſelling Claret for *Barcelona*, and the City-Aldermen for forgetting their Leather-Breeches.

Hick. I find he'll make his words good. He'll viſit all Mankind before he has done.

David. Merchants ſhall find the ſeverity of my Wrath, for their taking 20 *per Cent.* Military Officers for making falſe Muſters; the City-Juſtices for conniving at Fornication in Satin, and puniſhing it in

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in Crape; Chamber-Maids for telling Tales behind their Maſter's Back; Gentlemen-Ushers for carrying ſuch ſmall pitiful Legs about them, to the great ſcandal of their Ladies, as if they had drained 'em. School-maſters for ſuffering their Boys to be meer *Arrians* in Grammar, and confound the Three Perſons; the two Univerſities for neglecting *Ariſtotle*, and preferring Men of no Merit; and laſtly, Divines for a whole Cart-load, nay a Multitude, nay an Ocean of ——

Hick. I can hold no longer an' I were to be hang'd. He has won the Heart of me for ever. Worthy Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant. My Friend and I here made bold to hear your Diſcourſe, and are perfectly ravith'd to find, that there is a Young Man of ſuch rare Integrity and Boldneſs in the Nation, from whom we are to expect ſuch Miracles and Prodigies.

David. Sir, you are both Strangers, I don't underſtand how ——

Hick. Come, come, dear Heart, I know thy meaning as well as if I had been in the Belly of thee. Thou waſt going to tell us, that thy Parts do not lie much in Complementing; no more do mine, I'll aſſure thee. Why, Child, I am of the ſame Kidney with thy dear ſelf. I am as gruff, and teſty, and proud, and ill-natur'd a Fellow as thou could'ſt wiſh for. But to let thee ſee, my young *Dreoucanſir*, that thou art not fallen into bad Company, that is the Ghoſt of the famous *William Pryn*, and I am the no leſs famous *Hick* —— *of Colcheſter.*

David. Oh the unexpected Happineſs that my good Fortune has thrown upon me! that I ſhould be ſo happy, as to meet with two ſuch celebrated Perſons at a time. And art thou then the Ghoſt of the indefatigable, irrefragable, invincible Mr. *Pryn*, for whoſe Writings and other Virtues I have ever had ſo great a Veneration. *Pryn.*

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Pryn. The very ſame, dear Sir: and I ſhall not think my Journey into this World ill beſtow'd, ſince it has furniſhed me with the Opportunity of ſeeing ſo accompliſh'd a Perſon.

David. And art thou likewiſe the puiſſant, polemic Divine of *Colcheſter*, *Edm. Hick* —— by Name, with Heart of Oak, and Lungs of Leather? Oh thou true Mirror of Eccleſiaſtical Chivalry!

Hick. I am he, my Noble Son of Thunder, for want of a better. And ſhan't we have one civil touch at Fifty-cuffs, or ſo, before we part. Odd, I long mightily to exerciſe my hand. But dear Rogue, we'll only batter one another in jeſt.

Pryn. Well, Sir, I hope you are ſatisfied with your Company. Not to amuſe you then with any farther Ceremonies, which is always needleſs and impertinent amongſt Friends, I wou'd willingly be acquainted with your preſent Condition and Circumſtances. You may aſſure your ſelf I ſhall ever be ready to do you what Service I can, which is to give you a good Character before-hand in the other World; and as for my Friend there, I don't queſtion but he'll employ all his Intereſt for you, whenever he's favoured with an Opportunity.

Hick. Ay, ay, you may ſwear I'll do him all the kindneſs I can. I'll make a Dean, a Biſhop, an Arch-deacon, the Lord knows what of thee, one of theſe days, my dear Lad. Tho' may Small-Beer, and no Brandy, be my Portion, if I have intereſt enough to help him to any higher Preferment, than to be Chaplain to a Market-Boat. [*Aſide.*

David. Truly, Gentlemen, I take you both for a couple of civil virtuous Perſons, Men of my own Complexion and Temper, and therefore ſhall not conceal the leaſt material Paſſage of my Life from you. —— To begin then, *Wales* is my Native Country.

Hick.

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Hick. I am glad to hear it, my bold *Britain*, with all my Heart. Unleſs my Memory fails me, we are indebted to that place for *Pelagius*, and the more modern *Martin Mar-Prelate*, beſides thy heorick ſelf.

David. Oxford the Scene of my Education, where I have ſtill a ſmall fooliſh Trifle, which another Man perhaps wou'd value, but I hate and deſpiſe. At preſent my Reſidence is in *London*, where I deſign Two Things: Firſt, To put in for the next vacant Lecture, or Reader's place; and, Secondly, in order to that, To rail and bellow at all the viſible and inviſible Vice in the Nation.

Hick. Very politickly contrived, dear Heart. But may I make ſo bold with you, as to enquire, why the Univerſity is not honoured with your Company; eſpecially, ſince to uſe your own Expreſſion, you have a certain Trifle there, which one wou'd think, might oblige you to continue upon the ſpot a Year or two longer.

David. Sir, you have put a Queſtion to me, which it goes ſomewhat againſt the grain to anſwer; but ſince I promiſed to conceal nothing from you, I muſt tell you then, that my Life was ſo very uneaſie to me there, that I wou'd much rather chuſe to live in *Green-land*, or a Tobacco-Plantation, than in the Univerſity.

Pryn. And what might be the occaſion of that, my dearly beloved Son?

David. Nothing in the World as I know of, but only my plain-Dealing Humour; for if a Doctor or ſo, chanced to preach a dull Sermon, I cou'd not forbear to quarrel with him upon that ſcore: or, if a Head of a Houſe preferr'd an undeſerving Fellow, I was ſure to make all the Coffee-Houſes in the Town ring with the News; or, if a Profeſſor made a Publick Speech, 'twas ten to one but I found out either falſe Latin, or no Philoſophy in it; or if ſuch

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uch a Man uſed to take his Bottle of Wine before he went to Bed, why, 'tis very likely I taxed him with the Sin of Drunkenneſs. In ſhort, there was nothing acted in the Univerſity, either of a Publick or Private Nature, but I, according to the open Frankneſs of my Humour, made bold to examine, and generally to find fault with. The Great Men there were too much conceited of themſelves, to conſult my Advice, and ſo let 'em ſhare the Blame amongſt 'em. But 'twas none of my fault, I daily told 'em of their Duty.

Hick. A very free, plain-dealing ſort of a Temper this, as one may ſay. But to purſue the Diſcourſe, how haſt thou ſpent thy time ſince, thou Heir Apparent to my Proweſs and Fortitude.

David. After a Year or two's continuance in the Country, I removed to *London*, where I preſum'd I might have a fairer Opportunity of ſhewing my Parts, than *Wales* could afford. Here I have preached for ſome time, as often as my Friends would accommodate me with a Pulpit, and tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not, not without the general approbation of the People here in the City. But now I am afraid, I muſt take my laſt Farewel of Preaching, for I can prevail with no body almoſt to lend me a Pulpit. They are as afraid of lending it ——

Hick. As a Citizen is of lending his Wife to a Courtier. And ſay'ſt thou ſo dear Heart! 'tis no great matter. I dare engage any of the Conventicles here in Town, wou'd be glad to receive a Youth of ſuch commendable Qualities. But prithee, how comes it about, that People are ſo ſhie to venture thee in their Pulpits.

David. The ſame frank, open Humour that made me ſo remarkable at *Oxford*, has attended me to this City. So if the Clergy-man for whom I preach, was famous for his Talent of Oratory, and ſo forth,

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never fail'd to wipe him *for preaching up himself, and turning the Pulpit into a Rostrum:* or, if he was a Nobleman's Chaplain, and visited the Court but once a Month, he was sure to be chastiz'd, for *degrading the Royal Priesthood, for serving Tables, and ascending downwards to the Temporal Judicature,* [pag. 14.]

Hick. A very ingenious Expression, that of *Ascending downwards to Temporal Judicatures.*

David. Well then; this is all, upon my word, Gentlemen.

Hick. And enough in conscience. But after this open, free-hearted manner, (as *Erasmus* tells us) the Mendicant Fryers were used to serve the Secular Clergy. If the Parish-Priest, of whom they begged a Night's Lodging, was so civil as to break the Saturday's-Fast for their sakes, and give 'em a fat Capon for Supper, to be sure these plain-dealing People requited him the next Morning, and acquainted the whole Congregation with the Story of the Capon.

David. I have likewise disobliged my Brethren with a Sermon that I lately printed; but let 'em say what they please, I am sure there's nothing in it which a conscientious honest Man may be ashamed to own —— Stay, let me see, I think I have a couple of 'em or more, in my Pocket. Mr. *Pryn*, will you condescend to accept so small a Trifle from your humble Admirer? Here's another for you, Mr. *Hick*——

Hick. Hold, what have we here? *A SERMON Preached at* Christ-Church, *LONDON*, Nov. 2. 1690. *By* DAVID JONES, *Student of* Christ-Church *in* Oxford. What, have we more still in the Title-Page? *Published at the Request of his Friends.* Nay then it cannot fail to be an Excellent One indeed. But pray, Sir, what may be the drift, the meaning, and the design of your Sermon?

David.

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David. To make all the Clergy-Men odious and contemptible to the Laity. 'Tis no more than what they deſerve, you know.

Hick. Why then your Friends, at whoſe Requeſt it was publiſhed, are, I ſuppoſe, the Diſſenters, or ſome who would not be ſorry to ſee all the Parſons in the Kingdom turned out of all, and reduc'd to Beggery.

David. 'Tis an univerſal, bold-ſpirited Satyr, and touches the whole Fraternity, one way or other. *Imprimis*, 'Tis a Satyr againſt Eloquence.

Hick. I love thee dearly for that: For I hate Eloquence in a Sermon, as heartily as I do a Citation from *Doctors-Commons*. I will certainly make thee Heir to my old, truſty, ſerviceable Cane, and my more ſerviceable Concordance for thi[s]

David. In the next place, 'tis a Satyr againſt Pluralities and Non-Reſidence.

Hick. Well, I muſt needs ſay this, we pitiful ſorry Raſcals, that have either no Benefice at all, or what is as bad, a very ſmall one, rail at Pluralities with the beſt Grace of any Man breathing: And thus we rail at Eloquence in other People, becauſe we are not Maſters of it our ſelves.

Pryn. This ſame Clamour about Pluralities, was ever uſed by the Saints; tho' when they came to get the Power in their Hands, they practiſed it themſelves. For I remember, honeſt Mr. *Marſhal* inveighed very furiouſly againſt this Sin, even when he carried Three Steeples in his Pocket, as the wicked Malignants obſerved.

Hick. However I commend thee, dear Heart, for Preaching againſt Pluralities here in *England*, and not in thy own Country; for tho' it may be a Sin here, 'tis not ſo I am confident in *Wales*. If holding of two Benefices, where one of 'em does not afford a competent Maintenance, is no Crime at all; then

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in *Wales* a Man may take half a Dioceſe together, and yet not be charged with holding Pluralities. A dozen Vicariges there, even with the *Sunday*-Advantages of a Bear and a Fiddle, will ſcarce keep the Miniſter, eſpecially if he is married.

David. Laſtly, 'Tis a Satyr againſt Eating or Drinking in a Lord's Family, but eſpecially againſt Pride.

Pryn. And that is a Sin, under the Roſe be it ſpoken, which we Reformers are as much guilty of, as any Men in the Univerſe. But my dear Son, are there no civil Touches at Ceremonies and Superſtition, and Altars, in your Diſcourſe.

Hick. Hold, Mr. *Pryn*, that's no civil Queſtion. You know the old Saying, *Nemo repentè fuit*, and ſo forth. Come, come, *Rome* was not built in a Day; a Man muſt have time to refine and cultivate himſelf; Mr. *Jones* is a young Man, and one of theſe days will have a fling at all thoſe paw things you have named; if he has not done it already. I think he has given us enough in all conſcience, for one ſingle Sermon.

Pryn. Nay, there I cloſe with you. The Sermon, by what account we have heard of it, is a very commendable, worthy Sermon; and ſo great a value have I for it, that as ſoon as ever I arrive at the other World, I deſign to communicate it to all my choice Acquaintance there.

David. That will be an extraordinary Honour, I can aſſure you. Here's another of 'em for you, and pray preſent it from me, to my Country-Man *Pelagius*.

Hick. And when your hand is in, you may tell him, That the Author of it will make as great a Buſtle in the World as ever he did.

Pryn. You need not queſtion but I'll perform my Meſſage very punctually. And now, my dear Son, (for

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(for by that Name I muſt call you for the future) to make you ſome ſmall Amends for this kind voluntary Gift of a Sermon that you have made me, I will make bold to give a little Advice; 'tis all I can do at preſent for you; and to make it find the greater welcom with you, I muſt in the firſt place tell you, that 'tis the very ſame Advice that a late famous Aſſembly-Man gave to a Nephew of his, a little before his going into the Vineyard.

David. With all my heart, honoured Sir, I ſhall liſten to it with a great deal of attention.

Pryn. It was a conſtant Saying with this Aſſembly-Man, That it was the principal part of a Divine's Office, to know how to manage Hell well.

David. Manage Hell well! In the Name of Wonder, what did he mean by it?

Pryn. You ſhall hear. As this Learned Gentle-Man well obſerved, Hell conſiſts chiefly in two Puniſhments, Roaſting and Freezing; and a Miniſter ought to take ſpecial care when to terrifie the People with Roaſting, and when with Freezing. For inſtance, ſays he: Suppoſe a Man in the heat of Summer, when we ſweat and drip, and are ready to faint away, ſhould we talk of the Freezing, or Gnaſhing of Teeth that is in Hell, People wou'd be apt to conclude 'tis no ſuch uncomfortable Place as they imagined, but miſtake it for a Grotto: And then again in the midſt of Winter, if he ſhould indiſcreetly talk of Roaſting and Firing, they would certainly think it neither better nor worſe than a Bagnio. By this means, Hell wou'd loſe moſt of its Terrour; and Terrour, according to the Doctrine of the Triers, is the firſt Motive of a Man's Converſion. Therefore, Nephew, ſays he, whenever you Preach, that you may frighten your Auditors into a true Apprehenſion of the Torments of

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the other World; and be sure you always apply your Roasting in Summer, and your Freezing in Winter.

Hick. Very pretty Advice, upon my word. But not to be behind hand with my Brother *Pryn*, pray take a little Advice from me too. You tell us, *my young Drawcansir*, that you have a Design upon some Preferment here in the City; and 'tis a very laudable Design, I own: So you may rail at the Bishops and the Clergy till your Heart akes, and the Cits will take thee for a Cherubim incarnate. But then hark you in my Ear, not a Word of Rebellion or Oppression, or Cheating, or Griping, or Devouring of Widows, or Swallowing of Orphans, as you love your self; not one single Syllable of all this, do you mind me?

David. Well Gentlemen, I thank you heartily for your good Advice; which, to say the truth, comes very seasonably at present, to support me under the heavy Load of my Afflictions. Not to make a tedious Recital of my Misfortunes, no Man has suffered more than my self, and less deserved it.

Hick. Fie, fie, my Son of Thunder, You a Sufferer? You an Alderman as well; What it may come to in time, if you still preserve your Virtuous Principles, I can't tell: But Alas! what you have already suffer'd, does not deserve a mentioning. What! you have been ill spoken of, I warrant: And have not all your Predecessors in the Noble *Army* of Reformers been abused *that way*, ten times more than your self? Or has an Ecclesiastical Pad-Lock, as you call it, been clapt upon your Mouth? Why 'tis easily removed, with a little Sham-Repentance. You had no Estate to lose, and no Preferment to forfeit. Therefore if ever you talk of Sufferers, then talk of me, and my Brother *Pryn* there.

Pryn.

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Pryn. Nay, now you are out of your Road, Brother *Hick--*. You are not to be named in the ſame *Year* with my Self, as to the Point of Suffering. The utmoſt you underwent, was a ſmall Confinement, and a ſmall Suſpenſion; Things really not fit to be call'd Sufferings in any Language. Whereas I was Fined and Impriſoned; and to compleat my Loſſes, loſt my Ears at length.

Hick. What you ſay is very true. You loſt your Ears indeed: But what of all that? You made the poor Arch-Biſhop that order'd 'em to be cut off, to loſe his Head, and was not that a ſufficient Recompence? For my own part, I proteſt to you, (and I dare ſwear the Young Reformer is of my Mind) that if I cou'd have half that Revenge upon a certain Prelate that ſhall be nameleſs, I cou'd willingly ſubmit to loſe my Ears, nay, and be Circumciſed into the Bargain.

Pryn. That my be. But my time is now expired, and I can tarry no longer. *Continue ſtedfaſt to your Principles.* Farewel Brother *Hick--:* Dear Son, Adieu.

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The Reaſons of the New Converts taking the Oaths to the preſent Government.

THE PREFACE.

THere needs nothing more to be ſaid concerning the following Dialogue, than that it was written about a Month ago, as ſeveral Gentlemen in Town know very well; and that it had been then Publiſhed, but for a particular Reaſon, that is, not perhaps ſo very convenient to be told. The Author is not ſo great a Fool, as to imagine that a little fair Language in the Preface will make any ſenſible Reader think the better of his Performance; only he begs leave to acquaint him with the occaſion of Printing it at this time; eſpecially when ſo many People of ſuch different Opinions and Characters in the World, have appear'd on the ſame Subject before him.

Laſt Week there came abroad a certain Poem called the Weeſils; *which ſeveral Perſons were at firſt pleaſed*

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sed to lay at my door, though now they are satisfied it was done by another Hand; the Author of it having since thought fit to own it publickly, and so to take care, that whatever Reputation or Scandal was to be gotten from such an Undertaking, might not be carried away by a Stranger. However, a certain nameless Rascal, about the Town, upon no better a ground than the common Report, which yet the Fellow owns to be a common Lie, charges me with Writing it: And though in the beginning of his Libel, he cants about the Gates of Mercy being always open, *and that excellent Rule* of not doing to others, what we would not have done to our selves, *yet before he had fully informed himself of his Man, or the Merits of the Cause, he very honestly recommends it to the pious care of the Doctor's Relations to get me knocked in the Head for abusing his Lady; and at last tells the World that I am as proper a Person as any is in the three Kingdoms to be shewn at* Chirurgeons-Hall. *I am sorry for the Reader's sake, that this Malicious Wretch is of too mean and sordid a Character for me to take him into my Consideration; for otherwise, the Scribler might expect to receive a small cast of my old Office; and I assure him, he should find, to his own cost, the heaviness of my Hand, if I were in humour to give my self the trouble of jerking him. However, before we part, I must tell him, that I have no reason as yet to be so weary of my Life, as to desire to be deified after Andrew Marvel's manner: Nor are my Obligations to the City Physicians so very great, but that I could be content to see all of them hanged, before they should ever come to lower Apotomy at the expence of my Tabernacle. If I must be sent to another World, I think 'tis but reasonable that it should be for something of my own, and not for the Merits of another Man; and therefore for this Reason, I was resolved to publish this ensuing Dialogue. What served to confirm me further in my Resolution to print it, was because it having been transcribed by several Hands, contrary*

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contrary to promiſe, and without my own conſent, it cou'd not fail one time or other to ſteal abroad; and, according to the common Apology which we Authors uſe to make in ſuch caſes, I was not willing that what was deſign'd as a Satyr upon other Men, ſhould turn to be a Satyr upon my ſelf.

I hope none of our Diſſenters are ſo vain as to imagine, that I wou'd ever contribute to make them merry at the charges of any Member of the Eſtabliſhed Church: If they pleaſe to turn over two or three Leaves, I don't queſtion but they'll be ſenſible enough, that I deſign'd no ſuch matter; and to ſay the truth, if a Man may gueſs at the Hearts of a People by their Pamphlets and Coffee-Houſe Converſation, one has all the reaſon in the World to conclude, that they'll preſerve the Honour of Monarchy under his Reign, much after the ſame rate as they conſulted the Security of the Proteſtant Religion under the laſt.

I was always of Opinion, that nothing in the World is ſo ridiculous as a feeble, impotent Satyr, and that conſideration perhaps has carried me ſometime into ſuch Heats as I will not pretend to excuſe, tho' it is eaſie enough to obſerve that I have often avoided to purſue my Reflections, even where there was a plauſible occaſion to do it. 'Tis as impoſſible now to retract what is done upon this ſcore, as it would be fooliſh to implore the Reader's Candor to forgive it: But however, as this is the firſt time I ever meddled with ſo nice a Subject, ſo 'tis likely to be the laſt.

DIALOGUE

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DIALOGUE V.

BETWEEN

TIMOTHY and *FREEMAN.*

Tim. WHO's that, my Old Friend, Mr. *Freeman, è Comitatu Bucks*? 'Tis the very ſame, I'll e'en go and renew my Acquaintance with him. Dear Sir, your Humble Servant; how have you done this many a fair day, and how long have you been in Town?

Freem. But juſt come out of the Coach, as you may perceive, where it has been my misfortune to do Penance all the way, in ſuch intolerable Company, as never any Man was plagued with; Men of no Senſe or Reaſon, yet Mighty Politicians, and ten times more troubleſome——

Tim. Than Damnation *Burgeß*, when he's anſwering Caſes of Conſcience, or *Millington* at an Auction, or a *Scotch* man upon an Occaſional Sermon: But prithee who had you got with you?

Freem. There was a venerable Old Gentleman, that by the Courteſie of the late Reign, was made a Juſtice of Peace; and he was declaiming perpetually upon the Puiſſance and Heroical Virtues of *Louis le Grand*, whom he fancied to be as irreſiſtible as the *Calviniſt* Divines make God's Grace. Then there was

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was a Leash of Country Attorneys, who took a great deal of Care, I heartily thank 'em, to ſtun me all the way with their damn'd unintelligible Law-caſes, which I had no more a mind to underſtand, than I have to learn, either the modern Notions of Government, or the modern Syſtems of Theology. Laſtly, to compleat my Miſery, we had an Ancient Sage Matron in the Coach, and ſhe with Tears in her Eyes, railed very devoutly at the Lewdneſs of the preſent Age, occaſioned by the Non-Reſiſtance Doctrine of ſome Divines; I thank God, ſays ſhe, I never practiſed it ſince I was Fourteen: And then ſhe fell as ſeverely upon the Miſcarriages of the late Fornicating Admiral (as ſhe called him,) as a She Turpaulin, who has loſt her only Husband in the Engagement.

Tim. A very pretty Comfort I'faith. So I don't queſtion but what between the Politicks of the Juſtice, and the Impertinence of your Lawyers, and the pious Ejaculations of your Female Companion, you found your ſelf as uneaſie, as a blundering Cit amongſt the Verſe-repeating *Beaux* of *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe, or the Chair-Man of a Committee amongſt the Herd of Country Petitioners. But ſetting this Buſineſs aſide, prithee tell me how thou haſt done this long while, for unleſs I am miſtaken, 'tis above three Years ſince we ſaw you laſt in Town.

Frank. Why truly, *Tim.* I live after my old laudable Cuſtom ſtill; ſometimes I divert my ſelf with a chearful Bottle, and ſometimes, paſs away an Hour or two with an honeſt old Author; for to ſay the truth, your new Gentlemen ſcarce deſerve a Reading. I pay my Taxes without repining; and do what good I can amongſt my Neighbours, never trouble my ſelf with other Men's Buſineſs; and though the Duty I owe to their preſent Majeſties, will not permit me to talk ſo Scandalouſly and Diſreſpectfully of

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of the two late Reigns, as some Hot-headed Sots have done, yet I am as well satisfied with the present Establishment, and as Zealous for the prosperity of Old *England*, as the forwardest Countrey, who has made his Fortune by the Revolution, and consequently is obliged to stand up for it as well upon the score of his Interest as his Choice. Thus I have answered your Question, and now prithee let me know what News you have in Town.

Tim. A right Country Gentleman's Question I'faith, for the first thing he generally asks you is, *What is the News?* As the Country Ladies when they come up to Town, enquire in the first place, *Which is the newest Play or Lampoon? Which is the Topping Mistress of the Court*, or *the most Fashionable Suit of Ribbons at the* Exchange? Well then to satisfie your Curiosity, you must know that there has lately happened a very remarkable Change or Conversion, (call it which you please) of a certain Person here in Town which no body could ever have imagined or expected; and now I leave it to you, to conjecture what it is.

Freem. A Conversion, and that a very remarkable one too! Why then I fancy, *Tim.* that your Friend, Mr. *Bays*, is returned to his Primitive Church.

Tim. Nay, the Lord knows, which is Mr. *Bay*'s Primitive Church; but prithee why dost thou trouble thy Head about a Poet's Religion? for as we say, a Beggar is never out of his way, so a Poet is never out of his Religion.

Freem. Well then, a discarded *Jacobite* Captain turn'd an humble Retailer of wicked Bottle Ale and Brandy; the Discarded Rector of *Exeter*, turn'd a Friend of *Athanasius*; or the never to be forgotten Apostate turn'd a Defender of Passive Obedience.

Tim. No.

Freem.

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Freem. A Physician turn'd a Zealous Expounder of the Bible; or a Sworn Friend to *Scotch*-Cloth, reconciled to Lawn-Sleeves; Or a City Usurer turn'd a Refunder of his ill-gotten Estate?

Tim. No.

Freem. A Son of Slaughter at *White-Chapel* converted to the observation of Fish-days; or an old inveterate Republican turn'd a stiff Assertor of Monarchy?

Tim. No, but you had best consult Mr. *Ferguson* to resolve your last Question.

Freem. Is Dr. *Oates* reformed from his usual way of raskalling People, and return'd to the use of his Memory and good Manners on the sudden, or has that bloody Swearer refused to take the new Oaths?

Tim. Why don't you know, that in a late Auction of Paintings there was a Picture of the Doctor's to be seen, where he was represented like a *Blackamore*, with a *Gloucestershire* Parliament Man a washing him, in order to make him *rectus in Curia*, by the same Token, that it was called, *the Labour in Vain?*

Freem. Is the Red-fac'd Chaplain-maker of *Whitehall* reconcil'd to the choice of honest Divines, and renounced taking Money for Places. Or have any of the topping Sons of Schism, by the Bribe of a good Deanry or Bishoprick been converted to the Liturgy?

Tim. No, no, but hark you Friend of mine, you had best have a care what you say. Sons of Schism? Why, I tell you every Man amongst them disowns the word, and say, that thanks to the new Laws, they are as much an Established Church, as you know which was.

Freem. Is there then no difference between Tolerating and Establishing? After this rate, the Bear-Garden and Play-House, may all in good time pretend to be established Parliamentary Assemblies —

But

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to go on; Is there any of the New Interpreters of *Daniel* and the *Apocalyps* converted to Senſe and Reaſon? Or any of the Modern Comprehenſion-men converted to a good Opinion of the poor ſuffering Ceremonies of the Church?

Tim. No, not a ſingle Man among 'em as far as I can hear.

Freem. To conclude then: Is the Vicar near *Charing-Croſs* convinc'd there's not ſo much Bawdry in the Service of Matrimony as without it? Is any noted Socinian turn'd a Friend to Faith? Or any of the good People of *Doctors-Commons* to unlicenced Marriages? Is any Fanatick Parſon turn'd a Friend to Cleanlineſs? Any Court-Lady to plain Linen, and no Back-biting; any Litigious Attorney to References and Arbitrations? Any thrice married Widow to Impotence? Any of the Town Criticks to Modeſty? Or laſtly, any Alderman that was begotten on a Bulk, to Heraldry and Pedigrees?

Tim. No, you have not hit the Point after all.

Freem. Why then the Devil take me, if I am able to gueſs what is the matter. To purſue this point any farther, I find, would be as endleſs a piece of trouble, as to reckon up all the dull, ſtupid, ſenſeleſs Paſſages on the Conference at the Braſier's Shop in *Long-Acre*, or in *Sh—dwel*'s Panegyricks; or to give you a Liſt of all Dr. *Pain*'s pretended Reaſons for Alterations, or all the *Similes* in the *Plain-Dealer*. Therefore let me once for all intreat you dear *Tim.* to put me out of my Pain, and let me know what mighty Buſineſs it is you have to communicate.

Tim. Prepare then with Reverence and Attention to receive what I am going about to deliver; for give me leave to tell you Sir, now we are *nos inter nos*, as the Saying is, 'tis the moſt ſurprizing, unexpected piece of News you ever heard in all your Life.

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Freem. Lord! what a deal of insignificant Flouriſh and Preparation is here, to uſher in, it may be, but a Fooliſh Story at laſt? Why, by and by thou wilt perſuade me, that the Monument laſt *Week* took a Pair of Oars, to go and Plead the City-Cauſe againſt the Orphans at the King's Bench; or that the two old Paſtboard-Giants at *Guildhal* have laid their Heads together, to confute *Baker's* Chronicle, or *Wood's Oxford*-Antiquities.

Tim. Nay, Sir, ſince I find you begin to be ſomewhat muſty and all that, like Father *Teague* in the Play, when the out-ſide of the Door was put upon him; I am reſolved to eaſe you of your trouble immediately. Know then for a certain truth, that one of the moſt celebrated Divines we have in Town, (I muſt not give my ſelf the trouble to name them to you) who has ſilenc'd the Papiſts, confounded the Independants, lately maul'd the Anti-Trinitarians, and by his zealous Performances for Paſſive Obedience, has made little *Atwood* paſs for a great Author; has at laſt upon mature conſideration, and after a Year and half's chewing the Cud upon the matter, ——

Freem. Done what, I prithee?

Tim. Why, faced about to the Right, and taken the Swear.

Freem. And is all your Mighty News, which you prefaced with ſo much Show and Ceremony, come to this ſorry Iſſue at laſt? *Parturiunt Montes, naſcetur ridiculus Mus.* To be plain with you, I am not at all ſurprized with what you have told me, I have heard of it before; but becauſe I hate to be behind hand with you, or any body elſe, in lieu of your Domeſtick News, I'll acquaint you with a very remarkable Foreign Story.

Tim. With all my heart, begin as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Freem.

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Freem. A certain *Dutch* Grammarian, (no matter for his Name, or Place of abode) in his Commentaries upon *Suetonius*'s Lives of the Twelve *Cæsars*, when he comes to take the Emperor *Domitian* to task, who you know took a ſtrange Pleaſure in Dragooning Prince *Beelzebub*'s Subjects, meaning the Flies, out of their Lives and Fortunes, with his Royal Needle.

Tim. Very well, I underſtand you.

Freem. Wonders, in the Name of God! how the Emperour cou'd ever find in his heart to butcher the poor Flies (in the *Pedant's* Dutch-Latin, called *Veſpæ*) after ſo barbarous a manner, ſince his own Natural Father's Name was *Veſpaſian*.

Tim. A very pretty edifying Story this, as I take it.

Freem. At laſt, he concludes with this obſervable Sentence; *Ingens eſt hoc profectò Myſterium, nec facilè explicandum.*

Tim. So Sir, I am your very humble Servant; but you'll infinitely oblige me however, if you'll be pleaſed to think of making an Application to your Story.

Freem. Why then I muſt tell thee, *Tim.* in plain downright *Engliſh*, that I wonder full as much, as the *Dutch-Man* did at the above-mentioned Paſſage, that thou ſhould'ſt ever have the aſſurance to palm the Dr's Converſion, as thou calleſt it, upon me, for ſuch a ſtrange piece of News: For to give you my Sentiments once for all upon this Occaſion, I rather wonder that he was ſo late before he reconciled himſelf to the Government, than that he was prevailed with to do it at all.

Tim. Nay, now I perceive you are in the humour of maintaining Paradoxes; for though you ſeem to make ſo ſlight of this News, yet give me leave to tell you, it has been matter of Aſtoniſhment almoſt

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to every body here about the Town. But may a Man be ſo happy, as to hear you produce any Reaſons for what you have ſaid?

Freem. Ay, with all my Heart. You muſt know then, that ſeveral worthy Perſons whom I could name to you, if there were any neceſſity for it, came immediately after the Revolution, to adviſe with the Doctor in that Exigence of Affairs. Some of 'em he diſſuaded from taking the Oaths, and without queſtion furniſh'd 'em with his own Reaſons for his Diſſenting from the Government in that Particular, and I don't hear that he ever ſent for 'em to come in with him: But when others came to conſult him about the very ſame Buſineſs, he was pleaſed to ſay, he would preſcribe to no body's Conſcience but his own; and ſo diſmiſt them, with bidding them uſe their own Diſcretion in the Matter.

Tim. Well, and what of all this?

Freem. Why, ſay I, any Man who could deliver himſelf ſo ambiguouſly upon a Queſtion that ſo nearly concerned the Security of the Government, and the Welfare as well as the Honour of the Eſtabliſhed Church, either looked upon it not to be a thing of that importance, as it really is; or elſe had not fully determined his Sentiments, either to the Lawfulneſs or Unlawfulneſs of it. I am of Opinion, that nothing but the Fear of incurring the Guilt of Perjury, could excuſe any Man from giving the Government ſo reaſonable a Satisfaction, as the taking the Oaths amounted to. Now that the Doctor was not fully perſuaded in his Conſcience, that there was any Perjury in ſuch a Compliance, is very apparent as I think; from his adviſing the Gentlemen to make uſe of their own Diſcretion; which he would never have done, if he had really believed that ſo Black and Scandalous and

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and Cowardly a Sin, would be the neceſſary Conſequence of it.

Tim. Well then, Granting all you have ſaid to be true, what Advantage do you intend to make of it?

Freem. That the Doctor conſidered the taking of the Oaths to be only an indifferent thing, and no more, which a Man might either do or not do, at his own pleaſure; for otherwiſe it had been his Duty to diſſuade all Perſons who came to be adviſed by him, from Swearing. Now *Tim*, pray tell me what Miracle is it, for a Man to part with his Opinion about an indifferent thing, when there's nothing but Scandal and Poverty to be had, in maintaining it ſtill, and ſo much Intereſt and Advantage, to balance him to the contrary Side.

Tim. To ſay the truth, there's no ſuch extraordinary Miracle in ſuch a caſe. But then I would have you conſider, dear Friend of mine, that the Doctor's Circumſtances were perhaps clearly different from the Gentlemen's that came to conſult him; and conſequently what might be either lawful or expedient for them to do, might not be ſo lawful, at leaſt ſo reputable, for himſelf.

Freem. Let me deſire thee, honeſt *Tim*, to explain thy ſelf a little farther about this ſame Buſineſs.

Tim. You know to what Heights, or rather Extremities the Doctor has all along carried the Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience; you know how ſtiffly and zealouſly he has aſſerted the *Jus Divinum* of Monarchy; and with what Aſſiduity and Pains he has combated the other Party; who fell upon different Schemes and Notions of Government. And therefore imagining that ſeveral Paſſages in the late Revolution could not be well reconciled to what he had formerly Preached, What Wonder is it, if he

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could not at the same time prevail with Himself, to give his Assent?

Frem. Nay, if that Reason is worth a Farthing, it holds as well now, as it did the last Year.

Tim. Prithee let me alone for a while, and afterwards say what you please —— But then this Case, as I told you before, seems only particular to the Doctor; for the other Gentlemen perhaps never Preached or Printed those Doctrines which the Doctor has, or perhaps never believed a Syllable of 'em, as is evident some of their Brethren never did; who in several Treatises and Sermons that have been published since the Abdication, pretend to assert abundance of things, that were not so very current Doctrine in the two late Reigns. And so the Doctor might excusably enough leave 'em to use their own Discretion in the Matter; since if they complied with the Government, it won'd contradict nothing which they formerly preached, or believed. What may be the reason do you think, why the Fanaticks are so loyally affected to their present Majesties; and were so easily brought over to renounce the last? All the World knows, what a great deal of dutiful Care they took to lull asleep the late King with their Addressing Opiates, and Sacrificing their Lives and Fortunes to him, whenever he should have an Occasion to make Use of them. And yet among so numerous a Herd, unless a very few, and those *incognito*, none have scrupled to take the Oaths; altho' you know they are a People that understand how to make the best of a Scruple, of any Men breathing. Their *Demodraick* Principles are still the same, and their Sincerity to this Government, has no better a Foundation than what they pretended for the last. Therefore in short the Business is this, besides the Interest they perceived in crying up their Loyalty now, our last Turn of Affairs

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Affairs could not but be very acceptable to those Persons, who all along placed the Sovereign Power in the Multitude; and made their Princes upon every Transgression and Male-Administration in the State accountable to the People.

Freem. As for what concerns the Fanaticks, I readily own. But then the other part of your Discourse, *Tim.* is not so well grounded as it ought to be. You say the Dr. might refuse to take the Oaths, because in doing so, he must run counter to several Principles, which he had formerly justified and asserted: Now if this be true, he's as much oblig'd at this present moment to dissent from the Government as at first. You say likewise, that the Case of those Gentlemen, who consulted him about taking the Oaths, is very different from his; but this I take neither to be satisfactory nor solid. The Question is, whether what the Dr. has formerly preached or written, is the true Doctrine of the Church of *England* or no? If it is not, I am of Opinion, he's bound to make a solemn Retractation of it; and if it is, it obliged his Brethren, who came to advise him, equally with himself, altho' they never preach'd it, or publickly justified it in Print. For instance, here are two Clergy-men, one of 'em preaches against Oppression and Covetousness once a Month at least, and perhaps has appear'd in a Term-Catalogue upon that Subject; the other, we'll say, never meddled with the Point in all his Life: And yet you'll never conclude, I suppose, that the latter has more pretence and plea to cheat the Poor, and trouble his Parish for a single Tithe-Pig than the former. After all, *Tim.* you seem to make the Dr.'s Dissent rather to proceed from a Nicety of Honour than a Principle of Conscience; for which piece of Service, I believe, he'll never return you his Thanks: Now I wonder in my Heart, that

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you ſhould lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon that Point, or admire to ſee one ſingle Man be prevailed with at laſt to make a ſacrifice of his Honour, (if even ſo much as his Honour be concerned) when you ſee ſo many thouſand People in the World, that make no ſcruple at all of ſacrificing their Conſcience.

Tim. But prithee, wou'd not you have a Man be careful to preſerve his Character and Reputation in the World, and ſtudy to give as little Scandal as may be?

Freem. Ay, without without queſtion; tho' as the World goes, I don't think a Man's Honour and Reputation are worth the while to be maintained at the expence of ſtarving for 'em; and ſome People I cou'd name to you, wou'd ſcarce put that dangerous Complement upon their Religion, as to ſuffer any ſevere Extremities for its ſake. Beſides, now you talk of Scandal, I queſtion whether the Dr. has not given a great deal more Scandal by his late compliance with the Oaths, than his former diſſenting from 'em. Before he was generally conſidered as a Perſon of Conſcience and Honour, and now perhaps abundance of ill-natur'd People will allow him a ſhare of neither. And what may ſerve to confirm 'em in ſuch an Opinion is the Dr.'s Conſcience, which has for this long while lived among the Lawyers, has not been ſo uniform (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) as you imagine it at firſt ſight to be, or I cou'd have wiſhed it had been.

Tim. I wou'd deſire to know how you make that out, Noble Sir?

Freem. I call that an Uniform Conſcience, *Tim.* which proceeds regularly in all its Actions, and never does any thing in contradiction to its own Principles. Now let us ſee, whether the Dr.'s Conduct ſince our new Eſtabliſhment of Affairs can endure the Teſt of this Definition. Moſt Men will agree, that

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that the Reaſon why the Dr. refuſed the Oaths, muſt be, becauſe he apprehended it was ſinful to take them; ſo then, if the Dr. at the ſame time when he judged the taking the Oaths to be Sinful, nevertheleſs ſubmitted to do another thing, which was tantamount to taking 'em, how can you or any Man elſe excuſe him from acting quite contrary to his own Principle?

Tim. This is very true, I own; but however, it is not enough to ſay ſo unleſs you could prove it.

Freem. I was in good hopes you would never give me the trouble to prove ſo plain a Point. Did you never hear then, that when ſome of the Doctor's Councel had found out a Loop-hole for him in the Act of Parliament to enable him to Preach at his Lecture in St. *Dunſtan*'s, how he Prayed very heartily for both their Majeſties by Name, when at the ſame time he cou'd not prevail with his Conſcience to Swear to 'em.

Tim. Why, prithee Man, every Body in the Town knows that. The truth on't is, People diſcourſed very indifferently upon that Occaſion; but all his Friends, who at that time ſeemed to juſtifie his Proceedings, were agreed that it was a different thing to pray for a Perſon, and ſwear Allegiance to a Perſon; for you know, the Apoſtle commands us to pray for all Men, but he no where commands us to ſwear to all Men.

Freem. This is a very miſerable pitiful ſhift, as I take it, when it comes to be narrowly examined; for prithee tell me, honeſt *Tim.* what is it to ſwear Allegiance to any Prince?

Tim. To acknowledge in the Preſence of God Almighty, that the Prince to whom I ſwear, has a Lawful Title to the Throne he poſſeſſes; and conſequently to my Fidelity and Service, as far as the reſpective Conſtitution of the Government where I live commands it.

Freem.

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Freem. Well then, and is not praying for a Prince, and recommending him in all his acknowledged Titles to the Protection of God Almighty, the very same thing in effect with Swearing to him? I am sure it is, if your Heart goes along with your words; and a Church, as far as I understood the matter, is none of the fittest Places in the World for a Man to prevaricate in. Besides, *Tim.* there's this remarkable Difference between Swearing to a Prince, and Praying for him, that you may perhaps have occasion to swear to him but once in your Life, and that before very few Witnesses; whereas you are obliged to do the other once a Week at least, in the face of a very numerous and solemn Assembly.

Tim. But how do you know, Dear Friend, but this very same Case which looks so intricate and perplexed at first sight, may be made to appear plausible enough with the help of two or three of the Doctor's Distinctions?

Freem. Nay, let me conjecture you, *Tim.* to overwhelm me with no Distinctions, as you love me; for the Case is so very plain and obvious, that it will not admit of any. I am certain, that where there are two controverted Titles, if my Conscience would not give me leave to Swear to a Prince, my Conscience would never permit me to Pray for him publickly; and I am as sure, that if I could prevail with my Conscience to pray for him under the Title he assumes, and which this Person once controverted) I should never make any scruple of Swearing to him. The Apostle, you tell me, commands us to pray for all Men. So we do; and for my own part, I can pray very heartily for the *Grand Seignior*, the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or the *Great Mogul*, without any remorse; but at the same time, I can never pray for any of the aforesaid Monarchs as King of *England*, and so forth; or if I could, why then,

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as I told you before, *Tim.* I ſhould make no queſtion of teſtifying my Acknowledgement of them by an Oath.

Tim. That may be your Conſcience perhaps; but it were as unreaſonable to think that all People are acted by the ſame Conſcience, as to imagine that all People purſue the ſame End, or think the ſame Things, or are influenced by the ſame Motives. You ſee ſeveral hundreds of Men flock every *Sunday* to Church, yet one Man goes there to pick a Pocket, a ſecond to make an Aſſignation with a Girl, a third to take a comfortable Nap, and a fourth perhaps to hear Dr. *Sh.* — contradict himſelf. Thus every Man has his particular Aim or Deſign, and ſo it is in the Buſineſs of Conſcience; a thouſand Men may do the ſame thing, and pretend their Conſcience is intereſted in the doing of it, and yet every particular Man's Conſcience may proceed upon a different Motive or *Salvo.* As for an inſtance, let us examine the Caſe of Swearing to this preſent Government: The Diſſenters, of all Sects and Denominations, do it to be revenged on the Monarchy, and Paſſive Obedience; for, tho' the Proteſtant Religion is the Word with them now, it is not to be imagined, that thoſe People, who ſhew'd ſo ſmall a Concern for it in the late Reign, ſhould heartily entertain any affectionate regard for its Welfare in this. It wou'd be too tedious a buſineſs to examine the grounds upon which all the reſt have gone; yet you may be pleaſed to obſerve, that as all of them have embarqued their Conſcience more or leſs in this Affair, ſo, generally ſpeaking, every Man's Conſcience goes a different way to work; for Conſcience is a very intricate Thing, and oftentimes is influenc'd by very unaccountable Conſiderations.

Freem. That Obſervation of yours is very true; and I could cite ſeveral famous modern Examples to

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to prove the truth of it, but ſhall at preſent only content my ſelf with one of ancient ſtanding. Is it not a ſtrange thing, that *Pythagoras*, who had the Reputation of a Wiſe and Learned Philoſopher, ſhould ever make it a matter of Conſcience to refuſe the eating of Beans; or that any of his Diſciples ſhould arrive to that prodigious degree of Stupidity, as to be Confeſſors for that ſottiſh, unthinking, Bean-renouncing Doctrine? And yet we have one of their Names upon Record, who choſe to undergo the Puniſhment of the Rack, rather than gratifie the Curioſity of a certain Tyrant ſo far, as to acquaint him with the true Reaſon why *Pythagoras* forbad ſo innocent a Food, and at laſt very heroically bit off his Tongue, leſt the extremity of his Torment ſhould oblige him to part with ſo profound a Secret. Here was an odd whimſical ſort of a Conſcience, with a witneſs; and I believe you'll find it a hard task to meet with a Conſcience in any of the Conventicles about the Town, that would ſuffer ſo much for its lawful Prince, as this poor Fellow ſuffer'd for a Bean, and is very like the Conſcience of a certain Perſon, who never ſaw his Cathedral, and yet took that care of his Dioceſe, as to prohibit 'em the eating of Black Puddings, becauſe it ſeem'd to contradict St. *Paul*'s Admonition about Blood. But all this while, honeſt *Tim.* as I take it, we have diſcourſed beſides our Matter, therefore to return to our firſt Subject again, prithee tell me how the Dr.'s Converſion reliſhes with you here in the City.

Tim. Why, you know there are ſtore of malicious People in all Communities in the World, and theſe are hardly to be pleaſed. Indeed, as for the generality of the Eſtabliſhed Church, they are well enough ſatisfied with his new Acquaintance with the Oaths, and don't at all queſtion, but that as he had

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had leiſure and retirement enough to ſtudy the Point, ſo he has at laſt complied upon very ſolid ſubſtantial grounds.

Freem. Well, but the Diſſenters, I hope, are very well ſatisfied with his coming over to us. They ſeem, you know, upon all occaſions to be very zealous and affectionate to their preſent Majeſties, by the ſame token, that by their Good Will they could be content to have all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom hanged out of the way, or *De-witted*, who refuſe to acknowledge them by taking the Oaths. Therefore, I ſhould think, it muſt needs rejoice the Hearts of all theſe worthy Patriots, to ſee a Perſon of the Doctor's Learning and Character lay aſide his former Prejudices to our Settlement, and voluntarily own it.

Tim. No, no, you are quite miſtaken; the Diſſenters are Maſters of too good Memories to be ever guilty of any Charity towards a Man, who had the boldneſs to touch the Copyhold of Schiſm. They rail at him ten times more furiouſly than ever they did, and challenge him, if he dares, to reconcile his preſent compliance with his old muſty Notions of Paſſive Obedience; and then they ſay, they'll get *Enroclydon Baxter*, or one of the *Poultry* Divines, to reconcile *Tranſubſtantiation* to his *Preſervative againſt Popery*.

Freem. But are they all ſo inveterate? What, not one ſingle Man amongſt the whole Herd, that congratulates the Government for the great Happineſs of his Reduction?

Tim. The only Man I hear of, who has been pleaſed to teſtifie his Joy for this occaſion, is that Learned Son of *Socinus*, Mr. *Thomas F—rm—n* by Name: He pretends, that the Doctor has effectually anſwered all his other Treatiſes, by taking the Oaths, excepting his late Book againſt the Anti-Trinitarians,

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Trinitarians, and he comforts himself, that the Dr. will all in due time ruin the Reputation of that Piece; for, says he, the Dr. has got such a pretty way of answering his own Books, that 'tis a thousand pitties any one else should take the trouble out of his Hands. Nay, I am inform'd (continues he) that when he took the Oaths, he desired to be sworn upon the Naked Gospel.

Freem. 'Tis strange methinks that the Dissenters should be angry with the Dr. for what he has done: if their Zeal for the Government is real and sincere, which 'tis a Sin for us in the Country to question; I wonder why they should quarrel with him upon this Score, since the influence of his Example, for all they know, may be serviceable to reduce the rest of his Brethren, who at present dissent from us.

Tim. That does not signifie a Farthing; for, besides their particular pique against the Dr. as he is a Member of the Established Church, they would have neither him, nor any one else who is not of their Party, be thought Loyal: For all their former Bellowings and Cries against the Illegality of Monopolies, yet at present they would willingly engross all the little Honesty and Loyalty that is left in the Nation, into their own Hands; though, by the by, their Loyalty is compounded of such *cross*, surly, ill-natur'd Ingredients: and is such an odd awkward sort of Loyalty, that for all I can see to the contrary, no Prince in *Christendom* is likely to be the better for it.

Freem. A Dissenter's Loyalty is like the officiousness of a Rook at Play, who only lends you Mony in order to your Ruin. I pray Heaven it proves of long continuance, but for my own part, I am afraid it will last no longer, than they find their Religion (I mean their Interest) concerned in it.

Tim.

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Tim. More than all this, they'll tell you, that we owe the Sunshine of the Gospel, and all the other Blessings of the late Revolution, intirely to their Discretion and State-principles; and, that if these impracticable Doctrines of the Church of *England*, concerning the Civil-Magistrate, had taken Place, we had by this time been utterly over-whelmed with *Popery* and *Slavery*.

Free. Why this is ten times over a more fulsome Plea than their Pretensions to Loyalty. They preserve the *Protestant Religion*? Where, or how? or in what Reign, that we may see it registred in our Almanacks? I am sure they have contributed in all their Pious Endeavours to make the Reformation as scandalous and despicable, as any of the Fathers of the Society could have done. They preserved it after a fine rate, by their Universal Silence in the late Reign, and their little, low, abject Applications to *Popery*; and now, when the Enemy is beaten out of the Field, they make a great pother with a few Gleanings out of our own Authors, and pretend the Victory is owing to their Assistance and Conduct.

Tim. Nay, the Dissenters have not been wanting, even in this Reign, to do the *Protestant Religion* all the good Service they can. One of the Tribe, in his *Modest Enquiry*, as he called it, very modestly advised the Rabble to knock all the Clergymen in the Head. And another nameless Raskal, in his *Reflections* upon the Miscarriages of our Navy, that are Printed by one of those Godly Wholesale Dealers in Scandal, those Scruple-selling Vermin of the *Poultry*, has this remarkable Passage, *viz.* That there's more Virtue and Honour to be found among the Rabble than the Gentry: *Rabble* is likewise the word with their dear dear Brethren in *Scotland*, and you may guess what a brave Religion we shall have of it

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at last, if we follow these blessed Methods, and suffer it to be modell'd and fitted to the Inclinations of our judicious Rabble.

Freem. Why prithee *Tim.* you need not give your self the trouble, at this time of day, to acquaint me with any of the laudable Qualities of the Dissenters, and especially of their Levites; as for instance, either with their Wit, which never appears but in their Similes, and in interpreting the Prophets; or with their Charity, which is never extended beyond their own Party; or with their Modesty, which is never visible, but when they wink in the Pulpit; or with their Sincerity, which never appears, but when they own themselves in their Prayers to be a pack of the damnedst Rogues in the World; or with their Learning, which never goes beyond a *Dutch* System, and a little Herauldry; or with their Sobriety, which is never admitted to keep them company at their Pious *Friday* Entertainments; or with their Loyalty, which was never shown but by their promising to lend this King more Mony than they could raise, and abusing the two last Reigns; or lastly, with their Zeal against *Popery*, which is never to be proved, but by their continual Endeavours to undermine the Established Church, — But let me conjure your, dear *Tim.* to drop this nauseous fulsome Subject, for, as I hope for Mercy, I am as weary of it, as a Presbyterian Splitter of Cases is a weary of a poor Brother, that constantly comes every *Sunday* with his dozen troublesome Scruples, to be resolv'd, *sub forma pauperis.*

Tim. Thus you see, Sir, with what Contempt and Aversion the Dissenters in Town entertain the Story of the Dr's Conversion; now give me leave to add a Word or two more concerning them, and then I'll have done. You very well observe, that they pretend to have abundance of Zeal for Their present

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preſent Majeſties, ſo they do, and if you'll take their own words for it, they'll tell you, that no body keeps the Faſts, and Thankſgiving Days with that Devotion as themſelves have done. But for all this, dear Friend of mine, they are angry to ſee the number of the Kings Subjects increaſed, and if they ſee a Church-of-*England*-man come over to the Government, they immediately call him all the Rogues and Raſcals in the World: the Reaſon is plain, they'd willingly have His Majeſty ſerved by none but themſelves, and then they don't queſtion, to reduce the *French* King, and demoliſh *Popery* in due time. Beſides, if all the Church-of-*England*-men had taken the Oaths, they had loſt their dearly beloved Topick of Railing at them, and I dare ſwear (ſo well am I acquainted with a Diſſenter's Tenderneſs) they'd rather Sacrifice all the Princes in the Univerſe, than loſe the precious Opportunity of Libelling and Railing. You are infinitely miſtaken, if you imagine, that the Biſhops would find better Quarter from the Fanaticks, if they ſhould ever take the Oaths; no no, they pray, with all their Hearts, that they may refuſe the doing of it ſtill, for then they are in hopes to ſee their Order aboliſh'd, and their Revenues divided amongſt the Saints, *i. e.* their old *Oliverian* Leaſes come in play again: Of all which expectations they would be miſerably diſappointed, if thoſe immortal Patriots could prevail with themſelves to comply.

Freem. I don't pitty the Dr. however, for being uſed after this unmerciful rate, by thoſe Sons of Schiſm; for, if it were my own caſe, I ſhould rather chuſe to put that ſanctified Generation to the Expence of a little Scandal, for my ſake, than a little Flattery; and rather accept of their Reproaches, which are excellent in their kind, than of their Incence, which is the naſtieſt courſeſt ſtuff in the

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World. 'Tis well enough with him, ſo long as his own Brethren are ſatisfied, as you have before informed me, with the Honeſty of his Proceeding; or, if they were not at firſt, I don't queſtion, but the Reaſons he has publiſhed for his own Defence, carry ſo much Strength and Solidity with 'em, as to ſatisfie all the reaſonable part of Mankind, as to that particular.

Tim. Why there you are miſtaken, dear Friend of mine; for tho' the Dr. has condeſcended to acquaint the World in Publick with the Reaſons of his Converſion, yet he has not been ſo happy as to ſatisfie all People.

Freem. Who could ever expect that? 'Tis an impoſſible thing you know to do it; but however, I am glad the Dr. has publiſhed his Reaſons, for otherwiſe I ſhould have been a little angry with him. For, could he diſſent from the Government above a Year and half. and by his Example hinder ſo many Country Parſons from taking the Oaths, and keeping their Livings, and yet refuſe the World ſo ſlender a ſatisfaction, as to let 'em ſee the Motives of his Change? I ever thought, that ſo inconſiderable a piece of trouble was due to his own Reputation and Credit, as well as the farther Inſtruction of his younger Brethren of the Clergy, who I am afraid little conſider'd the Merits of the Cauſe, but rather what a brave thing it was to be thought of the Dr's Company, and embarqued in the Dr's Quarrel, and now have nothing elſe left 'em to do, but to ſtarve with as much Decency as they can, and to curſe the Expenſiveneſs of their Vanity and Loyalty.

Tim. All this you and I cannot poſſibly help, and therefore 'tis a great piece of Nonſenſe for us to talk of it any longer, only thus much I muſt add, That in my opinion too, the Dr. lay under all the Obligations in the World, to make the true Occaſions

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ſions of his late Reconcilement publick. 'Tis a Debt which was due to the Intereſt he now eſpouſes, no leſs than the Party he has forſaken, ſome of which, as you ſay, the Temptation of being thought of his Acquaintance or Judgment, has reduced to their preſent Mortifying Neceſſities. And therefore this being ſo neceſſary a Debt, as well in regard to himſelf, as the reſt of the World, I always perſuade my ſelf, that the Doctor would take care to acquit it, as ſoon as ever he has got his Reaſons ready.

Freem. Got his Reaſons ready, did you ſay? That's a Jeſt, with all my Heart; as if a Man of the Doctor's Learning and Experience in the World, after ſo long a time too, to examine all the Niceties of the Caſe, could ſuffer himſelf to be ingaged in an Affair, to which he formerly expreſſed ſo incurable an Averſion, without having his Reaſons ready by him. Nothing but either Pride, (which I would be loath to ſuſpect in a Perſon of his Mortified Character) or the Weakneſs of his Cauſe, could engage him to act only on the Defenſive Part. 'Tis a hundred to one, but a Man's Adverſary may ſay ſomething or other, which will lie a little obnoxious to Cenſure and Exception; ſo 'tis but falling without any more ado, upon the Author's Blind-ſide, and the Buſineſs is ſoon over. There are a thouſand ways for a Man of any tolerable Diſcretion, to put by his Enemy's Thruſt, when he is attacqued; nay, 'tis poſſible too he may come off with the better on't; eſpecially if the Man he has to deal with, plays open, and lies unguarded in any Part. And therefore, if this had been the Doctor's Policy, I ſhould have thought the worſe of his Skill in Polemies, as long as I lived. I remember I was once in a Coffee-Houſe in the Country, where we happened to be talking of the Doctor's coming over to the Government; and a Gentleman in the Room

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was pleased to say, he was of Opinion, That the Doctor had got his Reasons ready, much after the same rate as a Country-Innkeeper, whom he knew, got a poor Fellow's Porcupine ready.

Tim. Prithee what Story is that, for, to the best of my knowledge, I never heard of it before?

Freem. Nay, the Story is entertaining enough, that I can assure you, and perhaps will deserve your Attention. You must understand then, that a certain Fellow, here about the Town, who gets a sorry Livelihood, by carrying some Outlandish Beasts about the Country with him, and shewing 'em for Pence-apiece to the People, had by chance brought a Porcupine, the only Support he had left him in the World, to an Inn where this Gentleman was acquainted; the next Morning, he calls the Innkeeper to him, and thus accosts him: *Landlord*, says he, *I must beg one Favour of you, and that is, to get my Porcupine and Room ready by Eleven of the Clock precisely; and in the mean time I'll step into the Town, to see what Company I can pick up.*

Tim. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Freem. Away goes the Fellow into the Town, and for a while stares about him, to observe all the Curiosities of the Place; towards Ten, he makes a solemn Proclamation of his Porcupine, and so musters up as much Company as he thought would defray the Expences of the Show for that time, and carries 'em to his Inn.

Tim. Well, I mightily desire to hear the Issue of your Porcupine.

Freem. When the Fellow was got into his Room at the Inn, he knocks for the Landlord, and asks whether he had got the Porcupine ready? Ay Sir, that I have, replies the Landlord, I hate to be worse than my Word to any Man; but I must desire you, Sir, that you'll be pleased tell me, what Sawce you'll have for him? *Tim.*

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Tim. Why, what a Devil did he mean by that Queſtion?

Freem. You ſhall hear. Cries the Maſter of the Porcupine, what do you intend, by asking me what Sawce I'd have for him? Nay, no harm in the World, ſays the Man of the Houſe; you ordered me to get the Porcupine ready for you by Eleven, and ſo I have, for I gave Directions to the Maid, to put him in the Pot immediately; but Sir, ſays he, I never boil'd a Porcupine in my Life before; and therefore muſt once more requeſt you to let me know what Sawce your Worſhip will order for him.

Tim. The poor Fellow without queſtion looked very ſimply upon the matter, to hear his Livelihood was boil'd away ſo unluckily, in one Morning. And now, to come cloſe to you, Noble Friend of mine, Was it the Opinion of your Gentlemen then, that the Doctor's were boil'd away, like the Strowler's Porcupine, ſo that there was no procuring a ſight of any of them? You ſee how much he was miſtaken in his Judgment. The Doctor (as I have told you) has been pleaſed to oblige the World with his Reaſons; you may have them at any Bookſeller's Shop in Town; but I cannot forbear to tell you, that there was never any Book, ſince the Days of the *Hind* and *Panther*, or the *Letter* to a *Diſſenter*, that has been ſo univerſally pelted as this; Lawyers and Divines, *Jacobites* and *Williamites*, though they agreed in nothing elſe, yet they have all of 'em agreed to mawl this unfortunate Book. Nay ſome of our City-Prentices and puny Scriblers have had the hardineſs to tilt againſt it, only to make experiment of their Talents; as School-Boys uſe to try their Knives, by running them up to the Hilts in a hot Bag-Pudding.

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Freem. Say you ſo, *Tim?* 'Tis, I confeſs, ſomewhat odd, but who can help it. Come then, ſince the Doctor has had ſuch ill luck with his Reaſons, and you and I have no other Buſineſs now upon our hands, prithee let us invent ſome plauſible ſpecious Reaſons for his Converſion; they'll help to paſs away t'other Bottle, and t'other Hour, well enough; and perhaps they'll ſerve to amuſe the World, and entertain the Reader, as well as ſome of his own.

Tim, No Sir, I deſire you to excuſe your humble Servant, as to this Affair; I'll never invent any Reaſons for another Man, not I, I promiſe you, he may even do it himſelf if he pleaſes; 'tis a very ungrateful Performance let me tell you; and generally the Perſon whom you intend to oblige by this kind of Office, will hold himſelf as little beholden to you, as a Man in the ſtate of Cuckoldom, for giving him four and fifty Reaſons, to ſupport himſelf under his Afflictions: But what will ſerve the turn full as well, to put off half an Hour or ſo of Converſation, I will acquaint you with the ſeveral Reaſons, that People here in Town, of all Sorts and Parties, have already aſſigned for his Converſion. At the ſame time I muſt tell you, that as I don't believe them altogether my ſelf, ſo I would never oblige you or any Man beſides, to place any great Aſſurance in the Truth of them.

Freem. Come then honeſt *Tim,* and begin as ſoon as you will; for I can aſſure you, 'twill be no ſmall Diverſion to your Friend here, who is juſt come out of the Country.

Tim. Nay Sir, not altogether ſo faſt, I beſeech you. I deſign my ſelf a little more Sport and Paſtime than you imagine; and ſince you have ſo admirable a Talent at Conjecturing, *&c.* I am reſolved to keep your Hand in Play, and put you to the trouble of Gueſſing what the are. *Freem.*

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Freem. Well then, ſince you'll have it ſo, I'll diſpatch them out of hand; but however, before I make Trial of my Noble Faculty, I muſt deſire you to remember, how that at the beginning of our Conference, when you told me of the Doctor's Converſion, I looked upon it as no Miracle; and that for theſe two following weighty Reaſons. In the firſt place, becauſe when ſome Gentlemen came o adviſe with him about that Matter, he civilly referred them to their own Diſcretion; which I ſuppoſed he would never have done, if he had been fully ſatisfied, that the taking the Oaths was a Sin, or had looked upon it to be any thing more than an Indifferent Action. In the next place, becauſe the Doctor had long ago Prayed for Their Preſent Majeſties; which is virtually, and in effect, the ſame thing with Swearing to them; and if it is a Sin to Swear to a Prince, where the Title is Controverted, and under Diſpute, I am ſure it muſt be the very ſame thing to Pray for him. Now then *Tim*, ſince I was ſo bold as to make the Doctor's Converſion no Miracle at all, you are not to expect that I ſhould aſſign any Miraculous Reaſons for it, but only ſuch as are frequent and common in the World; ſo I will begin with that, which ever ſince the Creation of the World, has had a mighty Influence upon Men of all Countries, and Degrees, and Religions. The greater part of Mankind, and eſpecially our Diſſenters at home, love to Chriſten it by the Name of Conſcience; but for my part, the beſt *Engliſh* Word we have for it, is INTEREST. What think you of this now?

Tim. To ſay the truth, there are abundance of ill-affected Men about the Town, that have trumped that unlucky Card upon the Dr. but for my part, I don't believe it had any great ſhare in his

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Reconciliation to the Government. Therefore you had beſt gueſs again.

Freem. Nay, but prithee conſider, dear *Tim.* what a lovely charming thing this ſame *Intereſt* is, before we ſhut our Hands of it: it has all the Ear-marks of Love, and Love, you know, works little leſs than Miracles. It conquers the Young, and the Old are not able to withſtand its Almightyſhip: it makes thoſe that can ſee, as blind as ſo many Beetles; and as for thoſe that are blind, why, 'tis the beſt Oculiſt in the World, and recovers their Eye-ſight to all intents and purpoſes.

Tim. No, no, all this ſhall not paſs upon me I'll aſſure you.

Freem. Have a care, *Tim.* I adviſe you, what you ſay againſt Five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, name it you Rogue with Fear and Reverence, and fall down upon your Knees when you hear it mention'd in Company; Five hundred Pounds a Year is not to be ſpoken ſcandalouſly of, honeſt *Tim.* it will buy a Coach and a Pair of *Sunday*-Horſes; it will purchaſe Petticoats and Commodes, the *Polyglot* and *Councils*, and half the *Non-Reſiſtance* in *Chriſtendom*, with abundance of other fine Things, too tedious to be reckoned up.

Tim. Thou keepeſt as great a pother here with thy Intereſt, as a ſcribling Courtier with his laſt Lampoon, or a School-Philoſopher with his neweſt ſet of Diſtinctions, or what is equally as impertinent as a Country Fidler with his neweſt ſet of Tunes. But I can tell you for your comfort, that if you do not gueſs better at your ſecond Eſſay, than you have done at your firſt, you are not in any great probability of finding out the Secret.

Freem. To proceed then, is the Dr. brought to a better Opinion of the Abdication? or, does he go altogether upon the Merits of Foreſaulture?

Tim.

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Tim. No, I ſuppoſe he does not; for if he does, the Lord have Mercy, ſay I, upon all his poor Paſſive Obedience.

Freem. Why, other People, *Tim.* have ſtore of Paſſive Obedience about them, as well as the Dr. and yet they don't apprehend, that it is a Farthing the worſe, or that they have broke it at all. Suppoſe, *Tim.* you ſhould find occaſion, for Reaſons beſt known to your ſelf, to remove a Bag of your Money from one Goldſmith to another of better Reputation, would you not break that Fellows Head, who ſhould have the impudence to tell you, you had broke your Sum? Even ſo in the buſineſs of Paſſive Obedience, the Dr. and ſome of his Brethren, have only transferr'd it from King *James*'s Hands, who, you know, is broke and ruin'd, and a Statute of Bankrupt has paſſed againſt in Parliament, to King *William*, who can give them better Security for it: And Paſſive Obedience, I can tell you, will be as acceptable to any Prince in *Europe*, at a good Sum of Mony to a Banker.

Tim. Well, but this is not the Point ſtill, to try again.

Freem. Is the Dr. then reconciled to us by that Verſe in the Pſalms; *The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulneſs thereof.*

Tim. Why *No* is the word ſtill; for I ſuppoſe, that that Text proves more than the Queſtion, and beſides would ſerve a *John* of *Leyden*'s Turn as well as any one's elſe.

Freem. But where there's a plain Conqueſt and an honeſt Cauſe, as well as a legal Title to ſupport the Conqueſt, that I believe cannot fail to make a Convert. Come tell me now, have I hit upon the true Reaſon or no?

Tim. For your ſatisfaction, Sir, you are come pretty nigh the Point, or elſe ſome of the Doctor's Friends

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Friends have misinformed me as to this Particular; though to say the truth, this Reason was every whit as good all the last Year, as it is at this present moment, and I don't see that the Reduction of *Ireland* has made it the better.

Freem. Now we talk of *Ireland*, what say you, if the Doctor was resolved to hold out till the taking of *Dublin*, and to surrender himself immediately when the Place was surrendred.

Tim. All as I can say to the Question, is, That the Doctor then may be retaken from us again; for alas, Sir, all the World can tell you, that *Dublin* is a Place of no considerable Strength, and cannot hold out long against any Enemy, especially if he have a Female Friend in the Garison. —— But, Sir, you have not as yet had the good Fortune to light upon the most material Motive, that makes the greatest Bustle about the Town, therefore, once more, make use of your Divining Faculty.

Freem. No, I heartily thank thee, Dear *Tim.* I shall pump my Imagination no more for the matter; I think I have drudged long enough in all conscience to find it out, and employ my Brains backward and forward any longer upon this occasion, would be as wise a piece of Trouble, as to lie waking all the Night in one's Bed, only to hear how the City Weather-Glasses, the Watch-men, vary every Hour, in their bellowing out of Rain, Frost, and Moon-shine. Why, prithee *Tim*, what dost thou take me for, a Prophet, or a Conjurer?

Tim. For neither, I swear; but tell me seriously, dost thou not know what thing it is that baffles Heroes, spoils Divines, turns the greatest Princes into Milk-sops, makes Admirals lower their bloody Flags, and in fine, breaks all Obligations, and governs all Mankind?

Freem. Why Interest, I told you.

Tim.

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Tim. And what, does Intereſt, meer Intereſt, only do all this?

Freem. Why then 'tis Conſcience, I ſay.

Tim. Conſcience do you ſay! Why, juſt now Conſcience, you told me, was but another *Engliſh* Word for Intereſt. And does nothing but bare Conſcience (which *Adoniram Byfield* of Bleſſed Memory, defined to be a Cat-Skin Pouch to put Money in) or bare Intereſt do all theſe fine things, which I juſt now mentioned to you.

Freem. Why, then 'tis a Coach and ſix Horſes I tell you, and nothing in the World elſe that I can fancy; for, you know, a Coach and Six was Biſhop *Parker's* beſt Body of Divinity.

Tim. Worſe and worſe 'Faith. And does a Coach and ſix Horſes baffle *Heroes*, ſpoil Divines, and make Milk-ſops of Princes? Come, conſider I ſay once more upon the Point, for 'tis impoſſible to miſs it.

Freem. No, *Tim.* pray excuſe me; you ſee I have no tolerable luck at gueſſing to Day; and beſides, to tell you the Truth, I hate this ſlaviſh Piece of Drudgery, as heartily as Sir *Will. Tem*—— in his laſt Eſſays tells us, he hates good honeſt Drollery, as a Bookſeller hates an un-ſelling Author, or a *Jacobite* Printer does a ſurly Meſſenger of the Preſs.

Tim. Say you ſo, Sir? Nay, then I am reſolved to lay it out ſo open to you, that you muſt of neceſſity perceive it. Doſt not thou underſtand the meaning of the *Italian* Proverb, *Piu tira un pelo di donna, che cento carra di bovi.*

Freem. Not I, *Tim.* I no more underſtand the difference between *Italian* and *Arabick*, than that Learned Proteſtant Critick, Mr. *Rymer*, knows the difference between the Name of *Callimacus* and *Epimenides.*

Tim. Come then, wert thou ever Married, my honeſt Friend? Hà! what ſayeſt thou?

Freem.

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Freem. No, Sir, I bleſs Providence for it.

Tim. Not married, ſay you! poor Rogue, thou art unacquainted, I perceive, with the damn'd Perſecution of a Curtain-Lecture. Oh! dull, dull ſtill; I can't imagin how to cure this Stupidity of thine; thou art ten times duller than one of *Sh—dwell's* Men of Senſe, or a Smile without a Sting, or an Expounder of the *Revelations*, at the finding out ſtoln Silver-Spoons, or an old dozed Fellow of a Houſe at the ingenious Sport of Queſtions and Commands.

Freem. Why, I cannot help all this, *Tim.* if my Stars made me ſo, it was their fault, not mine.

Tim. Once more then I'll endeavour to relieve the Weakneſs of thy Apprehenſion, therefore liſten to the following Rhymes about *Adam* and *Eve*:

When Eve *the Fruit had taſted,*
She to her Husband haſted,
And chuck'd him on the Chin-a;
Dear Bud (quoth ſhe) come taſt this Fruit,
'Twill finely with your Palate ſuit,
To eat it is no ſin-a.

Doſt thou now comprehend my Meaning?

Freem. No, 'Faith *Tim.* I am in the dark ſtill; you have made me no wiſer with your dull Story of *Adam* and *Eve*, than you would make a *Cheapſide* Tradeſman, by telling him, that an Obſtacle is an Impediment, or a walking *Oxford*-Dun, that Motion is an Action from the *Terminis à Quo* of his Habitation to the *Terminis ad quem* of the Refractory.

Tim. Nay then, I am ſenſible thou art full as ſlow of Apprehenſion as the famous *Jerry Blackacre* in the Play. I have but one Trick left to bring you to't at laſt, and if that fail, I muſt even ſerve thee as a ſtale City-wife ſerves her dull, ruſtick Prentice, when ſhe has a mind to make him underſtand her virtuous Inclinations; that is, I muſt needs Name the thing

to

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to thee in plain downright broad *Engliſh*. But liſten, prithee:

As moody Job, *in ſhirtleſs caſe,*
With Collyflowers all o'er his Face,
Did on the Dunghil languiſh,
His Spouſe thus whiſpers in his Ear;
'Swear Husband, as you love me, Swear;
'Twill eaſe you of your Anguiſh.

Freem. Oh ho! now I begin to ſmell a Rat; your meaning is, That the Doctor has been brought to ſwear at laſt through the Virtue of a few Conjugal Solicitations; is it not ſo, *Tim?*

Tim. Of a few Conjugal Solicitations, do you ſay? No, I am afraid there were abundance of them uſed in the preſent caſe. —— Well, dear Friend of mine, not to be tedious with you, I muſt tell you, that you have made a ſhift at laſt to hit my Meaning. However, I would not have you report this matter as from me, though I can ſafely waſh my Hands from the Guilt of inventing it, and all the Town will do me the Juſtice to own, that 'tis a common Story, and no more a Secret than the Mole on the Rector of *Exeter*'s Foot. Beſides, you are deſired not to lay too great a Streſs upon the Truth of it, but to follow that Advice, which the Doctor you know gave upon another Account, and ſo to make uſe of your own Diſcretion. Farewel.

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Democratici Vapulantes: Or Reflections on Mr. *Johnson*'s Argument, *&c.* And Notes on the Paſtoral Letter.

PREFACE.

JUlian *has been ſo very free in his late Pamphlets, with all* Orders *and* Degrees *in this Kingdom, that I thought my ſelf bound in Conſcience to expoſe the Ribaldry of his Stile, and to give him an effectual Mortification.*

How far this Correction may work upon him, my Readers will very readily determine, and I ſhall freely declare my Opinion, that I ſhould as ſoon expect Self-Denial *in a Modern-Whig, or* Moderation *in thoſe People that talk of it, as hope to put this Writer out of Countenance; however, I cannot but take notice with what an Impudent piece of Raillery he Invades the Memory of Biſhop* Sanderſon, *making that Famous Maxim,* Salus Populi ſuprema Lex eſt *(as he calls it)* free of the Court; *though the Biſhop's Meaning was,* That Obedience to Princes could not be too often inculcated, becauſe the Safety of the People was ſo nearly wrapt up in that of their Sovereign: but, *continues our* Apoſtate, I expected no better from ſuch a Caſuiſt who makes Six in the Hundred Sabbath-breaking, becauſe the Plow goes on *Sundays. Admit that Reverend Prelate did carry Matters too far upon this Occaſion, muſt it be concluded that he was always in the wrong? at this rate, he muſt reject the Teſtimony of St.* Auſtin *and* Lactantius, *becauſe*

becauſe they happen'd to Err in the Buſineſs of the Antipodes. *And* Tertullian *muſt find no Quarter at his Hands, for the Wiſe Reaſon he gives againſt* Dramatick *Repreſentations*, viz. Conantur quantum in Ipſis eſt Chriſtum efficere Mendacem —— *For Chriſt ſaid, you cannot add one Cubit to your Stature, and they by their* Cothurnus *pretend to effect it.*

But to fly at one or two Perſons, is beneath the Aſſurance of our Heroe; with his uſual Diſcretion and good Manners he attacks the whole Body of the Clergy, for, ſpeaking of the Adminiſtration, as it Happily Flouriſhed in the Reign of King Charles II. *He affirms*, That it was Tyranny on their Side, ſince they applied their Intereſt and Strength to cruſh all other Proteſtants: *This piece of Malice was worthy of Mr.* J——n, *and 'tis to be hoped, no other Writer will envy him the Honour of it.*

He has one Paſſage more in the very next Page to the former, that ought not to paſs unremembred: I have not forgot my Preacher, who ſaid, that Judgment began in the Houſe of God, when the Biſhops were in the Tower; whereas, I know (*ſays* Julian) that it began in the Houſe of God, when *Stephen Colledge* was Murthered, who ſuffered more for the Proteſtant Religion and his Country, than all the Biſhops either in or out of the Tower, and than the whole Clergy of *England* put together; and left a Dying Speech, which out-weighs their Sermons. *So dexterouſly can this Shameleſs Writer ſquander away his Invectives and Panegyricks.*

His Writings will every where furniſh out ſuch Decent Inſtances of his Good Manners, but as I have no Malice againſt his Perſon, I ſhall do him the Juſtice to preſent the Reader with the Apology he makes for his Ill Language. Some of our Tools think (*ſays he*) that Great Men ought not to be ſo treated; but I will recount no more of their Merits, leaſt I ſhould make them ſtill greater Men, which is no part of my Intention.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE VI.

SCENE

DICK's COFFEE-HOUSE,

DISCOVERS

Julian, Parſon *Rampant*, Counſellour *Quibble*, and Counſellour *Cheat-All*, about a Table.

Free-Man, *thruſting* Blunt *in before him.*

Freem. NAY i'faith, ſince I've got you ſo far, you ſhall in with me.

Blunt. A Curſe light on thee, for an unmerciful Devil. Why, thou know'ſt I hate theſe Abominable Places, more than ——

Freem. --A *Dutch* Trooper does the ſight of *Flerus*; but no matter for that. You ſee, *Ned*, I have Dr. *Sh-rl-ck*'s Argument on my ſide, I am the ſtronger of the two; beſides, 'tis my right to govern now. Remember who 'twas made me ſacrifice a hopeful Aſſignation laſt Night, to a Bottle.

Blunt. Lead on then; I ſee I muſt ſubmit.

Freem. Come, I'll engage you ſhall be no Loſer by the bargain, before we part. Now prithee mind thoſe clamorous Gentlemen yonder, that are ſo

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furiously disputing it at the Corner-Table; to the Penance of their own damn'd Lungs, and other People's Ears.

Blunt. Mind 'em, say you? Why, what Exploits have they done, to make 'em worth any Man's minding? For my part, I see nothing remarkable about 'em, but their musty sowre Looks. If *Michael Angelo* were alive, and wanted a Set of Ill Faces to furnish the Left-Hand of his Resurrection with, here's plenty enough for him.

Freem. That meagre down-look'd Levite there, [*Pointing to* Julian] who has all the gallant Qualities of the *Cyclops* in *Virgil*,

Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli,

and stares more terribly than the Horse-neck'd *Tartar* in a Country-Sign, is the Oracle of the Party. 'Tis the most perverse, intractable Monster on this side *Afric*; *Colybon* in the Tempest, and *Ben. Jonson*'s *Morose*, are civil well-bred Persons to him. Let an Hundred New Governments trump up in a Year, and I dare promise and vow in his Name, he'll rail at 'em all. In short, you'd swear that his Father, piping-hot with the Story of *Ishmael*, had begot him on a Groaning-Board in the Dog-days; and that his Mother, all the while she bore him, dreamt of nothing but Earthquakes, Bombs, Hand-Granado's, and Fifth-Monarchy-Men.

Blunt. And rub'd his Gums with nothing but Vitriol, and fed the young Ostrich with nothing but his Paternal Nails, and broken Horshooes.

Freem. To cure him of this fiery ungovernable Temper, he has had a Publick Phlebotomy prescrib'd him by the State, and all the wholesom Receipts I know of, except that of King *Solomon*'s Mortar, which I believe wou'd have no better an Effect upon him, than any of the rest. To conclude, he values himself mightily for being God-Father

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Father to Paſſive Obedience, which he lewdly calls the Doctrine of the Bow-String; and his Name is ———

Blunt. — Oh! I'll ſave you that trouble, his Name is *Julian.* I knew the Beaſt immediately, by the Star in his Forehead.

Freem. This meek ſober Evangeliſt, they tell me, wears a Bayonet conſtantly under his Clergy-Habit, to ſecure him, I ſuppoſe, againſt all two-handed overgrown *New-Exchange Porters*, or *Conquering Biſhops*, that ſhall offer to truſs him up under their Arms like a Gizzard, and run away with him.

Blunt. I'faith *Jack*, and that is but reaſonable, conſidering what Latitude he allows his Clients the People; and how familiarly he has treated the *Peerage*, the *Miniſtry*, and the *moſt Numerous Order of the Knights of the Addreſs.* I rather wonder he does not beg the Furniture of ſome ancient basket-hilted Juſtice's Hall, and hang himſelf round with Halberts, Petronels, Calivers and Muſquets, like Sir *Amorous* in the *Silent Woman.* A Man of ſo free, ſo undertaking a Genius, can't provide too much for the Security of his Carcaſs. Were he capable of Advice, as I know he has too good an Opinion of himſelf, to receive any; I'd e'en counſel him to Copy from the Famous *More* of *More-Hall* in the Ballad, and never walk the Streets, but in a Compleat Suit of Iron Armour, with Spikes at leaſt half a Yard long on every ſide of him. ——— So much for *Julian.* Now for the Hiſtory of the reſt.

Freem. Next to him ſits Parſon *Rampant*, formerly an Eight-Parts-of-Speech-Monger, and Monarch of a School in the *Weſt*; where, for playing ſome fooliſh Frolicks, that ſhall be nameleſs, —

Blunt. Nay prithee *Jack Freeman* don't ſerve one thus, but talk it out at length, and explain your meaning.

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Freem. Well then; where, for beſtowing the *Socratical* Gliſter-Pipe too freely among his Boys, and endeavouring to make a Foreign piece of Gallantry, call'd *Il Cardinaliſmo*, Free of his Birchen-Dominions.

Blunt. Oh! now I underſtand you.

Freem. The Women of the Town Baniſh'd him, for dealing in Contraband-Goods; ſo he was forc'd to ſhift his Climate, and ſince ——

Blunt. Is a very godly Fellow, I hope, and ſets up for a Reformer.

Freem. Right, and rails at Sin as heartily, as if he intended to Monopolize it. He has got ſome Reputation with the Party, for a late famous Sermon, on the 30th of *January*; where, out of Complaiſance to his City-Auditory, he Preach'd ſuch Ediſying Apoſtolical Spoon-Meat.

Blunt. As how, I pray?

Freem. Why, not the leaſt *ill Word* of the Contrivers of that *Unnatural Rebellion*, nor of thoſe conſcientious, crop-ear'd, ſelf-renouncing Raskals, that gave it God's Bleſſing in the Pulpit. Not a Syllable, how from a regular well-conſtituted Church, they reform'd us into Atheiſm; and deliver'd us from Peace and Plenty, into Servitude and Poverty. Not the leaſt mention, how theſe Loyal, Dutiful Subjects invaded the King's Authority, aſſaulted his Perſon, fell upon his Reputation, and ſeiz'd his Revenue.

Blunt. Since he meddled with none of thoſe Matters, what i' God's Name did he talk of?

Freem. He barely contents himſelf, to condemn the Execrable Action of that Day, which the rankeſt *Mahumetan* or *Pagan* wou'd do; but cou'd not find in his Heart to ſay one reſpectful, good-natur'd thing of that moſt Excellent, but Unfortunate Prince. In fine, he's one of *Julian's* Apes, a Divine

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Divine of the New Cut, and a zealous Advocate for Reſiſtance.

Blunt. And 'tis as hard a matter, let me tell you *Jack*, ſince theſe Divines of the Cut, as you very well call 'em, have had the Clipping of our Articles, to diſtinguiſh a *Church of* England *Man*, from a *Diſſenter*; as, ſince the Modern Circumciſion of our Money, *à Hollandois*, 'tis to know a Shilling from a Sixpence.

Freem. T'other two Blades are humble Retainers to the Law, and as wretched Prevaricators that way, as the Parſons are in their Divinity: The Eldeſt of 'em, call'd Counſellor *Quibble*, a Man famous in his Generation, for his Sharp Sayings, and wiſe Apothegms; and the Devil's in't, if one that allows himſelf ſo vaſt a Liberty, and talks ſo much, ſhould not now and then ſtumble upon ſomething unlucky. But this I am ſure of, that a Man that keeps him company purely to improve by his Wit, will find himſelf as much miſtaken, as he that drops Twenty Shillings into *Neal*'s Lottery, to get an Eſtate, where he has ſo many Thouſand Odds againſt him.

Blunt. Well, but his Long-hair'd Companion there, what have you to ſay to him?

Freem. Thou mean'ſt Counſellor *Cheat All*. Oh! 'tis the moſt incorrigible, unrepenting Block-Head that ever had the Vanity to Scribble; ſince the Death of his Uncle *Pryn*, no body has deſerved the Character of *Homunculus*. *Virgil*, that took *Auguſtus* to be a Baker's Son, *Papyri Perniciem natus*, becauſe he rewarded him in Bread; would certainly conclude, our Author was begot by a Trunk-Maker, becauſe his Writings are only uſeful to thoſe People. So that if the *Turkiſh* Doctrine be true, that 'tis a Sin, to put Paper to a wrong uſe. The Lord have Mercy on him, for he has more Rheams of murder'd Paper

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to anſwer for, than the *Spaniards* have *Indians* in *America*. His chief Talent lies in Anſwering of Books; and tho' he has not yet reach'd the Height of *Settle*, who makes nothing to Anſwer a Book he never read, yet this his very Enemies will own, that he'll anſwer one without underſtanding it. So far we have conſidered the Author; now obſerve, I pray, how dexterous the Lawyer is: *Imprimis*, He buys an Eſtate in *Eſſex*, and pays nothing for it: *Secondly*, He Mortgages it for more than it was worth: And *Thirdly* and *Laſtly*, Sells it without a Title.

Blunt. Nay, this was as dexterous a Management of one Eſtate as a body ſhall meet with.

Freem. Thus I have given you their reſpective Characters, that you might know how to treat 'em according to their Merits. There are ſeveral more of the ſame Leaven; but as I have already treſpaſſed too long upon your Patience, I ſhall only add, that this is the place where they aſſemble to deſcant upon the News, rail at all that are not of their own Faction, damn the Prerogative, and make new Schemes of Government. *Doleman* and *Milton*, but eſpecially the late everlaſting *Bibliotheca Politica*, furniſh 'em with a perpetual Fund of Converſation; and the Burthen of the Song is, *The Rights of the People, the People, the People.*

Blunt. Well, I never knew any of theſe mighty Bellowers for the People, but they ſtill carried on their own private Intereſts at the Expence of the People, and made a Property of 'em, after the ſame rate as your Name-ſake Mr. *Freeman* in the *Plain-Dealer* does of *Jerry Blackacre*. For the People are always in a State of Minority, and theſe their Politic Guardians, under pretence of aſſerting their Liberties, never fail to make a Penny of 'em as they fee

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ſee Opportunity —— But now let's ſit down by 'em and liſten to their Diſcourſe.

[Freeman *and* Blunt *place themſelves at the lower end of the Table.*

Cheat-all. —— No, no, the laſt Letters poſitively told us, the Confederate Forces march'd from *Mont St. Andre* to *Sombref*, that our Right reaches to *Florus*, and ——

Julian. Come, come, Mr. *Cheat-all*, we have had enough of your *Flanders* News: Prithee tell me *what buſineſs we have there; the Sea* P. 80. *is our Element*, and there we ought to mind our Hits: *King* Edgar *had a Fleet of* 3000 *Ships*; there was a glorious Sight for ye; I'll get my honeſt Friend, Mr. *Petyt*, to conſult the Records, and inform us how we have loſt 'em. But now, a ſhame on the Miniſtry, *we muſt have* Dutch *Help to fight the* French *Fleet*, *and go to War upon Crutches.*

Cheat-all. Lord, Sir, I own all this as well as you; but as I was going to ſay, the Enemy, upon notice of our March, began theirs, and the Preſident *De la Tour* ——

Julian. What, again interrupting me! *How can impotent Men fir, if their Crutches are out of the way? How if the* Dutch *and we ſhould fall out, Mr.* Quibble? *or, how if they and the* French *be Friends?* as ſuch a thing, you know, may happen, Mr. *Rampant*. In what a Bleſſed Pickle are we then! Therefore I affirm it, in the Face of the whole World, that *we are no Nation till we can ſtand on our Legs*; and if we are no Nation, let him contradict me that dares, I ſay we are no Nation.

Freem. Theſe two Coxcombs, I find, will be conferring Loggerheads anon; but I'll make bold to divert their Sport for a moment or two: Pray, Mr. *Julian*, will you give a Stranger, but a great Admi-

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rer of your Writings, leave to ask you a civil Queſtion or two?

Julian. Ay, with all my Heart, as many as you pleaſe.

Freem. I would deſire you then, worthy Sir, ſince you've no weightier Buſineſs on your Hands, and are able to ſatisfie me the beſt of any Man living, to clear the following Difficulties: As firſt, Learned Sir, how many Barley-corns make a Mile? How many Thimblefuls a Barrel? The Intereſt of Twenty Pound for nine Months at *Six per Cent.* When Clocks and Dials were firſt ſet up in Churches? The Building of *Paul's* and *London*-Bridge? ——

Julian. What does he mean, Mr. *Rampant?* [*Aſide.*

Freem. The proper time to ſet Beans and Peaſe, to prune Fruit-Trees, drench Horſes, cut Corns.

Julian. How, Sir, cut Corns Sir! [*Riſes from his Seat.*

Freem. Yes, dear Sir, cut Corns, pole Hops, drink clarified Whey with Sage, ſheer Sheep, deſtroy Fleas, kill Bees, ſinge Hoggs, fell Timber.

[Freeman *follows him about the Room.*

Julian. Nay then ——

Freem. With a Deſcription of the great Roads, the Names of the Principal Fairs, High-Water at *London*-Bridge, the Eclipſes, Epact, Golden Number, Dominical Letter, and —— [*Following him ſtill.*

Julian. I think he'll talk me to death. But hold, Sir, a moment. Why, what in the Name of Wonder, do you take me for? What do you read in my Face to ask me ſo many impertinent Queſtions? Ha!

Freem. Nay, dear Sir, no harm upon my word: I ask you nothing but what is proper for an Almanac to reſolve, and t'other Day reading a certain Book of yours, by the ſame Token that I pay a moſt pro-

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found Veneration to every thing that comes from such a celebrated Hand.

Julian. And what of all that!

Freem. I met a Passage there, *p.* 91. to this effect, That *while a certain Traveller was making his Court to the Cardinals at* Rome, *you got such an Almanac in your Bones that you cou'd sooner be hanged than forget it.*

Julian. Well Sir, and if I did, what have you to say to that, Sir?

Freem. Upon which consideration, knowing 'twas more advisable to have recourse to a living *Almanac* than a dead one, I made bold, Reverend Sir, for the improvement of my Knowledge, and satisfaction of my Conscience, to put some of those instructive useful Questions to you, that we find yearly debated in *Rider*, and other Kalendars.

Blunt. Hark ye, *Jack Freeman*, the Apostate, I see, does not know how to relish this Drollery of yours. I hope he'll let flie his Indignation at thee, and use thee more scurvily than he does an ungiving thrifty Parliament Man, to whom he presented one of his Books.

Julian *muses with himself, and takes a Turn about the Room.*

Julian. Well Sir, considering you and I are Strangers, methinks you have us'd me very familiarly. I suppose you are some disaffected Person or other, and therefore it comes to my turn to ask you a Question: Come, come, Sir, have you sworn to the Government.

Sitting down.

Freem. Meaning me, Sir? I vow and protest I am your most humble Servant.

Julian. Don't sham me, Sir; for I am clearly for the Old Law of Swearing. I say, suffer nothing that sets foot upon *English* Ground to be unsworn, *Quarante jours*, from sixty to sixteen; swear 'em all at

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at the Court-leet, and he that won't take the Oath, let him be treated as an Out-law.

Quibble. Ay, ay, and take it for his pains, *invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti*; ſince the Government does protect 'em, and they, as appears by their refuſing to ſwear it, won't be protected by the Government, e'en let the Government, ſay I, knock out their Brains. This is my Opinion, I profeſs.

Cheat-all. And mine.

Aſide to Blunt. *Freem.* See the Bowels of theſe conſcientious Ban-dogs. But why, Mr. *Julian*, ſhould you imagine I have not ſworn, ſince the Parſons and Lawyers have given us ſo many different *Hypotheſes* to go upon.

Blunt. Right: For if *Poſſeſſion* won't do, we have *Providence* on our ſide; and if that Argument does not convince, we have *Conqueſt* to juſtifie us: If Conqueſt fails, then we flie to *Deſertion*; and if we are beaten out of that Fort ——

Freem. Then we come to your *Salvo*, Mr. *Julian*, and ſtick to the Abrogation: So many ways to the Wood, and not to find it, that's very hard let me tell you.

Julian. Still I fancy you're a Murmurer, ſay what you will; therefore to come more cloſely to you, Are you a Friend to the People?

Blunt. You muſt explain your ſelf farther before I can anſwer your Queſtion: For who the Devil knows what you and your Herd mean by the word People?

Freem. My Friend's in the right on't, Mr. *Julian*, for the Word People, is full as equivocal, as the Word King; which as you obſerve *in* Sweden *now of late, ſignifies Infinite Power; in* Denmark, *ſince the Force put upon the Senate, it is Proclamation-Law, (which is falſe;) in King* Joſeph's *Kingdom of* Hungary, *it is doing of Juſtice*

Page 5.

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ſtice in general, or according to his young Diſcretion; in France, *it is Will and Pleaſure*; and ſo, unleſs you fix a particular meaning upon it, it carries as large an Extent as the *Proteſtant Religion* does. For example, in *Holland*, the People is the States, and two or three fat greaſie Burghermaſters in every Town: In *Venice*, the Noblemen are the People, and here in *England*, in leſs than the compaſs of ten Years, it was challenged by ſeveral Hands. In the beginning of the Rebellion, the Parliament was the People, and after the Army had got the Power in their own Hands, they ſet up for the People. Then Sixty of the top Officers took it from their Brother Soldiers and ſet up themſelves, and ſo it was toſt backward and forward between the Parliament, the Army, the Rump, the Committee of Safety, and the Lord knows what barbarous Appellations, till the happy Reſtauration put a ſtop to all theſe Confuſions.

Jul. Well Sir, then to remove your Scruples, by the Word People, I mean the Commons of *England*, and their Liberties and Properties; now are you a Friend to all this.

Blunt. Ay Sir, as long as they keep within their reſpective Limits, and don't pretend to diſturb thoſe Perſons that ſit at the Helm; that is, as long as they are dutiful to their Prince, and true to the Intereſts of their Country: but you and your Party, Mr. *Julian*, make nothing to abuſe all the Kings in the World. And this evidently appears by the Account of *Denmark*, which by the by, ought never to have been publiſhed at this juncture, when the Friendſhip of that Crown is of ſo vaſt an Importance to us; but a true Republican can no more conceal his Averſion to Monarchy, than a young Fellow can hide his Paſſion from his Miſtreſs, when ſhe's in Company.

Cheat-

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Cheat-all. What mean you, Sir, by these Reflections? and who are these haters of Monarchy? do you see any of 'em in the Room.

Blunt. Why truly Sir, to deal plainly with you, the Kings of this World are as little obliged to Gentlemen of your Principles, as *Moses* is to the Pious Theorist of the Earth. You give their Subjects so much Liberty, and them so small a Sphere to act in, that a Church-Warden's Office, is much the better of the two.

Freem. Mr. *Julian*, I know you are no stranger to *Gregory Nazianzen*, whom you have so copiously cited in your *Apostate*. Speaking of *Achilles*, his Words are these, τῷ αὐτῷ ἵππῳ καὶ διδασκάλῳ χρώμενος, which in *English*, run to this effect. *Chiron*, of Cloven-footed Memory, was *Achilles*'s Master, and the young Esquire, after this odd Composition of half Man and half Horse, had read a lecture to him out of *Ethics* or *Metaphysics*, wou'd clap you a Saddle on the *Pedagogue*'s back, mind you me, Mr. *Rampant*, and ride him out two or three Miles to the next Common, and there Air him. Now, Mr. *Julian*, the Folks of your Kidney use their Princes after this frank familiar manner, whenever you find 'em gentle and tractable: They have not an Inch of Power say you, *than just what the People of* England *have put into it.*

Page 5.

Jul. I find by your Citation, you have read my Notes on the Pastoral. Deal freely with me, and tell me what you think of it.

Blunt. I love to speak my Thoughts to all Mankind plainly, and without disguise. In my Opinion then, 'tis the most insupportable piece of Villainy and Scurrility that ever peep'd abroad.

Jul. How, Sir?

Blunt.

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Blunt. Nay, *'tis the Book, Mr. Julian, the Book alone that I have a Controverſie with, and not the Author. The Book has no Station, is not capable of Fiocchia's or Cardinals Horſe Top-knots on or off: Let the Authors be in the Iſle of* Pines, *if he think ſo.* Page 2.

Freem. 'Tis your own diſtinction, worthy Sir, and therefore you muſt abide by it. You that have treated all the World with ſo much liberty, muſt e'en expect to be repaid in the ſame manner.

Jul. What I Sir, *I am the faireſt Adverſary in the World, tho' I ſay it* ——— Page 3.

Blunt. That you are not to my knowledge. You that in your Argument, *p.* 30. could ſuffer ſo Notorious a Paſſage to drop from you, as follows. *The* Engliſh-*Law has provided better than to make their King accountable to God*; by which you muſt certainly mean a Coercive Power over our Princes, as is evident from the Application; which yet the Houſes of Parliament, who may be preſum'd to underſtand the Law better than your *Petyts*, your *Quibbles*, and your *Cheat Alls*, ſoon after the Reſtauration unanimouſly diſown'd.

Freem. Nay, your Friend *Rampant* there, to do him juſtice, will condemn you in this particular; I remember the words in his late 30*th* of *Jan. Serm.* After he owns the Sentence then executed upon our Lawful and Rightful Sovereign Lord King *Charles* I. to have been a Notorious Crying piece of Injuſtice, *The Nature of the thing*, continues he, *demonſtrates at the firſt view the abſurdity of ſuch a Proceeding, for what can be more ridiculous, than that a Prince, in whom 'tis confeſs'd by all, the whole Executive Power of the Law is lodged, ſhould become legally accountable to his Subjects, and anſwerable to that Juſtice, which he alone has the right of Adminiſtring.* Page 15.

Blunt.

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Blunt. That was urg'd *à Propos, Jack Freeman,* for in time it may set the two Theologues together by the Ears. But, Mr. *Julian,* I shall make bold to cite the remainder of the Paragraph, and afterwards shake two or three Notes on it before we part. *I know a Kingdom,* say you, *where an Arbitrary King,* meaning the Martyr *Charles* I. *had exercised his People with intolerable Oppression for above twelve Years together; Pryn, Burton,* and two or three Schismaticks more, are here called the People; *and after that engaged 'em in a Bloody War,* which is as false as Hell, for their Commissions were issued out before his; *and after some respite caus'd a new War to break loose upon them,* and Reason Good being kept Prisoner by a pack of Rebels; *and was wholly secure, in setting mightily upon it, that he was accountable only to God, whereupon they sent him to God to give an Account,* that is, in plain *English,* they Beheaded him. I defie any Man to produce out of *Milton,* who writ under the Influence of a Common-wealth, and when the Royal Family was in *Exile,* a Sentence more Villainous and Cruel than this, which you, who have offer'd so much of your nauseous Incense to their present Majesties, have had the Impudence to publish.

Freem. Tho' I always was of Opinion, Mr. *Julian,* that Religion was the least of your care: I am confirm'd in't by this frank Declaration, where you tell us, *you'll sooner mortifie your Senses in the way of Transubstantiation, than in the way of Passive Obedience;* and so little *Julian,* Your Servant.

MISCEL-

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MISCELLANY POEMS, &c.

The Contented Whore.

An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mart.* l. 12.

Formoſa Phyllis nocte cum mihi tota, &c.

1.

TO Charming *Celia's* Arms I flew,
And there all night I feaſted;
No God ſuch Tranſports ever knew,
Nor mortal ever taſted.

2.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing:
How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

3.

The whole Creation's wealth ſurvey,
Thro' both the *Indies* wander:
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

The

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4.

The richeſt ſpoils of Earth and Air;
The rifled Ocean's Treaſure;
'Tis all too poor a bribe by far
To purchaſe ſo much Pleaſure.

5.

She bluſhing cry'd—— My Life, my Dear,
Since *Celia* thus you fancy.
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantcy*.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.

Ne valeam, ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus, &c.

IN ſome vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my Lot:
To ſome worſe Friend in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient *Job*, or modern *Sh--l--ck* found.
And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and Ills,
Than fill or *Salmon*'s Works, or *Tilburgh*'s Bills;
If 'tis not ſtill the burden of my Prayer,
The night with you, with you the day to ſhare;
But Sir (and the complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long miles there lie 'twixt me and you,
And theſe two miles, by help of calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.
You near Sage *Wills*, the land of Mirth and Claret,
I live ſtow'd up in a *White-chapel* Garret.
Oft when I've walk'd ſo far, your hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with thoughts of the ſucceeding bliſs,
I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl;
Or elſe ſtole out, ſome Female Friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at home for me.
Two miles I've at your ſervice, and that's civil,
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

Hor.

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Hor. Ode 8. *l.* 1.

Lydia dic per omnes, &c.

1.

TEll me, O *Lydia*, for by Heavens I ſwear,
You ſhan't deny ſo juſt a Prayer.
Tell me why thus young *Damon* you deſtroy,
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely Boy.

2.

Why does he never throw the manly Bar,
And practice the firſt Feats of War,
Or gayly ſhining in his Martial Pride,
With a ſtrong artful hand the foaming Courſer guide?

3.

Why does he never graſp the pond'rous Shield,
And meet his Equals in the Field,
Or when the Streams ſwell with the flowing Tide,
With his ſoft pliant Arms the Silver *Thames* divide.

4.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his doom,
Like an *Alſatian* Bully ſtill at home,
That fears to walk abroad all day,
Leſt eager hungry Cits ſhou'd hurry him away?

Hor. Ode 11. l. 2.

Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, &c.

1.

WHat the B--lly of *France*, and our Friends on (the *Rhine*,
With their ſtout Grenadiers this Summer deſign,

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Ceaſe over your Coffee, and Wine, to debate:
Why the Devil ſhou'd you, that live this ſide the
(Water,
Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the matter?
Come, come, let alone theſe Arcana's of State.

2.

Alas! while ſuch idle Diſcourſe you maintain,
And with Politic Nonſenſe thus trouble your Brain,
Your Youth flies away on the back of ſwift hours,
Which no praying, no painting, no ſighing reſtores.
Then you'll find, when Old Age has diſcolour'd
(your head,
Tho' a Miſtreſs be wanting, no reſt in your Bed.

3.

Prithee, do but obſerve how the Queen of the Night
Still varies her Station, and changes her Light:
Now with a full Orb ſhe the Darkneſs does chaſe,
Now like Whores in the Pit, ſhews but half of her
(Face.
Theſe Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples adorn,
Now tarniſh and fade, that were freſh in the morn.

4.

But to leave off theſe Similies, for Curate in Chamlet,
To lard a dry Sermon for grave folks in Hamlet,
While our Vigour remains, we'll our Talents improve,
Daſh the Pleaſures of Wine with the Bleſſings of
(Love,
Here, careleſly here, we'll lie down in the Shade,
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-trees
(have made.

5.

Your Claret's too hot — Sirrah, Drawer, go bring
A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling Spring.
And now your hand's in, prithee ſtep o'er the way,
And fetch Madam *Trickſy*, the Brisk and the Gay.
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,
Two Coolers, I'm ſure, can be no falſe *Latin*.

Hor.

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Hor. Ode 27. l. 1.
Natis in Usum lætitiæ Scyphis, &c.

1.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuse the good
(Creature,
Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that nature,
That were you all damn'd for a tedious long Year,
To nasty Mundungus, and heath'nish Small Beer,
Such as after debauches your Sparks of the Town,
For a Penance next morning devoutly pour down,
It would not atone for so vile a Transgression,
You're a Scandal to all of the drinking Profession.

2.

What a Pox do ye bellow. and make such a pother,
And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes, at each
(other?
Come keep the King's Peace, leave your damning
(and sinking,
And gravely return to good Christian Drinking.
He that flinches his Glass, and to drink is not able,
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the Table.

3.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my Ill Nature so high,
I'll drink on no other condition, not I,
Unless my Old Friend in the corner declares,
What Mistress he courts, and whose Colours he
(wears,
You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of those
That use to divulge what's spoke under the Rose.
Come, part with't —— What she! forbid it ye
(Powers,
What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours!
Why Man, she has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity!)
With half the Blue Breeches and Whigs in the City.

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Go thank Mr. Parſon, give him Thanks with a Curſe,
Oh thoſe damnable words, *For better for worſe!*
To regain your old Freedom you vainly endeavour,
Your Doxy and You no Prieſt can diſſever,
You muſt dance in the Circle, you muſt dance
(in't for ever.

To Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

LOng did dark Ignorance our Iſle o'er ſpread,
Our Muſic, and our Poetry lay dead.
But the dull Malice of a barbarous Age,
Fell moſt ſevere on *David*'s ſacred Page;
To wound his Senſe, and quench his Heav'n-born
(Fire,
Three vile Tranſlators lewdly did conſpire,
In holy Doggerel, and low chiming Proſe,
The King and Poet they at once depoſe.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,
And languiſh'd in vile Numbers, not his own;
Nor ſtopt his Uſage here:
For what eſcap'd in *Wiſdom*'s ancient Rhimes,
Was murd'red o'er and o'er in the Compoſer's Chimes.
What Praiſes, *Purcel*, to thy Skill are due,
Who haſt to *Judah*'s Monarch been ſo true!
By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns,
By thee ſhakes off his old inglorious Chains,
And ſees new Honours done to his immortal Strains.
Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e'er a juſter, happier Son impart.
In thy Performance we with wonder find
Corelli's Genius to *Baſſani* join'd:
Sweetneſs combin'd with Majeſty, prepares
To wing Devotion with inſpiring Airs.

Thus

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Thus I, unknown, my Gratitude expreſs,
And c nſcious Gratitude cou'd do no leſs;
This Tribute from each *Britiſh* Muſe is due,
The whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's ſcanty words have fail'd,
Thy happier Graces, *Purcel*, have prevail'd.
And ſurely none but you, with equal eaſe,
Cou'd add to *David*, and make *Durfy* pleaſe.

The 13. Ode in *Horace*, *l.* 4. Paraphraſed.

Audivere Lyce, &c.

1.

LOng have my Prayers ſlow Heaven aſſail'd,
But thanks to all the Powers above,
That ſtill revenge the cauſe of injur'd Love,
Lyce, at laſt they have prevail'd.
My Vows are all with Uſury repaid,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That ſees thy former Crimes with haſten'd Age re-
paid.

2.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkard ways doſt ſtrive
Th' unwilling Paſſion to revive;
Doſt drink, and dance, and touch thy Lyre,
And all to ſet ſome puny Heart on Fire.
Alas! in *Chloe*'s Cheeks, Love basking lies;
Chloe great Beauty's faireſt Prize,
Chloe that charms our Ears, and raviſhes our Eyes.

3.

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where ſapleſs Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend,
For Love, like other Gods, diſdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.

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He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy Grey Hairs, and Wrinkled Brow,
How ſhould his Youthful Fires agree with Hoary
(Ages Snow?

4.

In vain, with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,
You ſtrive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
No far-fetcht Silks one minute can reſtore,
That Time has added to the endleſs Score;
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er ſo bright,
They ſhine with their own native Light,
Will but diſgrace thee now, and but inhance thy
(Night.

5.

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whoſe inchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led.
Strange turn of Fate! that ſhe
Who from my ſelf ſo oft has ſtolen poor me,
Now by the juſt revenge of Time, ſtolen from her
(ſelf ſhould be.

6.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful Face
To *Phyllis* only gave the place;
Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,
That charm the Senſe, and the quick Fancy move.
But Fate to *Phyllis* a long Reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride,
She conquer'd whilſt ſhe liv'd, and triumph'd as ſhe
(dy'd.

7.

Thou, like ſome old Commander in diſgrace,
Surviving the paſt Conqueſts of thy Face,
Now the great Buſineſs of thy Life is done,
Review'ſt with Grief the Trophies thou haſt won.

Damn'd

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Damn'd to be parch'd with Luſt, tho' chill'd with Age,
And tho' paſt Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to ſee that glaring Light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End with a Stink at laſt, and vaniſh into Night.

The Epigram in *Martial, l.* imitated.

Quæris ſollicitus diu, rogaſque
Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magiſtro, &c.

WHen e're I meet you, ſtill you cry,
What ſhall I do with *Bob* my Boy.
Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,
Ne'er ſend the Lad to *Paul's* or *Eaton.*
The Muſes let him not confide in,
But leave thoſe Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden.*
If, with damn'd Rhimes he racks his Wits,
Send him to *Mevis* or *St. Kit's.*
Wou'd you with Wealth his Pockets ſtore well,
Teach him to pimp, or hold a Door well.
If he has a Head not worth a Stiver,
Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver.

To Mr. D ----- *upon his moſt incomparable Ballads, call'd by him* Lyric Odes.

1.

THou Cur, half *French*, half ~~*Engliſh*~~ Breed,
Thou Mungril of *Parnaſſus*,
To think tall Lines run up to Seed,
Shou'd ever tamely paſs us.

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2.

Thou write Pindarics, and be damn'd,
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Lyrics can be ſhamm'd
But Chambermaids and Butlers.

3.

In t'other World expect dry Blows,
No Tears can wipe thy Stains out;
Horace will pluck thee by the Noſe,
And *Pindar* beat thy Brains out.

A Tranſlation of *Teucer Salamina, Patremque Cum fugeret, &c.* Hor. Odę vii. lib. 1.

1.

BRave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)
When from his native Clime he fled,
With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant Head,
And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

2.

Where e'er the Fates ſhall ſhew us Land,
(Remote and diſtant tho' it be)
We'll ſhape our Courſe at their command,
And boldly fix as they decree.

3.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,
Let no Deſpair your Courage pall,
When Heav'n ſo loudly does to Honour call,
And fearleſs *Teucer* leads the way.

4. *Phœbus*

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4.

Phœbus foretold (and he of all the Powers
Commands the myſtic Books of Fate)
That freſh Succeſs ſhou'd on our Actions wait,
And a new *Salamis* be ours.

5.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,
Let Wine each daſtard Thought ſubdue,
Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,
We'll leave the drowſie Land, and plough the Main
(to morrow.

Ode ix. Lib. 1. in *Horace*, imitated.

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum, &c.

Written in the Year 1685.

To Sir JOHN BOWYER.

1.

SInce the Hills all around us do penance in Snow,
And Winters cold Blaſts have benum'd us below;
Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the ſame ſpeed
As Priſoners advance towards the Pſalm that can't
(read.
Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, Groves on the
(Fire,
They ſhall be our Sobriety's Funeral Pyre.

2.

Never waſte the dull Time in impertinent Thinking,
But urge and purſue the great Buſineſs of Drinking;
Come pierce your old Hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us in
(Sherry,
This is the Seaſon to Drink and be Merry:
Then

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Then reviv'd by our Liquor, and Billets together,
We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defie the cold
(Weather.

3.

Damn your *Gadbury*, *Patridge* and *Salmon* together,
What a puling Diſcourſe have we here of the Wea-
(ther.
Nay, no more of that Buſineſs, but, Friend, as you
(love us,
Leave it all to the care of the good Folks above us.
Your Orchards and Groves will be ſhatter'd no more,
If, to huſh the rough Winds, they forbid them to
(roar.

4.

Send a Bumper about, and ceaſe this Debate,
Of the Tricks of the Court, and Deſigns of the State:
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to pot,
Ne'er trouble your Brains, let 'em take their own lot.
Thank the Gods you can ſafely ſit under your Vine,
And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your own
(Wine.

5.

While your Appetite's ſtrong, and good Humour
(remains,
And active freſh Blood does enliven your Veins,
Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Miſtreſs
(the Night.
In the Dark you may try whether *Phyllis* is kind,
The Night for Intriguing was ever deſign'd.

6.

Tho' ſhe runs from your Arms, and retires in the Shade,
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid;
All Trembling you'll find the modeſt poor Sinner,
'Tis a Venial Treſpaſs in a Beginner;

But

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But remember this Counsel, when once you have met her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.

An Imitation of a French *Ode, in the ingenious Monsieur St.* Evremont's *Works.* Tome 2.

1.

WEll, whate'r Sins by turns have sway'd me,
Ambition never rul'd my Heart;
Its lewd Pretences ne'er betray'd me
In Public Ills to act a Part.
Let others, Fame and Wealth pursuing,
Despise a Man but safe Retreat,
I'll ne'er contrive my own undoing,
Nor stoop so low as to be great.

2.

The faithless *Court*, the pensive *Change*,
What solid Pleasures can they give?
Oh let me in the Country Range!
'Tis there we breath, 'tis there we live.

3.

The beauteous Scene of Aged Mountains,
Smiling Vallies, murmuring Fountains,
Lambs in flowry Pastures bleating,
Eccho our Complaints repeating,
Bees with busie Sound delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting,
Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in rustic Circles sporting,

Birds

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Birds in cheerful Notes expreſſing
Nature's Bounty, and their Bleſſing.
Theſe afford a laſting Pleaſure,
Without Guilt, and without Meaſure.

A Tranſlation of *Ode* iii. *l.* 1. in *Horace.*

Sic te Diva potens, &c.

Addreſs'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. *B*—— going into *TURKY.*

1.

SO may the Beauteous Goddeſs of the Main
Appeaſe the Horrours of the Deep,
And *Æolus* lock all his bluſtring Train,
But the auſpicious Weſtern Gales aſleep.

2.

And thou, kind Veſſel, which before this Day,
So great a Charge coud'ſt never boaſt,
With care my dearer, better part convey,
And land him ſafely on the *Thracian* Coaſt.

3.

His fearleſs Heart immur'd with triple Braſs,
The daring Mortal ſurely wore,
Who firſt the faithleſs Main durſt paſs,
And in a treacherous Bark new Worlds explore.

4.

What Scenes of Death cou'd ſhake his Soul,
That unconcern'd ſaw the wild Billows riſe,
And ſcaly Monſters on the Surface rowl,
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies.

5. In

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5.

In vain wiſe Heav'ns indulgent care,
Lands from the ſpacious Ocean did divide,
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
To plow the Deep, and brave the ſwelling Tide.

6.

But Man, that buſie reaſoning Tool,
Cheap Happineſs diſdains to chuſe,
Sick of his Eaſe, the reſtleſs Fool,
At his own Coſts forbidden Paths purſues.

7.

From the refulgent Orb of Day
A glitt'ring Spark the raſh *Prometheus* ſtole,
And fondly ſtampt into a Soul,
T'inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

8.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,
Their old infernal Manſions left,
And thro' the ſickning Air their baleful Poiſons (bore.

9.

Then Death, that lately travell'd ſlow,
Content with ſingle Victims, where he came,
Made haſte, and eager of his Game,
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

10.

To what fantaſtic Heights does Man aſpire,
Doom'd to dull Earth, the Sot wou'd clamber (higher;
Heav'n he invades with impudent pretence,
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own defence.

An

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An Imitation of an Epigram 44. in *Mart. Lib.* 3.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

THat Couſins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,
Nay, thy own Siſter can't ſit nigh thee;
That all Men thy Acquaintance ſhun,
And into Holes and Corners run,
Like *Iriſh* Beau from *Engliſh* Dun:
The Reaſon's plain, and if thou'dſt know it,
Thou'rt a moſt damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff ſowre, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alſatia* fear'd,
Since the ſtern Parliament of late
Has ſtript of Ancient Rights their State:
Nor Tygers, when their Whelps are miſſing;
Nor Serpents in the Sun-ſhine hiſſing;
Nor Snake in Tail that carries Rattle;
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,
Is half ſo dreaded by the Throng
As thy vile perſecuting Tongue.
If e'er the reſtleſs Clack that's in it,
Gives thy Head leave to think a minute,
Think what a Penance we muſt bear
Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear:
Whether I ſtand, or run, or ſit,
Thou ſtill art i'th' repeating Fit:
Weary'd, I ſeek a Nap to take,
But thy curſt Muſe keeps me awake.
At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,
Thy louder Pipe is ſtill a going.
Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,
All Places are alike to thee.

Learn

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Learn Wiſdom once, at a Friend's inſtance,
From the two Fellows at St. *Dunſtan*'s,
Make not each Man thou meet'ſt a Martyr,
But ſtrike like them but once a Quarter.

The Fable of the SATYR, *and the* TRAVELLER.

I.

TO his poor Cell, a Satyr led
A Traveller, with cold half dead,
And with great Kindneſs treated:
A Fire Noſe-high he made him ſtrait,
Show'd him his Elbow-Chair of State,
And near the Chimney ſeated.

II.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,
At which the Satyr wond'ring roſe,
And bluntly ask'd the Reaſon?
Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no harm,
I only do't my Hands to *Warm*,
In this cold Froſty Seaſon.

III.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot,
A Meſs of Porridge piping hot;
The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.
What's that for, Friend? The Satyr cry'd,
To *Cool* my Broth, his Gueſt reply'd,
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

IV.

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IV.

How, quoth the Hoſt, then is it ſo,
And can you Contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my Cottage.
This honeſt Manſion ne'er ſhall hold
Such Raſcals as blow *Hot* and *Cold*,
The De'l muſt find you Pottage.

The C——'s deſir'd, that in their next Choice,
They'd be pleas'd from this Fable to take good Advice;
For a Man that two Churches at once has in view,
Shams both in their Turns, and to neither is True.

FINIS.

George Madras Junr.

Maningtree

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THE

Dying Thoughts and Laſt Reflections

OF

Mr. THOMAS BROWN,

Who departed this Life June 16. 1704.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

THAT the World may be convinced, that they are not impoſed upon, but that the following Letter is Genuine, Mr. *Brown*'s own Sentiments, Written by Himſelf, and ſign'd by ſeveral Witneſſes, and given into my hands ſome few hours before his Departure, with a Requeſt to make it publick after his Death. This I think my ſelf bound to atteſt, in reſpect to a Friendſhip that commenc'd between us in our Youth (being both brought up at the ſame School) and which has ever ſince been kept up by a fair Correſpondence: As alſo in Juſtice to him whom I frequently Viſited all the time of his Illneſs, wherein he often expreſs'd a very great Remorſe for the Actions of his Life paſt, and declared that the ſhort remainder of it ſhou'd be ſpent in making the beſt Proviſion for Eternity. He often heartily wiſh'd that all ſuch who might have Imbib'd any Ill Notions from his Example, Writings, or Converſation, wou'd be ſo far convinc'd by his Dying Experience, that a Virtuous Life is the

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beſt Conſolation upon a Sick Bed, and a good Conſcience the beſt Phyſician; for the reſt he recommends them to his laſt Reflections, which he hoped might prove, in ſome meaſure, uſeful to thoſe who are not yet come to a true Senſe of Eternity, and a future Account.

Tho. WOTTON,
Curate of St. Laurence Jury, London.

Mr. *Wotton.*

IN all the ſeveral Periods of my Life, I have found none ſo ſure and faithful a Friend as *your ſelf.* I always kindly received your wholeſom Admonitions in the time of my Health, and in this my laſt Illneſs (which has brought me to the brink of the Grave) you have done all that could be expected from a good Chriſtian, and the moſt Affectionate Friend.

Upon *Tueſday* the ſixth of *June*, I ſent for you to Communicate to me the Holy Myſteries of the Bleſſed Eucharift, for which I hoped I was ſufficiently prepared. You chearfully complied with my demand.

Finding my ſelf totally decayed, that I was certain I cou'd not hold out much longer. I made bold to ſend for you on *Monday* the 12th of this Inſtant *June*, to adminiſter to me the laſt Conſolation of the Church, her Abſolution.

This you cou'd readily grant, you told me, *Provided I anſwered the Conditions upon which ſhe gave it.*

You asked me, *whether I was in perfect Charity with all Mankind.* I anſwer'd, *Yes*: Adding, that I had begged their Forgivneſs, and that for my own part there was not a Man in the World, whom I did not heartily Forgive, tho' he had injured me never ſo much. That

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That I had paid my Debts, as far as a few Trifles of my own wou'd go, or the Generosity of my Friends enabled me; that this was all I cou'd say upon that point.

Well, but says you, *the greatest difficulty is still behind, you have published several Books, wherein not only the Holy Ministry is ridiculed, but they contain abundance of Prophane Immoral Passages, which have given Publick Scandal. 'Tis true, the Books are so dispersed and lodged in so many Hands, that now 'tis not in your Power to call them home, and consequently this will not be expected from you. But I hope you have most Solemnly repented for the same*: To that I answered, Yes. You concluded that I ought to employ all my Interest with the Booksellers concerned, to expunge all Passages that gave a just Offence in the next Editions, which I promised to do, and then you gave me the Holy Absolution.

Within a day or two after, Mr. *Briscoe* the Bookseller coming to see me, I conjur'd him to leave out all Prophane, Undecent Passages in my Letters, whenever he came to Reprint them, which he readily promised. The same promise another of the Profession made me with great Alacrity; thus far I have done as you required of me.

By a particular oddness of my Destiny, I have been thought, and represented for a better Man than really I am by some People, and by others for a much worse.

They did not consider, or know that I was too lazy in my Temper to Write much, and yet all the Pamphlets Good and Bad, Lampoons, Trips, *London* Spies, and the like insignificant Trifles, were Father'd upon me without any more Examination.

'Tis true, my Feet were deep enough in the Mire, but to have disclaimed every Libel and Pamphlet that was thus undeservedly Imposed upon me, wou'd

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have been an endleſs trouble, and ſo I ſat, as contentedly as I cou'd, under the Scandal.

But I ought to be ſeriouſly aſhamed, if what has been ſaid of me were true, *viz.* that my Converſation was Atheiſtical and Prophane. I will not diſown, but that, over my Wine, I have complied too much with the Libertiniſm of the Times.

Of thoſe Things which are ſaid to belong to Me, not One in a Hundred are mine: And that I ever encouraged the Looſe and Villainous Principles of this Age, I am ſure it is out of any Man's Power to prove. I confeſs, out of too much Complacency to a Vicious Age, I have taken too much Freedom in Converſing about the *Univerſal Flood*, and ſome other Indifferent Matters, to ſome pleaſant Gentlemen, wherein the true Eſſence of Chriſtianity *is not a jot* concern'd: But this I can faithfully aſſure you, that I never once doubted of the Verity of our CHURCH in which I was bred, and in whoſe Communion (though an unworthy Member) I die, begging Her Pardon for any Scandalous Reflections that may have been thrown upon Her, or any of Her Miniſters, by my Writings, humbly Recommending my Self to Her Prayers, and my Soul to the Mercies of my Eternal Redeemer, and Merciful Saviour the Holy Jeſus, who, I hope, will Accept of my late, though ſincere Repentance; who, with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, Liveth and Reigneth one God for ever, *Amen.*

SIR, Be pleas'd to Accept of this ſmall Teſtimony of my Affection, and the ſincerity of my Intentions, who am

Your obliged humble Servant,

Alderſgate-ſtreet,
June 16. 1704.

Thomas Brown.

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